

The Young Woman's Magazine

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June

25 cents



In this Issue

MARGARET WIDDEMER'S

Greatest Story

The Loyal Lover



*"My dear,
a tanned face?
Never!"*

Facial Youth keeps my skin white."

By EDNA WALLACE HOPPER

THAT is what an attractive American girl said to me in Paris when I asked her whether her skin was so lovely and white all summer. It was a chance conversation and, not recognizing me, she told me of her wonderful results from my Facial Youth. "You know, it's a liquid cleanser, and it really prevents sunburn. Mother and I have our trunks full of it. What's the use of trying to hold them spell-bound with the magic of lace and chiffon unless your face, neck and shoulders are in keeping with the illusion of exquisite feminism?"

So I told her *why* my Facial Youth prevents sunburn. The oil which cleanses also replaces the natural oil drawn out by the sun's rays. It does cleanse deep. Being soluble, Facial Youth removes every trace of dirt and leaves not one atom to tax the skin and enlarge pores. There is no soap or alkali in Facial Youth. It has a soothing, tonic effect on your skin and a most refreshing, delightful scent. It's also the best astringent I know.

No Oily Surface

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Send today for this trial bottle of Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Youth and learn how easy and pleasant it is to cleanse your face properly. Your skin will quickly respond to this gentle treatment.

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Cream and
Youth Powder,
3 samples in all.

D-46

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Spring! . . . for everyone but her

In her lovely Newport garden she stood—a bitter, disappointed, lonely woman at 33.

It was Spring—but in her life there was no romance.

Why was she still single? Once she could have picked and chosen from many suitors. Now she had none. Even time-tried women friends seemed to avoid her. She couldn't understand it . . .

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—but it ought to be the first.

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excess of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis be-

cause Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide★ which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

★ Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

Winning new users by thousands. Listerine
Tooth Paste. The large tube 25¢

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S M A R T S E T

In Combination with McClure's
The Young Woman's Magazine

JUNE, 1929—VOLUME 84, No. 4

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *Editor*

RUTH WATERBURY
Associate Editor

LILLIE GAILEY
Assistant Editor



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~but when I started to play the laugh was on them!

"Well, folks, I guess we'll have to lock up the piano and make faces at ourselves."

Helen Parker's party was starting out more like a funeral than a good time.

"Isn't Betty Knowles coming?" an anxious voice sang out.

"Unfortunately, Betty is quite ill tonight and Chet Nichols is late as usual," replied Helen gloomily. "I wish Sis wasn't away at school and she'd make the keys talk for us."

"I know some brand new card tricks," volunteered Harry Walsh.

"Great!" said Helen. "I'll go and find some cards."

While she was gone I quietly stepped up to the piano bench, sat down, and started to fumble with the pedals underneath. Someone spotted me. Then the wisecracks began.

They Poke Fun at Me

"Ha! Ha! Ted thinks that's a player-piano," chuckled one of the boys.

"This is going to be a real musical comedy," added one of the fair sex.

I was glad I gave them that impression. Their surprise would be all the greater. I kept fiddling around the pedals—making believe that I was hunting for the foot pumps.

"Come over to my house some night," said Harry. "I've got an electric player and you can play it to your heart's content. And I just bought a couple of new rolls. One is a medley of Victor Herbert's compositions—the other . . ."

Before he had a chance to finish I swung into the strains of the sentimental "Gypsy Love Song." The laughter and joking suddenly ceased.

It was evident that I had taken them by surprise. What a treat it was to have people listening to me perform. I continued with "Kiss Me Again" and other popular selections of Victor Herbert. Soon I had the crowd singing and dancing to the tune of the latest syncopation.

Finally they started to bombard me with questions . . . "How? . . . When? . . . Where? . . . did you ever learn to play?" came from all sides.

I Taught Myself

Naturally, they didn't believe me when I told them I had learned to play at home and without a teacher. But I laughed myself when I first read about the U. S. School of Music and their unique method for learning music.

"Weren't you taking a big risk, Ted?" asked Helen.

"None at all," I replied. "For the very first thing I did was to send for a Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came and I saw how easy it was to learn without a teacher I sent for the complete Course. What pleased me so was the fact that I was playing simple tunes *by note* from the very start. For I found it easy as ABC to follow the clear print and picture instructions that came with each lesson. Now I play several classics by note and most all of the popular music. Believe me there's a real thrill in being able to play a musical instrument."

* * * *

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Even if you don't know one note from another now, you can easily grasp each clear, inspiring lesson of this surprising course. You can't go wrong. First you are *told* how a thing is done, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it.

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Sight Singing	
Piano Accordion	
Voice and Speech Culture	
Drums and Traps	
Automatic Finger Control	
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)	

How I Became the *LIFE* of the PARTY



UP TO that moment I was as dumb as the oyster on the end of my fork.

The gabby blonde across the table had just said: "Of course, John Gilbert is married to Greta Garbo and he jilted Clara Bow to marry her. They were married while King Vidor was directing them in that talking picture 'Dancing Daughters.'"

"I beg your pardon," I interrupted politely, "but they are not married and I doubt if they ever will marry, for they have both said so."

You should have seen their faces as they all turned toward me in astonishment; me, the quiet little mouse, the girl who was new to the crowd, and was supposed to be beautiful but dumb.

But I knew my subject and went right on regardless.

"And what's more," I said, "they did not play in that picture, and King Vidor did not direct it, and it was not a talking picture, and Gilbert never met Clara Bow."

"Good Lord," exclaimed my hostess in admiration, "you're an encyclopedia of motion pictures. Are you a movie star incog?"

"No," I answered modestly, "I am not. But as long as we all spend so much money for pictures and talk so much about them, I find it doubles my pleasure in them to know all about the people in them."

Everybody at the table hurled questions at me and I could answer every one. Yes, *Interference* was a good picture. No, Tom Mix was not divorced. Yes, the snow scenes in "*North of 98*" were real. Yes, there were several methods of making talkies. No, Lillian Gish had never married.

After that I was accepted as one of the crowd and was invited to every party, and now they all read *Photoplay Magazine* in self defense.

PHOTOPLAY

*The National Guide to
Motion Pictures*

On Sale Now

Two against two hundred



WITH back to the wall he watched them. They were waiting for him to collapse before they killed him. He had not slept, he had not eaten—he could barely breathe. He had tended these man-eating blacks in their misery and now this fiendish attack was his reward.

Suddenly from nowhere appeared this rosy cheeked, clear-eyed girl to help defend him. Alone on this far-off South Sea island they fought the two hundred!

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Never a dull page, never a dull line! Only Jack London could write like that, for only Jack London lived like that. His soul is in his style. "He set the West on fire; the flames are still red in the sky."

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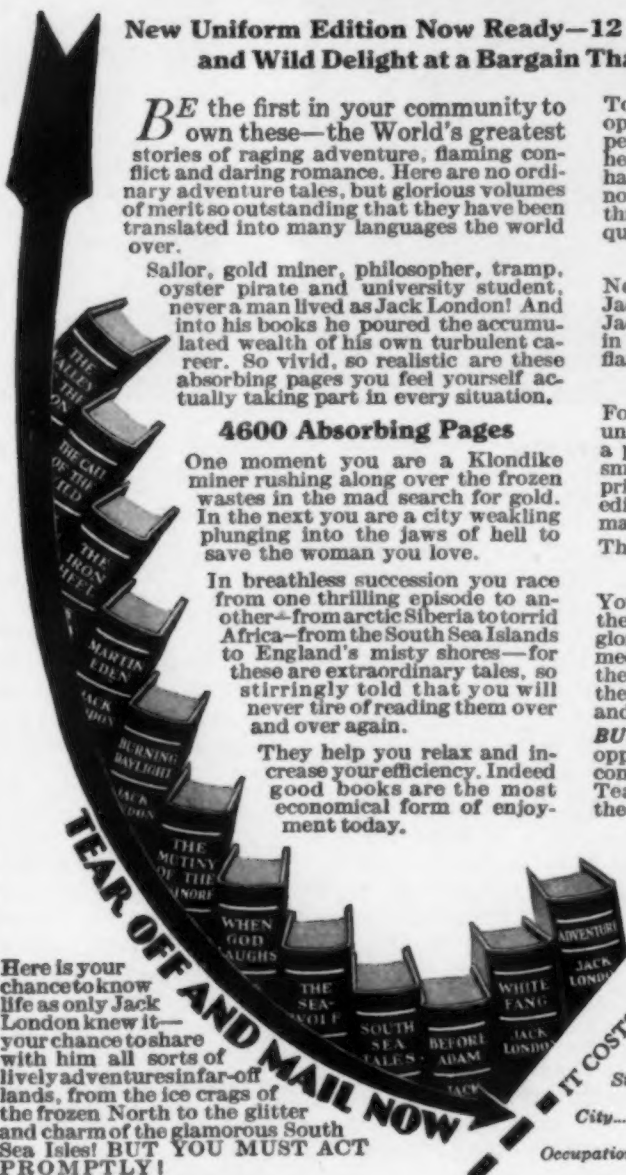
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McKinlay, Stone & Mackenzie
Dept. 227—114 E. 16 St., New York



ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

*A Page on Which We Focus the Spotlight
and Call "Author! Author!"*



BERNICE BROWN

BERNICE BROWN—to whom we owe "Pinkie Decides"—was born in Iowa. She began to write short stories while she was still in college and kept up the good work (it was consistently good work!) after she had graduated, and became the member of a New York magazine staff. You've met Bernice Brown before—in all of the big-time magazines.

* * *

"AHOUSE needs a Husband" might be called a sermon for overindependent young women. It's by Alice Booth who also came, like Bernice Brown and Miss Lochinvar, out of the Middle West. Indiana (she attended her state's university, too,) claims Miss Booth. And, incidentally, her charming apartment doesn't need a husband. In private life she is Mrs. Frank Hartwell.

* * *

BROOKE HANLON was born in Altoona, Pennsylvania. She went from school directly into the business world—holding down a copywriter's job. This she gave up for short story writing. With, as you will know after reading "Thank You," the greatest success.



DOROTHY BLACK

"AS FOR my biography," writes Katharine Hill, "I'm afraid that you'll find it disappointing. I've done nothing exciting!" We hate to disagree with the lady, but we think that she's being inaccurate. In writing "A Good Murder" she's done something very exciting, indeed.

As a matter of record, she was born in Washington, D. C., has been abroad a few times but has always come back—and now lives somewhere in Connecticut.

* * *

TO GO on to the Next Month. In July SMART SET will have a menu of extremely delectable fiction. For in July—beginning with Dorothy Black's fascinating series, "Women at Sea"—every page will hold a literary surprise. Claudia Cranston, A. M. Williamson, Donald Ogden Stewart, Wallace Smith, Milt Gross, Captain Victor Barker, Adela Rogers St. Johns—this is only a small part of the list!

A word of Dorothy Black, our headliner for July. She is an Englishwoman, whose home is in Burma. Her husband is Hugh MacLeish, and her three children are at school in England.

As for her stories—but you see them everywhere!

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To give you a chance to get acquainted with SMART SET, we offer a special reduced price for a half-year subscription—six months for \$1.

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SMART SET is the first and only magazine ever published entirely for young women.

It brings you the zippiest fiction entertainment printed in any magazine—stories and novels of girls like yourself—stories of love and mystery, humor, adventure, romance—full-length novels of big towns and small ones, of life in business, in society, on the stage and in the studio—life as lived by men and young women of today!

And in addition, from month to month SMART SET shows you how to increase your charm, how to dress to bring out your good points, how to choose a career and succeed in it—a world of useful information on clothes, make-up, business, and all the other interests of modern American young women.

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Pin a single dollar bill to the coupon below and mail it in at once. You will save 50c.—and you'll get more fun, information, help, amusement, entertainment and value than a dollar ever brought you before! It's a promise!

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221 W. 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

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For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will given on request.

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821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Address

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State

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

Let this tooth paste take you and the kids to a party



Take the youngsters to the movies on what you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. The average saving is \$3 per year per person, assuming each person uses about a tube per month. Spend it as you please.

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it at 25¢ because that is the price intelligent people think is a fair one for a dentifrice. Its reception was enthusiastic. Now millions use it, discarding older and costlier favorites.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste one month. Note how brilliant and white it leaves your teeth. How it tones up your gums. And note particularly that delightful after effect which you associate with Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



Vanderbilt

THE STAR

A gallery of fair women whose careers high light the highway of feminine success. The story of Katharine Cornell is that of beauty, talent and youth in the theater. Born in Buffalo, she worked several seasons in stock, then invaded New York, where the managers ignored her. Refusing defeat, she sailed for London, played the lead in "Little Women" and was an immediate hit.

Broadway now acclaims her its favorite young actress



ART IN PATCHES

Here, literally, is a from-rags-to-riches story for through the rag bag Cora Scovil found the road to fortune. One stormy day she decided to draw a poster for an actor friend. There being no drawing board available, she sketched the face of her friend on a scrap of cream-colored sateen, dressed him in her husband's old clothes, and tacked the silhouette to a muslin background. That started it. Now Mrs. Scovil sells patch posters for window displays throughout the world.



FLYERS

Not even the sky limits the modern girl. She glorifies the air lanes for profit and thrill. Twenty-one-year-old Ruth Haviland, whose wise young head just shows above the cockpit of her plane, is not only a solo flyer and licensed pilot of Kansas City but first airport hostess in the United States. Louise McPhetridge, below, holds the endurance flight record for women, having landed at Oakland's airport after twenty-two hours, three minutes and twelve seconds in the air



White World



H. C. PAUL

THE DRESSMAKER

Starting as a humble dressmaker in Lowell, Mass., where her equipment was one small room, a sewing machine purchased on time, and a tape measure, Sally Bromley Shepard has become one of our leading manufacturers. Originally interested in simplicity in fashions, she realized outer and under garments should be designed to suit each other and developed models along these lines. Today she has offices in Boston, New York, Chicago and San Francisco.



Chubb

THE EDITOR

Mildred Temple is one of those clever girls who made a secretarial position a short-cut to success. Her career is just two jobs long but already she is famous. She started as secretary to that great editor, Bob Davis. Mr. Davis recommended her to another great editor, Ray Long, who appointed her European editorial representative for the Hearst Magazines. Now in the New York offices of Cosmopolitan Magazine, she is the talented discoverer of literary genius



Hart Photo

THE SCULPTOR

Rarely does youth and beauty break into the sculptors' Hall of Fame. Grace Talbot is the exception. Five years ago, at twenty, she won the coveted Avery Prize offered by the Architectural League of New York. Since then her triumphs have steadily increased. Her fame was speeded by the discovery that she wasn't a good painter. Her mother had been, and Grace had expected to inherit this ability. But training proved her genius was for modeling



Hal Photo

THE CAKE BAKER

The father and son success theme is a hardy perennial of the periodicals. But the mother and daughter version is still new and delightful. Twenty years ago, Georgette Nyriele's mother, Madame Blanche, owned a small bake shop. There she started making wedding cakes that were veritable works of art. Soon these cakes became an absolute necessity for a smart New York wedding party. Result, Mlle. Georgette carries on her mother's business



M. Kerr

THE PIANIST

Talent and the willingness to practice hour upon endless hour originally brought shy, ethereal young Muriel Kerr to the attention of the Juilliard Musical Foundation which was looking for a young musical genius to foster. The Juilliard School took her before the judges of the Schubert Memorial Association who chose her as their soloist for a metropolitan concert last January. She won over the most hard-boiled critics. Now she is touring the country

LETTERS THAT YOUNG WOMEN WRITE TO ME

A Matter Of Confidences

WE WERE having luncheon together—the dean of a girls' school and the personnel manager of a great business house and myself. We were having luncheon together and we were discussing that most important factor in American life—the American young woman.

"Sometimes," said the dean of the school, "they baffle me—our young women. I can't get as close to them as I would like! When I ask them questions, when I offer to help with the settling of their little problems, the girls of my school are sweet and courteous and friendly but—" the dean smiled with a trifle of sadness, "it's as if they were building a little wall around themselves—a wall which completely shuts them away from me. I feel outside. Sometimes I can't even guess what they are thinking about!"

The personnel manager of the great business house was smiling, too. Her smile was also a trifle shadowy.

"I know just what you mean," agreed the personnel manager. "I'm in something of the same boat, myself. You see, every girl who works in our organization is hired in my office. And every girl who leaves our organization passes my desk on her way out. I'm invited to their little celebrations—I contribute to the collections that they take up when somebody is ill, or somebody is married. And yet I, too, am on the outside. Do you think—" her smile had grown into rueful laughter, "that they'd confide in me? Do you think I'd have a chance to offer a word of advice? When it comes to the human side of their lives I'm left out. And yet I should be closer—"

The dean of the girls' school was interrupting. Quite forgetting that she was a dean.

"I, too," she said, "should be closer to the girls, with whom I come in contact, than their own families. And yet they will hesitate a long while before they will give me their confidence. It is such a pity—" she sighed, "I can't understand—"

I SPOKE, then. Spoke jointly to the dean and to the personnel manager.

"Don't you realize," I said, "that your very closeness is the barrier? Don't you realize that you're so—so near—that you seem actually dangerous to the girls? You—" I was addressing the dean—"you are in constant communication with their homes, their parents. If you cared to break a confidence you could—according to the girls—do a good deal of damage. You could destroy love affairs; and wreck romances! As for you," I turned to the personnel manager, "you are even more of a menace! You control the purses of the girls with whom you come in contact. You

can dismiss a girl if you think her confidences indiscreet. You can ruin business careers, and hold back spending money. Oh," I myself, was laughing, "the school girls and the business girls—when they have something to confide—go to strangers! Strangers who could not break confidences even if they would. Strangers who can offer the more sane advice—for the sanest advice is the most impersonal. Strangers who won't tell parents, or faculties, or employers, because they don't know them! Strangers who are far away. Strangers like—*myself*."

The dean of the girls' school was staring into my face.

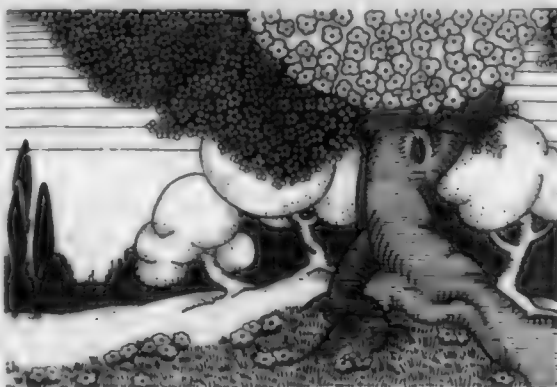
"Just what," she asked, "do you mean?"

"Many girls and women," I said, "write to me. Asking me questions. Telling me their troubles. Begging for advice that I am not always wise enough to give. Many girls and women write to me—and some of them do not even sign their initials to their letters. To them, very often, I'm not even a real person. I'm just a name, and a hand that holds a pen, and a heart that listens. I'm—I'm a sort of confessional box, in a way. I haven't met them—I'm not close to them. Only in rare cases could I ever hope to see them. And they realize it.

"**SOMETIMES**," and as I spoke I could look back along the years that have held so many messages from unknowns—"sometimes the letters are just little friendly paragraphs. Sometimes they are words of thanks for something that I have written—perhaps lightly—that has helped in an hour of need or distress. But sometimes they are calls for mental or even spiritual aid. And sometimes they are pleas for encouragement or advice. And in nine cases out of ten—no," I corrected myself, "in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the letters in this last group are letters that would never have been written to intimates. For people hesitate to ask well meaning, but talkative friends, to settle personal affairs."

"Perhaps," said the dean, "you're right!"

And, oh, I think that is the answer. For the letters that young women write to me are, often, intensely vital missives. Dealing with the sort of problems that come up in many a girl's life—asking aid on affairs that, in many cases, happen over and over again. The young woman from a tiny town in the Middle West has much in common with the girl who lives in a Park Avenue apartment—their problems are similar.



AND so—because all young girl problems are so universal in their interest—I will, every so often, publish some of them upon this page. And, if possible, answer them. Betraying no confidence—giving no clue of name or place—I will print a few characteristic letters. Hoping you will find in them what I have found.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

*A Swiftly Moving
Story Of Our
Own Generation*

MARGARET *The Loyal*

Illustrations by

MILDRED shook her head.
"No, Ranulf," she said, "I have to go."

She dropped down on a rock as she spoke, with an unconscious, symbolic immovability. The man with her paused and impatiently tossed the bit of branch he held into the sea. It was spring sunset on the Devon coast, and the two of them were alone on a curved, sandy beach, with gray cliffs behind them.

"You don't know your bally old America," Ranulf said. "The America you believe in is a fairy-story your grand-uncle has told you and himself during a quarter of a century of absence. It's no more the real place than old Jan Lee's, with grizzlies and cowboys on Fifth Avenue."

Mildred put her arms around her knees and stared out across the water, as if she hoped to see her country, rising like an island of the blest on the horizon.

"He loves it so much—and I love him so much—so I have to go, don't you see? And it will be exciting. And—anyhow—we are going."

She laughed up at him, using her deliberate Americanism.

"What do you expect to find there?" he asked her, half-tauntingly.

"If what uncle believes is true—motiveless, spontaneous kindness, easy friendliness, honesty and simplicity."

Ranulf turned a sulky scarlet.

"You know I'd love you quite as honestly if you hadn't all the confounded money," he said.

Your having it makes it possible for me to marry you, that's all. And my telling you so is quite as honest as anything you'll ever find in America."

She shook her dark head at him before she continued.

In Uncle Martin's America a lover would think being honest about that was like being honest over a murder," she answered, with a little laugh to soften her words, and a hand laid on Ranulf's.

She was a tall girl of perhaps twenty-two, with that small-boned fragility of appearance which is nevertheless a mask for endurance and strength. Her deep blue, widely set eyes were framed by unusually thick dark lashes, flaring back like curved fans. Her soft dark hair, thick and fine and a little tossed,



It was spring on the Devon coast—and in Ranulf's

its ends ringing in close about her neck and ears, always looked just blown enough by the wind. Her skin was the unburnable cream white that goes with very red lips. Her mouth was wide but quick smiling and friendly. She had on a white skirt and over it a thin rose red Shetland wool jumper, that clung to the flexible, long line of her body.

Ranulf, lying on the sand beside her, had sharp-cut cameo features. He was long-legged and as graceful as Mildred. He went on throwing stones sulkily and accurately into the broad shining bands of light that striped the water.

WIDDEMER'S Lover

John Alonzo Williams



heart. "I love you, Mildred," he said softly

"Even if it isn't a fairyland, you can't walk back into nineteen hundred," he remarked. They were old enough friends for Mildred to say what she liked to him, and he to her. "The scientists haven't wangled that yet."

"You goose, that's exactly what I expect to do—be greeted on the docks by a group of my relatives dressed as Gibson girls," she mocked him, with a little irrepressible, cascading laugh. "It's not a life sentence, Ran. We merely plan for a year with Aunt Ethel. After all, I've lived here since I was seven."

"I've known you since you were ten," he said. "It seems

good. I wasn't capable of wanting any one but you. I was trying, if you want to know."

Mildred turned her face from the setting sun, and looked at Ranulf, speaking more seriously than she had done before.

"I know that America can't be the land of golden dreams Uncle Martin makes it. But I know, too, that it isn't a land of nightmares, as you make it. It's my country, after all, and in any case, I couldn't stay behind when Uncle Martin wants to go back. He's getting on, you know, and I think he wants to see his own kin before he dies. He has a lot of money, and

*And Of a Girl
Who Had Money
To Give Away*

idiotic that you feel you don't belong here. Any one might take you for an English girl."

This British compliment made Mildred sound her cascade of laughter again.

"I didn't intend to be amusing," he said.

"We are not amused," countered Mildred, quoting Queen Victoria's immortal reply to such jests as she considered un-Victorian. "Well, Ran, let me put it another way. Uncle Martin's all I have. He wants me with him. I promised. Being English you should understand his love of country, and mine of keeping my word."

"I might come after you," he suggested, rather melted by Mildred's appeal to his own standards.

"Oh, I understand why you have to go, all right, but—at least don't stay. Though I don't think you'll want to, either of you. Mr. Putnam has been too long in England to be comfortable anywhere but here. And you'll be even more of a cat in a strange and rather horrid garret."

"A little out-of-date kitten, you seem to think, in a world of victorious cats!"

NO. You know I don't mean that. You've courage enough for anything, and that sort of golden friendliness of yours would carry you anywhere. But you've been brought up by a man who lives in a place that doesn't exist any more. I've met the modern female of the American species," said Ranulf, very obstinately. "They don't play the game as we do."

"Ran darling, one must have wrecked your young happiness."

"She didn't," Ran said sulkily.

"I got away in time. And I realized besides that it wasn't any

you know what an anxiously fair-minded disposition he has."

Ran recognized the justice of this. He nodded.

"I only want you not to be disappointed in it. And I can't help wanting your promise to marry me before you go."

"But, Ran, I can't. I don't love you enough."

"You do, only you don't think so."

"Then perhaps absence will make the heart grow fonder," he said lightly.

She had not realized that he would take this for encouragement.

Mildred, will you promise that if you find you do care for me you will consider yourself promised to me and write and tell me so? Perhaps being away may make you realize that you care. As a matter of fact, it did me."

Of course I'll promise that much, my dear. I'm awfully fond of you, Ranulf. It's only that I can't help feeling there must be adventures beyond the horizon."

He kissed her, and she accepted it serenely. After all they had known each other since they were small children. Then she rose.

"It's getting dark," she said. "Come on, Ran, your mother will be saying, 'Where is that Mildred? Mr. Putnam has such odd ideas about bringing up girls!' Besides, I must change for dinner. There's a D. O. P."

This meant "Dear Old Pal," and was a phrase long used by Mildred and the Wycombes for the frequent American friends—elderly gentlemen usually—now and again elderly couples—who descended upon Uncle Martin in his Devon fastness and had a wonderful time admiring the true English atmosphere in which he lived.

"What's this? Male, female, or a pair?" Ranulf inquired irreverently.

"Male. I don't like it much. It's the gossip-clubman type—sits in club windows and scorns the world as it goes by. Rather like old Lord Arthur Douty."

Ran took her hands and pulled her up the rough steps of the cliff, and they went on along the lane together. They had known each other so many years that Mildred never could understand how Ranulf could possibly see enough excitement and novelty in her to want to marry her.

Martin Putnam and Mildred lived in an old Devon manor he had bought a generation before. There was no woman to look after Mildred, which was one of the things Ranulf Wycombe's mother disapproved. Her own daughters, Phyllis and Pam, had taken wing for London, where they were enjoying a post-war freedom only limited by their earnings. But Mary Wycombe did not see them at it, and if she imagined anything at all, imagination being a gift nature had forgotten to make her, she visualized two meek, hard-working little souls whose wild spirits and wilder ways when they lighted at Wycombe once in a while for vacation, were only those of slaves set free.

As for Ranulf, if you wanted to look at it one way, he was lucky. From another standpoint he'd had bad luck. The lucky part was that he could stay at home part of the year, for he was secretary to old Francis Garstin over at Garstin Court. The bad luck had been that the Wycombe fortunes had collapsed during the war, and the taxes afterward had finished them. They had held to the house, but it was impossible to keep it up. As for the land, most of that had gone. Two older boys had been killed in the war. Ranulf, too young for active duty, had been a hospital orderly.

LADY WYCOMBE'S attitude may have had a lot to do with the Putnams' flight to their native country. It was that, as irrevocably as night follows day, Mildred was to marry Ranulf. Ranulf wanted her to marry him. As for Mildred herself, she loved to give to people and do for them and in her fondness for Ranulf and desire to do what he wanted, she was afraid that some day she would marry him, as she had told him, just to oblige him.

As for Ranulf, his own attitude continued to be that her motives for marrying him were not primarily important. The fact of her doing it would satisfy him.

They parted at the lodge gate of the Old Manor, and Mildred went up the grounds in the twilight, running, because her wrist-watch told her she was late for dinner. Uncle Martin didn't mind what she did, ever, but there was a guest—it would be rude. She gained her own room by one of the side entrances and slipped on a frock more suited to "company for

dinner"—to use one of Uncle Martin's unchanging phrases.

The company was of Uncle Martin's age and time, plainly enough, by those small unmistakable marks which a man, even more than a woman, gets in his heyday and never can quite change. Like Uncle Martin he had an air half jaunty and half soothing. But unlike him, he was fluttering and somewhat acid under his graceful little mannerisms.

Martin Putnam was an American gentleman of a type fairly common perhaps in his own youth, but scarcely remembered now. Thomas Bailey Aldrich was perhaps as good an example of it as dwells in memory. Martin Putnam had been a young man in the well-bred, light-hearted, rather colorless New York of the eighties—or it may be only that it seems to us a colorless time because our eyes are deadened to all but violent vibrations. His had been a gentle, an arch, an urbane day; an era when "polish" and "culture" and other such now discredited words were used seriously, and what they meant considered desirable.

THERE are always a few men and women of every period who are what the time supposes itself to stand for. The rest are more or less imitations. Martin Putnam had been genuinely a little flippant, a little urbane, a little romantic, a great deal honorable and loyal and innocent. He had belonged to the group of his time which read a great deal, principally what it called belles-lettres, and written occasional travel sketches and *vers-de-société*. It had hoped a little wistfully that it was as well-bred and well-mannered as the English gentillesse, to whom it looked up with a feeling ranging from little-brother affection to Anglomania.

So it had been natural enough when Mr. Putnam married that he took his bride to England, natural even that he leased the old manor for a year. When they returned there would be, of course, a brownstone front in the fashionable part of New York, and a Newport villa in the summers.

But before the end of the English honeymoon Milly Putnam had died having her baby, who died too. And Martin Putnam, for the starkly romantic reason that his wife's grave was in the Devon churchyard, and that his only associations of life with her were in England, stayed on there.

He had met her while they were both traveling in Rome—Italy gave polish, those days, and was nearly a social necessity. His first sight of her little Dresden figure in its hooped skirts had been at an Embassy ball. He had described her many times to Mildred: her slim little waist that his hands could span, pink-satin-sashed; her tiny foot in its pink satin slipper; her white bosom with rich laces cascading over it; her little dimpled, plump hand, ring-covered, white and soft when she drew off a long white glove; her golden hair, curled down to her piquant eyebrows and falling in a soft knot low on her neck; her rich pink satin ball gown with its white velvet underskirt showing where the satin was looped up with flowers.

"She had received bouquets from at least twelve men," he would relate proudly to the listening child. "And so as to show no favoritism she had fastened her draperies with all of them. She could dispose a skirt more exquisitely than any woman I ever saw. But she wore no flowers except those of my sending after that night. It was love at first sight."

It was not to be wondered at that Mildred thought herself entitled to love at first sight too, even if she half laughed at herself for it. And love at first sight with Ranulf was impossible by now, as she had been looking at him for thirteen or fourteen years.

The "company for dinner" eyed her with a connoisseur's approval as she came into the drawing-room, softly candlelit.

"By Jove," he said, "I believe here's one girl that hasn't been spoiled by these disgusting modern ideas."

Why he thought so Mildred did not quite see, and she wondered if there was something wrong with her dress or her hair. The latter had been cut in London a week before, and should be right, she thought. As for her dress, it was simple, as befitted an evening at home with one guest, and blue, because Uncle Martin liked blue. Perhaps he thought she was unspoiled because it had a sash, and he hadn't noticed that sashes were back.

"I do hope not," she said, with the mingled sweetness and calmness of manner which was hers habitually, holding out her hand to him. "If I'm spoiled, it's by Uncle Martin. He would spoil anybody. Wouldn't you, dear?"

Uncle Martin, who had been looking depressed, brightened.



"By Jove," said Uncle Martin's guest. "I believe here's one girl that hasn't been spoiled by disgusting modern ideas!" His voice was a-throb with appreciation—but Mildred wondered if there were something wrong with her dress or her hair. She smiled softly to cover her feeling of embarrassment

and slipped into the gently gallant manner he had for all women, from Mildred to the cook.

"There are some people you can't spoil, and my niece is most of them," he said, laughing a little. "Ah, Mildred, the sight of you cheers me. George here had me nearly scared to death over the young people of the present day."

Mr. Whitney growled and shook his head. Then he brightened a little and began to talk about Uncle Martin's collection of Dickens in the original parts, and as that was one of the principal prides of Uncle Martin's life things went better.

But at the dinner table Mr. Whitney reverted to it all again. Apparently it was more on his mind than anything else.

"None of them any good," said he sweepingly. "No manners, no morals. Entirely given up to drinking and dancing and swearing and—and other things I couldn't mention before a girl brought up as your niece has been. A lot of selfish, wild, illiterate young savages. Jazz!"

He uttered this last word as if it were a terrible curse. He went on to tell stories of these savages; stories which shook Uncle Martin to his soul, but which didn't affect Mildred quite so severely, because some of them sounded impossible, and some of them were very much the sort of thing the Wycombe girls did and seemed to her harmless enough.

"They paint—they dress indecently—they are without soul or morals," said Mr. Whitney, in conclusion, panting.

"Your own relations?" asked Mildred sweetly.

"Thank Heaven, I never married!" said Mr. Whitney.

After this things did deflect from the topic for a little while. It was Uncle Martin who brought it up again.

"I have a sister over there," he said uneasily. "I'd hate to think Ethel's children were as bad as all that. There's a girl around Mildred's age, and a boy a little older. Nice children, from their pictures. Janet and Mackenzie, their names are."

"They're probably no different from the rest," said Mr. Whitney gloomily. "They're all alike."

Mildred had met Janet and Mac when the Holliday family, consisting of Ethel and her husband, known as Uncle Robert, and the children, had stayed with Uncle Martin. She remembered Janet as a small girl in fluffy skirts, who wanted her own way, and Mac as a silent little boy who climbed trees with a dogged determination most of the time.

"Do you know anything about Louise Bartine?" went on Mr. Whitney.

THIS was a new name to Mildred. It seemed to be so to Uncle Martin.

"No. Is she another of your terrible children?" he asked.

"She was the granddaughter of Ellen Harrison."

Aunt Milly had been Milly Harrison. Ellen was her older sister. Mildred could have recited Uncle Martin's whole family connection, she had heard the tale so often.

"I didn't know Ellen left any children," said Uncle Martin, looking interested. The grandchild of a cat that had been connected with Aunt Milly would have been of interest to him. "She was a good deal older than Milly. This girl—where is she and how old is she?"

"I met her abroad not long ago," said Mr. Whitney. "A most interesting and appealing woman. A contrast to the sort of girl we've been talking about. Charming, gentle—a hard life back of her. I understood. Frail health. A sweet, old-fashioned woman, whose family have been very hard on her because she was indiscreet—made a runaway marriage, I understood, in very early youth—driven to it by unkind treatment at home although I don't know any of the particulars of the case."



Despite the veil that covered her face—perhaps because of it!—Mildred could feel an air of mystery about the tall woman

"Hm," said Uncle Martin, looking moved. "As I remember Ellen she was a very rigid woman. That might have been so, if her daughter was like her."

Mildred listened with interest. She didn't think much of Mr. Whitney as a judge of character, if he could regard her as an unadulterated mid-Victorian product. Also she had her doubts of some types of "sweet, old-fashioned women" she had met. Mildred had met a great many people first and last, for Uncle Martin in his quiet way was a social soul, and more or less of a visiting-point. She preferred honesty to most virtues she knew, and making people happy next to that. And somehow the sad story of Louise Bartine sounded—perhaps it was that she didn't like Mr. Whitney—like the sort of story opinionated old gentlemen could be quite as wrong about as they could over the wholesale condemnation of a generation.

Mr. Whitney went next morning and Uncle Martin sought Mildred out for sympathy as soon as he could after his friend's departure.

"He bothered me," he confessed whimsically, pulling his mustache as was his habit when he had something on his mind. Mildred noticed that the fine slim hand at his face was thinner

and more veined than it had been. He wasn't well. Perhaps this projected trip to America would do him good.

"I'm sorry, dear," she said, slipping her hand in his. "I wouldn't take him too seriously. You know Phyllis and Pam are like that—they do all the things he scolded about, and they're dears."

Uncle Martin relaxed a little, visibly comforted.

"He's turned into a calamity howler of the worst sort, hasn't he? George Whitney! And my Lord, the champagne parties that fellow used to give—and the four-in-hand trips! Well, 'young sinner, old saint.' No, I don't think it's true. But I have to find out—I have to find out, Mildred. I'd been thinking I'd postpone the trip till I felt better. I haven't been so well of late. But I fancy I'd better not. Money—money's a trust, Mildred."

"I know, dear," she said gently. She felt motherly, sometimes, to Uncle Martin. He saw life in such a simple, gentle fashion, and so honorably withal. And there was a great deal of him that had never grown any older since his Milly died. He was, just now, like a child from whom his belief in fairyland has

great impression on him—Milly's grandniece. I wonder what she's like."

"Is Bartine her maiden name or her married one?"

"Oh, her maiden name. But it won't be hard to find out her married name. If she is in trouble we must help her, dear."

"Why, of course!" Mildred said. She was as sincerely generous as he. There was a good deal to be generous with, for Mr. Putnam was a very rich man. She knew what he meant by saying that money was a trust.

"My little Milly's sister with a grown granddaughter . . . and she was only twenty when she died!"

HIS eyes softened, the faded blue of them dimming a little with tears, as they had a way of doing lately, since he was not so strong. Mildred brought him back to the point. Once started on his wife, he might have gone on indefinitely.

"When shall we cross, do you think?"

"I'm running up to London to see the doctor tomorrow," he told her. "After that we'll settle exactly when. As soon as we can get ready, I think. Ah, wait till you see Niagara!"

He was slipping back again into his happy picture of America of the eighties. Mildred looked at him with a little alarm. He seemed to her less well than he thought himself, and so sensitively strung was he that even such a passing strain as this of Whitney's lamentations did him no good.

"Let me go with you," she asked.

"Not a bit of it. You'd interfere with my having a gay bachelor time."

She knew his dislike of seeming to be taken care of, and did not press the point. Perhaps Ranulf, if she dropped a hint, might chance to take the same train coming and going. She would drop it, certainly.

It was as well she did for it was a very white and shaken Uncle Martin who came back, Ranulf by his side, from the trip to London. The news he brought was scarcely believable, though she had thought herself alarmed about her uncle's health. Ranulf told her—her uncle could not bear it.

"The doctor says your uncle hasn't more than three months to live," Ranulf told her. His kind boyish face was darkened with concern.

It did not seem possible. There always had been Uncle Martin—there always would be. The Wycombes had been close friends. Lady Wycombe had, in a way, mothered Mildred, but there had always been the link—just the two of them—Mildred and Uncle Martin—there in other people's

country. She did not cry out—it wasn't Mildred's habit to take big things that way. Struck silent, her face turned white. She stared at Ranulf helplessly, unable to reply.

"I know," he said. "It doesn't seem as if it could be true. But I'm afraid there's no chance of a mistake."

She met her uncle almost with embarrassment, but he had adjusted himself a little by that time, and faced her with his old whimsical smile.

"Let's not talk about it, darling," he said. She held his hand tight for a moment.

"Has it—got to happen?" she begged him.

He nodded.

[Continued on page 95]



been taken. Mildred could have slapped Mr. Whitney with a good will.

He went on, comforted by his own voice.

"Yes, when I get over there I can see for myself. Janet was such a little fairy. She couldn't have turned into such a shocking creature . . . and this other thing, Mildred. Louise Bartine. I can't bear to think of your Aunt Milly's grandniece in straits, or in trouble."

"Did you get her address?" Mildred asked practically.

"Whitney didn't know it. Her New York address is care of Brown Shipley. She's traveling in France now, it seems. He only met her for one evening, but she seems to have made a

What Price Marriage?

By MAY CERF



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Boal Wickes leaving St. Bartholomew's Church directly after a (to judge by their faces!) highly successful ceremony. You, and thousands of other people, read all about their beautiful wedding in the New York society columns—but did you guess its cost?

Wedding Bells, When They Ring For Million- aires, Are Made Of Platinum!

I WENT to a society wedding not long ago. The sort of a wedding that every girl dreams of seeing—if not of having! It took place in a Fifth Avenue Church in New York City.

The bride was the heiress to millions. Let us call her Genevieve de Vere. The bridegroom was a financier's son. Let us call him Reginald Blank.

It was a beautiful wedding. Youth and beauty were united with gallantry and a tennis championship. Two immense fortunes were linked as the result of a love match—and how the world loves a lover, especially when he wins so fair a bride! Descriptions of that wedding were in every journal in the land and on every one's lips. Pictures of it were featured in rotogravure sections and smart magazines.

As one entered the church one gasped at the loveliness of it. A profusion of flowers gave the impression of a June garden. It was lavish yet artistic, effective yet in perfect taste. Here was no vulgar display of riches—here was a dream place arranged by a master florist's hand.

At the end of each pew was a huge sheaf of spring flowers with their petals regally erect. The variegated hues of snap-dragons, foxgloves, delphinium, tulips and roses blended harmoniously, and gave the effect of a dense flower border along the aisles. On either side of the steps leading to the altar were enormous fruit trees. The



Wide World

church had been transformed into an exquisite nuptial bower.

The pews were crowded with the cream of the social world. A hush descended upon them as the organ pealed the wedding march—

"Faithful and true,
We lead ye forth,
Where love triumphant
Will fill ye with joy."

Down the aisle came the bridesmaids, six of them, and the maid of honor. Beautiful young girls in varicolored chiffon gowns. One, the tint of a rosebud, one blue, one the hue of old rose tulips, one yellow, one orange, one orchid and one, the tender green of spring foliage. Leghorn picture hats with velvet bows and streamers, matching the shades of the gowns, completed the costumes.

Gracefully the attendants glided to the altar to await the coming of the bride. She was a vision of girlish sweetness in her bridal robes. A gossamer veil, caught at her brow with a wreath of orange blossoms, enveloped her slender figure and swept five yards behind her. Her gown was of ivory satin, embroidered with seed pearls and lavishly trimmed with priceless rose-point lace.

The ceremony ended. The bride went from the church on

The bridal party of a springtime wedding—in which a daughter of the Vanderbilts married a young Lochinvar from London. Notice the mass of flowers carried by the ten bridesmaids—and then consult the figures provided by our florist!

the arm of her bridegroom. The wedding guests followed into automobiles which were waiting to convey them to the wedding celebration at one of New York's fashionable clubs—the only place outside of the home where exclusive New York gives its bridal breakfasts and dinners.

The club itself was transformed into a bower of roses. Thousands of the fragrant blossoms covered the walls and ornamented the tables. An orchestra, conducted by a famous king of jazz, furnished dance-compelling music. There were covers for three hundred guests.

They toasted the bride in champagne, procured, no doubt, from a bootlegger's prize stock, as even the best-stocked cellar could not stand the strain put upon it by three hundred well-wishers of the bridegroom and his bride.

But—"How much did all this nuptial splendor cost?" you ask. "What is back of it all—in the way of money?"

That is a question easier asked than answered. One can not go boldly up to whomsoever was responsible for the bride's expenditures and question pointblank, "How much cash did the wedding set you back?" One would be promptly shown the door for one's impertinence.

However, where there's a will there's a way. The information has been gathered in devious ways and is as [Continued on page 120]

International

Her demure tulle veil is fastened with priceless lace—and her satin gown is deceptively simple! Miss Marion Hamilton, recently married to that wealthy young man, David S. Ludlam





The odd figure came closer. The old face peered into Anne's face. "Ye mean ye want to live here?" asked the man. "Ye don't want to pull the place down and build a bird house?"

It's Easy To Acquire A Home If A Girl Has Some Leisure And A Few Dollars. But It Isn't So Simple When She Discovers That

A House Needs a Husband

By ALICE BOOTH

Illustrations by W. D. Stevens

IF REALLY wasn't Anne who needed a husband—it was the house. Anne stood just as firmly on her slim, little brown-oxford feet as she had stood since she was fourteen. She managed perfectly well alone. Her bills were all paid. She ran herself beautifully. And always she was as trim and shipshape as anything you ever saw in all your life. But the house—

Words cannot express the needs of the house. The house was battered and ragged and down-at-heel. Shingles curled from its sloping eaves. Ivy ran all over its windows and tried to smother it. The porch roof drooped like a flag in wet weather, and it was evident that soon some one would have to take a hand. And as for bills—why, the house's bills were never paid. No one knew that better than Anne.

She had no intention of deserting it, however. It was her orphan child. And though it was ruinously extravagant—as all children are—it repaid her for every investment in the angelic way that children do—with smiles, and a beaming face, and shining eyes.

The house was more than a house to Anne—more even than an orphan child. It was a passion and an obsession and all the years of her own lonely childhood. Naturally she wasn't going to give *them* up.

It was all the reading of Robin Hood before a blazing fire on nipping winter evenings. It was all the running out in summer dawns to see just what improvements God had made in the garden over night. It was all the blue and gold summer afternoons on green grass under old trees—all the dreams of the wide world colored by painted sunsets. It was all the games of childhood, that house, and Anne loved it with more than human persistency and stubbornness.

It was new, too, this having a house to love and care for. Before, Anne had been only a careless, happy girl, but haunted by a persistent desire, which she indulged on Saturday afternoons, and Sunday mornings when she should have been at church.

The whole office knew her failing. Especially Tom, the art editor, knew it. Week evenings, Anne was always ready to go for a bus ride—or to a movie—or somewhere to dine and dance with him—except when she was doing those same things with Walter, who was in the legal department of the same firm. But on Saturdays and Sundays Anne was just a little girl looking for a home and never finding it.

THERE were no homes any more, she decided—just things built for a period, not for people. There were millions of houses, she thought in discouragement, but no homes where you could live as people ought to live. Imagine a taffy pull in that Southern Colonial! Why, there weren't even any back steps—and every one knew that a taffy pull must have back steps. And woodsheds—why, woodsheds were what you spent all the rainy days in, and Anne looked for years without seeing even one woodshed. People kept their wood in the cellar—and every one knows that isn't right. The cellar should be kept clear for flower-pots—and old boxes—and cobwebs—and jelly glasses—and sleds. Just as the attic was the place for strings of dusty red peppers—and old trunks full of hoop-

skirted dresses and tall bonnets—and grimy magazines with all the stories you had ever liked—and flower-seeds tied up in paper bags—and bathing suits—and broken furniture.

Oh, Anne knew perfectly well what she wanted. Every detail had been rankling for years in her starved and homesick heart. Through a lifetime of just one boarding school after another, through years of summer camps, she had evolved her ideas. It took only one or two visits to some of her school-mates to teach her just what a home should be, and life in hotels—after the school days were done—only etched the pictures deeper in her heart.

There was no compromise for Anne. No one-room-and-kitchenette caviling with the heart's desire. A house or nothing. A home house. And on she hunted, hither and yon.

Mr. Smith helped her. Sometimes Anne became discouraged and gave up the quest for weeks and weeks. Then there was sure to be a telephone call. Mr. Smith had another prospect—not just exactly what she wanted, of course, but still—perhaps she'd better see it. So Anne put on her hopeful face and took the first train.

And always Mr. Smith, in his bright blue car, was waiting for her—blue eyes smiling, honest yellow hair brushed in smooth, crisp crinkles. And if Anne sometimes wondered why Mr. Smith always elected to meet her at a station at least twenty miles from wherever they were going . . . why, she stopped herself firmly and reminded herself that Mr. Smith was "all for business." Never had he mentioned any other subject to her but business—and his success as a rising young realtor.

THEN, one day, Anne found the house. She was driving with Mr. Smith at the time—driving past Dutch Colonials and American Colonials, past Italian villas and Spanish haciendas and just plain tax-exempts—when she saw it first—just a glimpse down a side street—a flash of dripping ivy, of battered pickets, of a sagging porch roof—and Anne screamed—and pointed.

"I want to go there," she said. "Quick! Before it gets away! There—did you see it? There—around the corner! Faster! . . . Here it is! . . . I want it!"

While Mr. Smith sat in his car eyeing her disapprovingly, she leaped out and leaned on the gate and looked. There it was—a home. A lean-to roof proclaimed something that might be possibly a woodshed—and was. Disreputable bushes, without any sense of order or restraint, spread themselves in the sun. The front door stood open, and a stationary rocker, resealed with Brussels carpet, tottered bravely on the porch.

"It's no use," said Mr. Smith, speaking to her back. "Old Man Barnes won't sell. Best lot in the Manor, too. Ten million people have tried to buy it. It's an eyesore to the whole place. I won't go in. The last time I was up here, with a fine chance of ten thousand cash—Jones, the big soap man who owns the place above, wanted to build a pergola down here for the river view—the old man threatened to use a shotgun on me. I think he more than half meant it, too. Half crazy, he is."

Anne did not hear. She glanced back once, but seeing Mr. Smith still sitting, returned to her happy musing. Her eyes

embraced each detail lovingly—the weeds—the old mud-scraper by the worn steps, hollowed by feet that had come to the little old house—the torn carpet in the hall.

As she watched, an old figure tottered into sight from the back yard that—seen down the narrow passageway—was one tangle of sun-colored blossom and light—a bent old figure that tottered on a cane, preceded by a cracked voice uttering testy commands.

"Get on away with ye now—and take that pesky real estate man with ye! Tain't no use. I wun't sell. Get on with ye, now. You do as I say."

Anne's face was as much disappointed as a little child's. "I don't suppose you do want to sell," she mourned. "I know it if were mine. I wouldn't part with it for a fortune. But mayn't I just come in and look around? Is that a woodshed out there? I haven't seen one since I was a little girl— And have you an old attic—with funny trunks—and red peppers? And oh, please, could I have some flowers? And if you wouldn't sell, would you by any chance take boarders? I'd try not to be any trouble," she offered hopefully.

THE odd figure peered at her in doubt. "Boarders? You mean ye want to live here?" "Oh, do I!" wailed Anne, sincerity throbbing in her tone.

The odd figure came closer and peered into her face. "Ye don't want to pull it down and build a larri house or something?"

"Pull it down!" exclaimed Anne. "Why, I've spent years looking for a house like this."

She opened the gate—noting delightedly that it did not swing on its hinges! you lifted it up and set it down again, and there it stayed, sloping gracefully—and trailed after the old man.

At the door she paused in sudden remembrance. "You needn't wait," she called back to the stupefied Mr. Smith. "I don't know when I'll be going back."

She followed the old man absent-mindedly through the little hall to the back yard beyond.

"Look around all ye've a mind to," offered the old man magnanimously. "See everything. Twon't do ye no good, though. I ain't to be fooled so easy."

But he followed her everywhere. He listened to her exclaim over the shells by the battered hearth, and nodded pleasantly as she listened for the roaring sea, pink cheek against pink cheek. He watched her petting the flowers and the iron deer submerged in the zinnia bed. He saw her smooth the red tablecloth, and peep into the family album on the marble-top table, and settle herself for an absorbed half-hour with the dusty stereoscope.

"They had one of these at Hazel's grandmother's," she confided. "I visited there when I was twelve. But I think you have a much larger collection of views," she admitted conscientiously.

Old Man Barnes tottered after her wherever she went—stood leaning on his stick as she finally sank down on the battered cellar door, hot with summer sunshine.

The river shone like polished glass. The Palisades opposite propped a turquoise sky. White boats gleamed on their mysterious ways. White clouds sailed the translucent heavens. You could sit on a hot, cellar door, with a rough shingled house at your shoulders, surrounded by your very own hollyhocks thrown open to the bumblebees, and own it all—broad river, ferocious Palisades, arching sky.

Anne was in a daze of contentment and peace and furious envy. "You don't need to wait for me," she said to Old Man Barnes exactly as she had said it earlier to Mr. Smith. "I don't know when I'm going. I love it here. And I don't know when I'll be able to persuade myself to go home—to a hotel,"



she said with loathing. "You don't know how I like it here."

Mr. Barnes cackled like an ancient gnome. "So ye like my house, do ye?" he suggested. "Want to buy it—an' pull it down to build a bird house. I know their tricks. You ain't the first that's tried to pull the wool over my eyes. But I will say I've enjoyed it," he admitted, horribly gallant.

Anne looked at him. "Look here," she said, her voice earnest. "Would you want to sell it if you were sure—sure it would stay just exactly as it is?"

Mr. Barnes' wrinkles gathered, then spread, in expression of two impulses. "Well, I'll tell ye the truth," he said. "I would. But I can't trust nobody. And I won't have that house tore down. I built it myself for me and Maria, just after the Civil War. I'm a carpenter by trade. And the house served us well."



Anne was utterly happy because she was painting her own house. "How am I doing it, Tom?" she asked. "I never did anything like this before in my life"

I won't have it pulled to pieces just because a man's got money."

Anne got up and came very close. She swallowed once, then again. Her blue eyes were big with excitement. Old Man Barnes knew he was beaten at last.

"I want it just the way it is," promised Anne. "I'll never tear it down. It's a home; it isn't built in a period. There must be some way to fix things up—a promise, I mean. It could be put in the deed, couldn't it? Lawyers—" said Anne with bland innocence—"can do anything."

Mr. Barnes chewed thoughtfully on nothing. "How much money have ye got?" he snapped.

"Three thousand seven hundred and eighty-five dollars," boasted Anne.

Mr. Barnes chewed again, for a long time. "Well, for five years I've been wanting to go live with my brother, Bill. Bill's getting old," said Mr. Barnes plaintively, swaying on his cane. "Bill needs some-one to look after him," said Mr. Barnes pityingly. "He's got a good house in Sprinton—not as good as this, but comfortable. If it can be fixed legal, you can have it."

"I won't tear it down," swore Anne, her eyes shining. And then her face clouded. "But maybe I'll have to prop it up in places," she worried. "You wouldn't mind that, would you?"

Mr. Barnes' face crinkled. "Ye won't need to do any propping in fifty years," he guaranteed handsomely. "That porch—of course—" he confessed vaguely. "And maybe some new shingles. But that frame is as sound as the court house. I laid those beams myself. Every door swings true. Not a window sticks. And ye can't find a crack in the plaster anywhere—genuine hair and marble dust. I'd have fixed the porch before—but, ye see—" He hesitated. "Ye see, there's a mortgage. I jest can't seem to keep it going. I don't get so many odd jobs as I used to. That mortgage—it rolls around. But ye're young. Ye can manage. I never had no trouble with it when I was young.

"Ye give me the three thousand, and ye can have the house just as it stands—furniture and all. Only I'll take the parlor organ—Bill's a master hand at the organ—and the marble-top table. I always did like a marble-top table for my meals—saves washing.

"And I'll take Maria's picture—ye wouldn't miss her. All the rest ye can have and welcome."

"But I've got more money," objected Anne. "I've got seven hundred and eighty-five dollars more, even after I've paid you the three thousand."

"Keep it!" said Mr. Barnes magnificently—and then, ominously, "Ye'll need it!"

He leaned forward and prophesied in sepulchral tones, "For the mortgage. It rolls around."

THE mournful wail of an auto horn resounded through the sunshine from far down the hill. Mr. Smith coming back.

Anne went out to meet him. She opened the gate and closed it. It was her gate now. She stood on the curb fairly bursting with news.

Mr. Smith looked at her quizzically, pityingly. "Enjoy yourself?" he queried.

"Very much," said Anne. "I've bought it! It's mine!" Try as she would, she could not keep her voice quiet. It soared.

Mr. Smith looked at her and lost his cigarette. "My gosh!" he said. "How much did you offer him?"

"Three thousand," said Anne. "But there's a mortgage that rolls around."

"My gosh!" marveled Mr. Smith. "What a help you would be in my business!"

The words had said themselves, without any conscious thought from Mr. Smith. His face changed as if some one had slapped him in it. Doubt, shock, question, conviction—registered

themselves in turn. He looked at Anne in a new way. Never was he the same to her again. He had always been kind. Now he became benevolent. The rising young realtor had made his inclinations and his business sense balance at last.

Anne never could have got through all the work of buying the house without Mr. Smith. He attended to deeds and titles.

She saw a great deal of him in the days that followed. And of Walter and Tom nothing—for of course there was no point in dragging them through all these business formalities, and besides Mr. Smith was attending to everything anyhow.

One day it was all done. One day she no longer had three thousand dollars in the bank. One day she packed up and left her hotel room and started for the country with all the happiness a heart could hold.

[Continued on page 88]



Donald Ogden Stewart, one of America's most famous actors, was formerly a well-known writer. His hobbies are psychoanalysis and collecting Peruvian butterflies. The dog's name (and to judge from the quality and quantity of her hair she has a good mind) is Eloise

I Am Psychoanalyzed

By DONALD OGDEN STEWART

I FIRST noticed that I was a victim of the dread Lepipterosis (falling hair) on the night of March 3. I was seated in front of the fireplace in my apartment with a friend of mine named William Hoover—not to be confused with President Hoover or, for that matter, with Vice-President Curtis, either. Between us was a warm friendship and a bottle, and as the evening progressed the friendship got warmer and the bottle more attractive. Suddenly I felt something fall to the floor. At first I thought that it was myself, but as a careful survey showed that I was undoubtedly still sitting in my chair, I spoke of the occurrence to my friend.

"Bill," I said, using the shorter and more familiar form of his name, "Bill, did you hear anything fall?"

"Sure," replied Bill confidently. "When?"

"Just now," I said.

Bill surveyed the floor and pointed.

"A hair fell," he announced.

I looked and saw that he was right.

"Gosh," I remarked, gazing quickly up at the ceiling, "who do you suppose it could have been from?"

Bill assumed a look which fell midway between Philo Vance and Grover Whalen.

"I'll take charge of this case," he announced. "Lock all the doors."

I complied, while Bill strode thoughtfully up and down the room.

"Where does that door lead to?" he demanded, stopping suddenly and pointing.

"To the bedroom," I replied.

"Are you sure?" he demanded.

"Well, I don't know," I said doubtfully. "It always has led to the bedroom—"

Bill hesitated a moment and then yanked the door open.

"Come out of there," he called sternly. "We see you."

Nothing emerged.

"H'm," said Bill. "Very strange," and resumed his pacing. I meanwhile began an investigation on my own account. I picked up the fallen hair, examined it and then walked over to a mirror.

"Bill," I exclaimed suddenly, "I think I've got it."

Bill eyed me intently.

"God grant you are telling the truth," he said.

"Bill," I said, "did it ever occur to you that the owner of this hair might be in this room at this very moment?"

Bill shuddered and glanced hastily around.

"Good Lord," he whispered. "You don't mean—"

I eyed him with an amused smile.

"No," I replied. "Not that."

Bill suddenly flushed.

"If you think it's *mine*—" he began, defiantly.

I gazed at his completely bald head and let him know, by the look in my eyes, that I had some other theory.

"Bill," I said, "look at this hair."

Bill did as I directed.

"Now," I continued, "compare it with—" and I bent over so that he might more closely examine my own blond locks.

"By George," exclaimed Bill admiringly, "you've solved it. You've succeeded where the best minds in policedom would have failed."

"Exactly," I admitted, with a modest blush. "The hair in question is none other than *mine*."

I turned to shake Bill's hand and noticed that he was regarding me

Who Reveals How He Was Cured of Lepipterosis* By Self-Applied Mental Science

with a peculiarly sympathetic look.

"Just a minute, old fellow," he said thoughtfully, "I suppose you realize what this means."

I shook my head and Bill gazed into the fireplace.

"Have you ever heard of Lepipterosis?" he asked.

Once more I was compelled to admit my ignorance.

"Lepipterosis," said Bill "is falling hair—and visa versa."

It was a full minute before the significance of what he had revealed dawned on me.

"And I—?" I whispered hoarsely.

Bill nodded.

"You," he replied, "have got Lepipterosis."

"Oh, not that," I moaned, clinching my fists. "Not that."

Bill passed his hand over his own shining dome and I shuddered.

"Is there nothing I can do?" I asked.

"Practically nothing," was his reply. "I tried everything. Crude oil—mange cure—massage. They are all valueless, once the hair starts falling."

"And I did so want to marry," I moaned, "and have children."

Bill filled his pipe and lighted a cigarette.

"There's only one thing that can save you," he said, "and that is psychoanalysis."

"Psychoanalysis?" I repeated wonderingly. "You mean this marvelous science which is based upon the discoveries of Dr. Freud and Dr. Jung?"

"Precisely," replied Bill. "Now, according to psychoanalysis, baldness is caused by some hidden complex which is buried deep within the ego—some wish which has remained unfulfilled—some frustration—"

"What wish, for example?" I asked.

"Well, supposing that you, as a child, had always wanted your aunt to grow a beard—" he began.

"But I didn't," I protested.

"How do you know?" he said. "How do you know but that deep down within you lies that wish which was, presumably, frustrated?"

"I don't remember ever having an aunt with a beard," I admitted.

"Precisely," he continued, "and that unfulfilled wish, hidden deep in your subconscious, is now beginning to have its revenge—"

"Well, what is there to do about it?" I asked.

"We must bring that wish to the surface," he replied "and look at it."

"That doesn't sound very interesting," I said. "Maybe it would be better just to write to my aunt and ask her if she would mind growing a beard. She's very obliging about such things."

Bill shook his head doubtfully.

"I'll telegraph, then," I offered.

"You couldn't explain it in a telegram," objected Bill. "They're pretty strict about those things."

"Well, then—?"

"We must get that wish up to the surface," he repeated, "and look at it."

"Tonight?" I asked.

"Tonight," he said.

"Will it hurt much?" I demanded nervously.

Bill did not reply. He was busy arranging the pillows on the lounge.

"Will [Continued on page 99]

*Mr. Stewart has no dictionary and spells Latin by ear. So its genuineness is not guaranteed by the editor



*M*ANY a young man, hesitating between which of two girls he shall call on, decides in favor of the one who knows enough to have a comfortable chair waiting, who has the lights arranged so that they do not shine in his eyes, and who is mistress of the art of making a fried egg sandwich!

Women Who Ruled Rulers

THE lesson to be learned from those beautiful ladies who so successfully ruled the French kings is that the only way any woman can rule her kingdom is—through love. But so few women seem to realize this, they make the whole thing very complicated. They attempt to rule through fear, through jealousy, through rights, through superiority. Whereas, as a matter of fact, they merely need to concentrate—on love.

The famous ladies who swayed the destinies of Europe with the wave of a scented fan, understood this concentration. They had to

Their power was infinitely greater than that of most queens.

They gained it solely by their ability to win and hold a man.

The fact that the man happened to be a king, in the days when a king *was* a king, only intensified the problem, made it more difficult

To become grand and powerful, they had to win a man. They had to win him against competition that would appal the most arrogant of our modern sirens. If they couldn't win him, they remained practically nothing in the general scheme of things.

As long as they held his love, they were all-powerful. They lived in palaces the like of which we do not see today, and princesses and ministers bowed before them.

The moment they lost that love, they might take up residence in a garret or the Bastille and be mocked at by the market women.

Obviously, the one important thing in their lives was to win and hold that love

It was a great game—a great gamble—and one cannot but realize that the women who won it must have been exceptionally skillful in the art of winning and holding men.

Of course, it is the accustomed thing to assume that they possessed the lure of Circe. Their very names upon the pages of history suggest that they were sorceresses who enslaved men by black arts and held them captive.

Here at last we might expect to find the secret of that mysterious charm which cannot be defined. Here surely we should find elements of that witching spell which other women have always regarded as a gift from some pagan goddess of love, bestowed only upon a select few. Here must be an explanation of that incomprehensible "something" by which the other girl got the men we wanted, or the inferior woman stole our husbands.

Who can understand—who would dare compete with the irresistible qualities of these ladies who troop across our stage, a strange and lovely and assorted company?

MOST men have two marked characteristics. They are simple—and selfish. So it stands to reason that any man who really loves a woman does things for her, simply and selfishly, because he wants to. Women must stop having romantic dreams and adapt their idealism to this not unpleasant reality



By

Diane de Poitiers

ADELA ROGERS

ST. JOHNS

La Pompadour, who for twenty years ruled France, because Louis Fifteenth simply could not live without her.

Diane de Poitiers, whom Henry the Second worshipped faithfully during his entire lifetime, though she was seventeen years older than he was.

The little milliner who became Comtesse Du Barry, and with her impudence and extravagance shook the very throne of France.

Gabrielle d'Estrees, the only woman whom the great Henry the Fourth ever loved, though his wife was the beautiful Marguerite de Valois, sister of three kings.

And the mistresses of Louis Fourteenth: Louise de La Valliere, sweetheart of his youth and the real love of his life; the Marquise de Montespan, his grande passion; Madame de Maintenon, the companion of his old age, whose power over him was so great that he made her his wife when she threatened to leave him.

No woman in the world today possesses the influence, exer-

cises the authority, nor accomplishes the vast designs of these famous women. Yet everything they had and did depended upon their ability to please.

And such men as they had to please! Men satiated with pleasure, tyrannical by divine right, surfeited with attention and flattery. Men continually besieged by new and brilliant beauties who exerted their charms to the utmost to win royal favor.

Against them were leveled the intrigues of powerful ministers, anxious to gain royal favor for a protégée of their own choosing—the protests of lawful queens, with a battery of powerful relations behind them—the ridicule and menace of the people, who delighted to lay all the faults of the court to the account of the king's favorite.

Not an easy task to be sure. A good deal like living on top of an active volcano. The position of "mistress en titre" sounds, when one reads about it today, about as difficult and dangerous as building pontoon bridges under machine gun fire.

WHAT did these famous women have with which to accomplish this task and withstand these attacks? What single, precarious power with which to make a man care more for them than for all the kings and ministers in the world? What means of becoming so necessary to his happiness that he literally couldn't live without them?

These royal courtesans had to work out their problems for themselves just as every girl and woman today has to work them out for herself. They possessed no magic spell any more

than the women of today possess it. They had a more difficult job than the modern woman and they were successful at it because they worked harder and used more brains—that's all.

If every girl today worked as hard to win the man she wants as Madame de Maintenon worked to win her royal lover, there would be practically no broken hearts. If every woman worked as hard to hold her husband as La Pompadour worked to hold the king of France, there would be no more cases for the divorce court—and women would be happier.

So we have discounted the magic spell. Circe is dead. The sirens sing no more. The chant of the lorelei is silent, and sailors may go in peace and not have to stuff their ears.

We must look elsewhere for an explanation of their success. And very odd indeed is the secret we shall find, once we have studied their lives carefully and come to know something about them as they really were.

IT IS simply that they knew all about men. Oh, how they knew men! Through intuition, experience, observation, necessity, they knew men—they could understand men's little peculiarities and see into the depths of their hearts and minds. They were supreme psychologists. The nature of man was an open book to them.

The amazing thing is to find how much of this knowledge consisted of little things—some of them so commonplace that it would seem every woman should know them by instinct—yet the woman of today seems to miss them altogether.

They knew first of all that the only real power a woman ever has over a man is his love for her. Women who govern through fear are like tyrants who govern through fear. The sword is apt to be swift and terrible.

Often you will hear people talking of the power a certain woman has over a man. He is afraid of her. He obeys her. Such power comes—as does all the power one person has over another—not from the woman, but from the man's own inner nature.

Men hate scenes. They hate arguments. Perhaps they don't mind an occasional knock down and drag-out battle, which has somewhat of a thrill to it and may end in reconciliation. But mere friction, nagging and unpleasantness, they detest. They will do almost anything to avoid it. They will pay any price for peace—for a while.

And then some day they will horrify every one by eloping with the first woman who says a pleasant word to them!

The only real power a woman has over a man is born of his love for her. It is not necessary to do anything except to keep that love alive. Then he will willingly and gladly do for her all the things she wants done. He will want to do them. He will delight in giving her the things she wants, in saying the things she longs to hear, in being the sort of man who most nearly pleases her.

All men are simple and selfish—or at least so large a proportion of them are simple and selfish that the whole sex may be dealt with upon those terms.

The man who loves a woman does things for her simply and selfishly—because he wants to. And the circle is complete in that a woman is made happy only when a man is a perfect lover

because he wants to be. For instance, the girl who gets flowers from her sweetheart because he knows she thinks he ought to send her flowers, doesn't get much fun out of them. But if he sends them because he actually wants to express his love for her that way, they make her very happy. The wife who gets a wire from her husband every morning while he is away on a business trip because, before he left, she told him to send her a wire every morning, really gets no thrill. But if they come unsolicited, because he is thinking of her, they send a glow of pleasure through her that lasts all day.

Thus we see how wise were Diane de Poitiers and La Pompadour, who concentrated only upon keeping the flame of love alive.

They also knew the three fundamental characteristics of man.

Man wants to be loved—almost pathetically, he wants to be loved and loved for himself alone.

Why did Louis Fourteenth, the handsome, brilliant, all-powerful king, fall in love with the obscure little lady-in-waiting, Louise de La Valliere, who was shy, who was quite lame, and who could not compare in beauty with many of the dazzling ladies of his court?

Because he once overheard Louise telling some other girls how she adored the king and how far he outshone every one else at his court, "not because he is the king, but because he is the greatest and handsomest and bravest man of them all." Up to that time Louis had never spoken to this girl, did not even know her name. But the next day he sought her out, where she was humbly and sweetly serving Madame, and before long he had made her the Duchesse de La Valliere.

Every man wants to be loved, needs to be loved.

Oh, that doesn't mean that he wants some one to climb up in his lap when he is trying to read the paper, or demand kisses when he is absorbed in figuring up his golf score.

He wants a woman who loves him better than anything else in the world and shows it. Who looks up to him as the most marvelous man in the world. Who misses him terribly when he is gone and rejoices when he returns.

DIANE de POITIERS loved Henry the Second madly. The haughty, stately favorite was cold to every one else—merciless to those who failed to please her—a severe taskmistress to the great artists whom she patronized. Her majestic figure in its elegant black and white—she never wore anything else—suggested in many ways the goddess for whom she was named and she liked to emphasize this resemblance. In the chase she was fearless and in affairs of state she was wonderfully keen. Her coldness and her arrogance did not tend to make her a favorite with the court nor with the populace.

But with Henry, the King, she was different. To him she showed a sweetness and a gentleness that no one else saw. He was her knight; he wore her colors; he delighted to do her honor—because she gave him love.

Convince a man that you love him because he is to you the greatest man in the world, and he is yours.

The second of man's fundamental characteristics is that he needs to be amused.

[Continued on page 110]



ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

has done more, in "What Every Woman Wants to Know," than tell the actual facts that have made romantic history. She has dared to go into the wistful hearts of the glamorous ladies of the past—she has searched their souls for the secret of Charm Eternal. And she has translated that charm into the idiom of 1929.

Just a few days ago, Mrs. St. Johns received a letter from a member of the staff of the Boston Public Library. We will quote a paragraph from the letter:

"I have cut your stories of Famous Women from SMART SET and have pasted them in a book accessible to my public. This book is a drawing card."

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THE MOST TALKED OF GOWN OF THE YEAR

Lynn Fontanne, the better half of the Theater Guild's great starring team—for you know, of course, that she is Mrs. Alfred Lunt—is famous for her frocks. In "Caprice," her latest success, her costumes have set the whole town talking. This one, of honey beige crepe roma and creamy fox fur, stopped the show. Notice the clever side draping —pay attention to the graceful cape that is half collar and half sleeve!

*When One Has Received the Gift of Courage, It Is Hard to Express
One's Gratitude by Saying*

Thank You

SHE was thin and small and faintly angular, and brown as any life guard. She sat morosely on the edge of the platform, swinging her legs, then climbed to the spring board and stood silhouetted for a moment against the gold plaque that was the bay with the sun on it. Thrusting her arms swiftly outward she went forward and down, cutting the water in a perfect swan dive.

She climbed again, to fling her body backward in a lightning quick turn. A third time she brought her knees sharply up against her breast, straightened in the air, and plunged downward with a speed that seemed to sing. She struck out this time in a lazy crawl for the open goldness of the bay.

She turned over far out in the water and let the sun beat on her face. "Your skin is like leather." She grimaced suddenly, seeming to hear her mother's voice. "Can't you be a little more careful. Lois?"

The critical eyes had frowned at her only that morning; the petulant mouth had drooped a little at the corners. The girl scooped cold water with one hand and dashed it over her face, paddling slowly with the other. There hadn't been anything the matter with her mother's skin, stretched there on the chaise longue under her bedroom windows, their shades carefully drawn. Had the shades been up and the searching sun of mid-day been let in, a faint creepiness might have declared itself on Eugenia Page's neck, a slight folding of the tender skin might have come into evidence about her eyes. But reclining in the shadow, she'd been all an enviable blend of cream and pink.

"Leather, leather, leather," the girl murmured absently, raising a hand out of the water and squinting at the drops which flashed jewel-like from it. "Your skin is like leather. Your legs are too long, too brown, too thin. Your nose is peeling. Your front teeth are out of line. There isn't anything the matter with your eyes, but they've got sun wrinkles around them. You aren't a success."

She turned slowly, laving her face in the sea, opening and closing her eyes in a burning bath of salt water. "I don't want to be a success," she thought, her arms taking up their rhythmic pull again. "Not mother's sort of a success. There's only one thing I want under this great shining canopy, and that's to go to school. Oh, mother—please, please. It's only six weeks and she hasn't said anything. She doesn't mean me to go."

THAT thing she had been swimming away from had caught up with her. She buried her head in a swell and went head-down into the cold oblivion of the water. But when she came up again the world was still pulsing with her desire. The sun was burning with it, and the emptiness of the bay was crying it aloud. There was no plunging away from it, and no outdistancing it with the slightly straining pull of her arms.

That year at St. Glades would have paid for two at the state university—"her thoughts went on. "For three—I could have stretched it over three, by working summers. She didn't gain anything by it." Lois turned the pitiless logic of her seventeen-year-old mind upon her mother's motives. "She thought it would mean a friendship with Penelope Burgess, invitations to the Houck's, and to the Reymer's. She thought I'd be taken into their crowd, that she'd meet more men, nicer men. As though it were as simple as all that. As though—" she frowned—"I were the type."

She'd covered the last hundred yards that separated her from





"I may have to use desperate measures," said Lois, "but while I'm here you won't drown. You've just got to trust me"

the shore. Shaking the water from her body she flung herself into a warm hollow. She was carrying on one of those alarmingly frank conversations with her mother, conversations that took place only in her imagination.

"Suppose you do marry, mother, you won't miss the money then—"

"Marry, Lois!"

"Oh, do you suppose I don't know. Don't I know why we keep Etta on? Why we starve ourselves for two weeks at a Florida hotel each winter, at an Adirondacks hotel each sum-

By BROOKE HANLON

Illustrations by Nancy Fay

mer? Don't you think I know why you sent me to St. Glades?"

"Lois!"

"What I mean to say is—" desperately— "if you marry again you won't miss the money—"

"Really, Lois!"

"—and if you don't—if you don't, won't it help to have me in a position to earn? Medicine is what I want. Can't you see me as an investment, mother?"

"No. No. She never can—" Lois burrowed hopelessly in the sand and, turning to shield her eyes from the sun, became conscious of one other occupant of the beach. He was a boy, sitting not far from her, and staring at her intently. She sat up suddenly to return the unwelcome attention and saw that, though looking at her, the boy was apparently unconscious of her presence, that the misery and absorption in his eyes were the equal of those in her own.

"YOU been in?" she asked abruptly and was relieved to see that tenseness break up.

"No," he said briefly and turned his face toward the water.

"It's cold," she volunteered. "Colder than you'd think."

He looked back. "I watched you," he said, admiration struggling up into his face. "Your dives were great. Are you new here?"

"No. I'm Lois Page," she introduced herself. "And you're Newton Burgess, aren't you? The reason you haven't seen me is because you swim down below probably."

"Swim." He bit the word off bitterly. "I don't swim anywhere. I don't ride. I don't fly. If any one drives a car above fifty miles an hour my teeth are in my lip till the blood comes. Football, baseball—" His face was working savagely. "It's all the same. But the water is the worst of all. Listen—" He came close to her, and sat down. "I watched you out there and it seemed it was me. I got into the same panic as though I were that dot on the water. Listen, you don't know what it is to have your muscles loosen and your breath tighten and your heart pound, do you? I tell you I watched you out there and I was sick with fear. You don't know what that is, do you?"

"Don't you swim at all?" She stared at him curiously.

"No." The savageness faded from his face, leaving it white and miserable. "I came up here to get away from them all. They don't say anything, but I know what they think. I never told anybody. I don't know why I'm telling you. It's because—"

"Never mind." She cut him off quickly. It was because she was some one he had never seen before, just a girl in a faded brown bathing suit, one who swam up above and therefore was immaterial. She studied him for a few moments. "Get up." She stood over him preemptorily then and he got to his feet in puzzled silence. "Come on—" She motioned him to follow. "Come where?" He hesitated as they reached the pier and an apprehensive look came into his eyes.

"Out on the pier," she said quietly. "I just want you to walk out to the low diving board with me."

"You—you wouldn't push me in?" Remembrance of times he had been treated thus was in his eyes.

"No. Just come out there with me."

He reached her side at the edge of the diving platform, taking the last steps laggingly. His hands hung loosely at his sides.

"Now," Lois caught his hand, "we're going to jump."

"No!" He wrenched free and leaped back.

"Listen to me." She caught him sharply. "There's no sense in my ever being as miserable as you were back there about something that can be helped. It's bad enough feeling that way about something that can't be helped. I can teach you not to be afraid, if you'll let me. Will you?"

"It's over my head there." His haggard eyes were on the sun-struck surface below them.

"That's what I want. Look here—" She showed him an instant on her faded suit. "I'm a senior life saver. I want to show you that you can't drown. Have confidence in me. That's the first step. Now jump. You'll bob right up again and I'll have you."

"I'm heavier than you." His voice was unsteady.

"I know it." Hers was crisp. "I brought in a two hundred pound man in Florida last winter."

"I'd get you in such a grip we'd both go down."

"I can break any hold," she explained wearily, "or tow any weight no matter how heavy it is."

He let her take his hand again and stood, dragging back a little at the edge of the planking. "Ready?" she asked and he freed himself again, shrinking back. She looked up to see that his jaw was shaking, and his lips were blue.

"I can't," he stammered, and the eyes which she herself had admitted there was nothing the matter with, remained upon him in open scorn. They were eyes which seemed large in her small pointed brown face and their clear, gray blue showed up to advantage against her sunned skin. He flushed in misery under their scrutiny but his mouth set stubbornly and he made no effort to come forward again.

"It's no use," he said. "Thanks, but it's no use." He leaned against the scaffolding.

"LET me know when you're ready," she said and sat down, her back to him, swinging her legs. A minute passed. Two, and then three. She turned again and gave him that level, challenging look and the color came up in a wave over his too white shoulders and face. Five minutes—six—and she heard slow feet drag on the boards. She saw his floundering body go down to hit the water. She sprang up, dived, and true to her word had his head locked in the crook of her arm the moment it appeared. With his fear contorted face turned up to the sun she made off easily for the shore.

"That was fine." She pounded him on the back to relieve his choking. "Took in a little water, didn't you? Come on—" She foiled his attempt to sit down on the sand.

"Where," he asked weakly, stumbling after her.

"We're going to do it again," she said.

"No." He evaded her grasp and sat down on the sand, his head on his knees.

"Get up," she said curtly. "Once doesn't do any good. Get up, I say."

"Just a minute," he pleaded.

"No." She was sharp. "The thing to do is not to think. Just run out to the edge with me and jump."

He didn't run, but followed numbly. She held his hand this time and counted. At her, "Go," he flashed her a despairing look and fell rather than jumped from the platform. Again they came in easily.

"Sit in the sand and warm up a few minutes," she told him bluntly, and threw herself down. He couldn't warm up, but sat shivering until she sprang up and caught his arm in her abrupt summons again.

Five trips they made out to the diving pier and five times they jumped. The fourth time she missed his first rise and

had to dive for him. His arms tightened in a steel grip about her neck and they floundered for a few moments in the water. Freed at length, but with her teeth marks in the soft part of his arm, she struggled up with him. She didn't try for the shore this time but got him to the steps and they climbed, to lie panting on the hot boards. Her eyes were upon him mockingly when she said, after a long time, "Shall we try it again?" Without answering, his mouth a little drawn, he walked to the edge and waited for her.

When they reached the sand this time he disappeared behind a boulder and was suddenly sick. Coming back his eyes searched hers furtively for contempt, but she had burrowed in the sand and her eyes were blank on the horizon. He lay down beside her and let the sun beat down upon his body.

"That last time—" his voice was steady after a long time—"I wished I could drown."

"You couldn't drown," she said tranquilly. "I'm sorry I bit you."

She reached for her shabby blue beach cape and, standing up, drew it about her. "You aren't really a coward," she told him indifferently. "You're probably just soft. I mean you've always been a Burgess, and you've never had to compete." They walked off over the sands together, climbed to the spindling boardwalk. "If you had been a Riley or a Rafferty no doubt you'd be a life guard on the beach."

"Here's my car." He stopped by an opulent looking roadster. "I'll drive you home."

"No, thanks," she said abruptly. She wanted to walk home slowly. Rather, she wanted not to go home at all, but the sun was going down and there was nothing else to do. "I swim up here this time every day." She walked back to the car to tell him this. "Any time you want to come down I'll be glad to give you a lesson."

"Tomorrow?" he said hesitantly.

"Yes. It won't be half as bad as today." She went on then, cutting through the grounds of the La Pierre summer hotel, and on to the fringes of the fashionable part of the bay colony. The murmur of voices came to her from the side porch at home and she did a silent right-about-face, and, skirting the hedge, went in the back door. If her mother had guests she wouldn't want her to be seen in her shabby suit and cape. She sat

down on a kitchen chair and watched Etta prepare tea for the caller.

"Yo' maw's got Cap'n Deblin'in there," Etta reported, rolling her eyes. Captain Devlin was the cavalier of the moment.

"She'll be in a good humor when he leaves," the girl thought. "I'll ask her then." But that heaviness persisted about her heart. Heavier even than the fear stiffened body of Newton Burgess it was, and it weighed her down into numbing waters of certainty. There would be no use in asking her mother. To put into words her wish to go to school would be only a final, futile gesture, and after it had been made there would be nothing more.

"Straighten up yo' boneses, honey chile," Etta prodded her affectionately after a long time and her voice seemed to come from far away. "What fo' you want to set all curled up lak a pretzel fo', drippin' on ma oilcloth?"

EUGENIA PAGE had been looking at her daughter with a critical and petulant expression for many years. Lois wasn't like other girls, she contended. What could you do with a daughter who kept a frog's heart beating in solution in a mason jar in her room, whose happiest hours for two years had been spent with old Graham, the biology instructor, in the high school laboratory after school hours?

To A Lovely Girl

By Grace Noll Crowell

SUCH pretty little ways you have,

Such pretty things you say,

I watch you and I feel the tilt

Of wings across the day;

I see you and I catch the sound—

Of little winds at play.

Such pretty, shining, dainty ways,

Swift motions sprayed with light,

Your voice is tipped with silver flutes,

Your hands are quick and white;

You turn your head, and make me see

A goldfinch poised for flight.

And Oh, your fluted, lovely words!

So honey-clear they fall,

So flower-sweet, I think the bees

Must listen for your call . . .

Were I a bee, I could not leave

The words you say at all!



Lois wrapped steaming towels about the dark head. She dipped her fingers in the fragrant cream. But as she worked calmly and skillfully, revolt was growing in her heart

Eugenia didn't know what Lois saw when she looked at her frog's heart beating; she couldn't have understood the thrill of exploration that lay in uncovering the stained nervous system of a *rana virescens*.

She frowned sometimes when she thought of that wasted year at St. Glades. Lois' failure to develop a magnolia skin had never ceased to irk her, and the astonishing likeness of her daughter, with her scant faded bathing suit and close clipped hair, to a slender, rangy boy never failed to bring a puzzled, recurring frown between her eyes. She'd given her up at last, after that one year of experiment, that year she'd missed the Florida trip and the Adirondacks and had had to cut down so sadly on her wardrobe.

"I don't believe you even tried."

Only once had Eugenia come out in the open about that year, though Lois had understood well enough what it was her mother had wanted.

"Tried what, mother?"

"To make friends with the nicer girls, of course." Eugenia had answered pettishly. "It would have meant so much to you here in Bay Point."

Lois had merely preserved the patient silence with which she received so many of her mother's judgments.

She went slowly up the back stairs from the kitchen now, dressed in a much washed dimity, and sat down to wait for

Captain Devlin's car to leave. As a propitiatory gesture she creamed her skin thoroughly and tried to hide its healthy nut brown under a layer of her mother's heavy powder. She experimented with cream rouges, making dark roses bloom incongruously on her unnaturally whitened cheeks. She was in the bathroom rubbing her skin back to its normal condition when she heard her mother's light running step on the stairs. At forty-three Eugenia still prided herself on her ability to run upstairs, on her girlishness. She dieted rigidly and went in for such exercises as could be indulged in without exposure to wind and sun.

"MOTHER—" Lois met that rush of perfume in the hall—"can you come into my room for a moment. I want to talk to you about something." She put her hand out nervously. Her mother was in a good humor, she noted gratefully. The artificial flush on her cheek was augmented by a natural one; her eyes were shining, and a slight smile was lingering on her lips.

"Gracious, I haven't a minute." Eugenia scarcely saw the detaining hand. She was in one of her frequent, small flurries of excitement. "Captain Devlin has asked me to go to the Farm tonight. You'll have to give me a shampoo, Lois, and a finger wave. Oh, and a facial. There isn't a moment to lose." The Farm required evening [Continued on page 84]

Just a Good Girl Scout

Words and Pictures by
MILT GROSS

ONCE upon a time there lived up in the Ritzy section of the Bronx, which is like sitting in a box seat in Loew's Theater, a dame named Connie.

Now this Connie belonged in the category of cats who spend all their time faking and four-flushing and dishing dirt and promoting scraps between friends and panning people behind their backs and then smiling to their faces which she didn't mean at all, but she figured it fooled them, and it did.

Connie also had a husband who really didn't amount to much, she having married him under a set of circumstances as follows:

She was ankling down the Boulevard one night shortly after the Armistice and he came driving along slowly near the curb in a brand new Stutz roadster.

Of course, she paid not the slightest notice to him, her attention having been suddenly attracted by a most interesting window display of crutches, wheel chairs, wooden legs and electric belts.

So he said, "Nice night, Mabel. How about a little spin?"

So she got out the lisp and answered, "Well, I never ride in cars with strange men, but there's a big, dark, horrid tramp following me and I'm scared."

Of course there wasn't any man following her at all. It was just a gag due to the exigency that she was slightly pick-up conscious.)

So Al (that was his name) said, "How about shooting out to a road house up the line, baby?"

So she faked a swell expression of greenness and aspal.

Oh, I've heard of those New York places. Are they very dangerous?"

Al laughed. "Ha, ha, ha. I don't know what a road house is? Well I'll show you kid. Ha, ha, ha!" (Of course she really *did* know. They used to cart her home from the Sound View Pavilion once a week but she was just a born schemer.)

Well, soon they got to this road house and began dancing and singing and putting on paper hats and blowing horns and bursting balloons and all similar sorts of whoopee and so Connie it was just another pleasant evening with another Good-time-Charlie, when all of a sudden Al bought a pack of cigarettes and to make a flash with the cigarette girl



The "Nize Baby"
Bard of the Bronx

he paid for it by flipping a hundred dollar bill on the table.

As soon as Connie saw the bill her eyes bulged like the hip pocket of a Jones Law Senator and she almost fell off Al's lap. Forthwith they were wrapped up in each other like a basket of eels and she whispered in his ear.

"Bab-ee me for you!"

They were married in December.

"Ha, ha, funny thing," said Al, as they started off on their honeymoon. "I never knew that night when I picked—I mean when we met, that we'd ever be getting married!" And Connie burst right out laughing, but she laughed silently and it was dark in the taxi, so that was O. K.

But the thing that Connie did not know was that Al's father was really the brains of the *gescheft* and that all Al could do was to chew

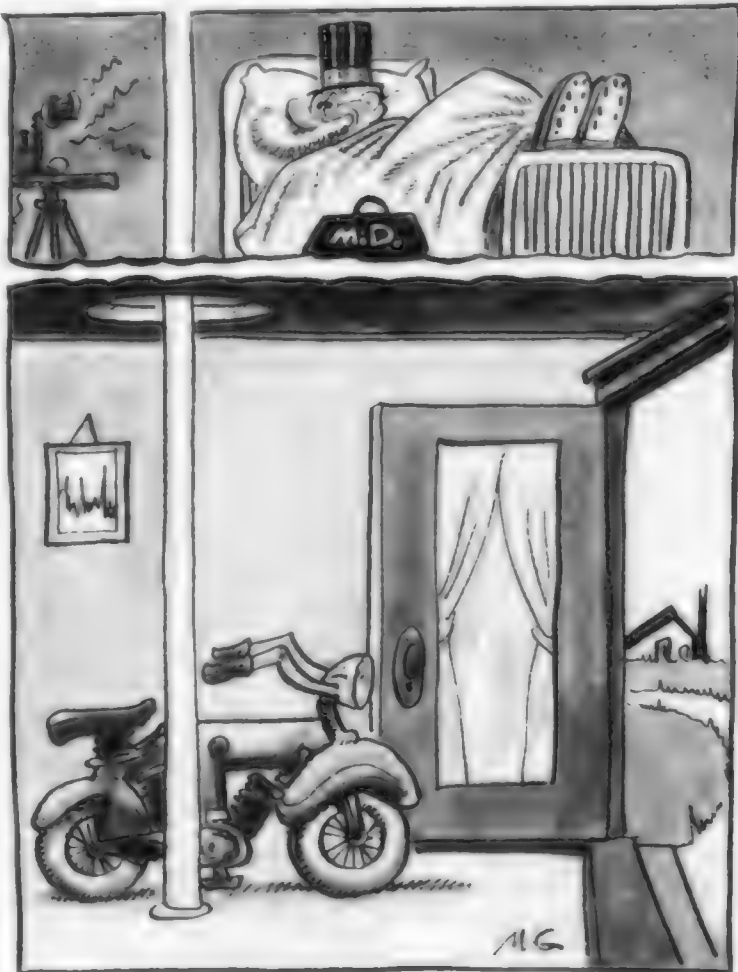
gum, and when the old man expired, the notes expired with him, and being Al couldn't swing a lariat along with his gum chewing, the creditors had to accept twenty cents on the dollar, and because Al refused to accept his wife's and her two sisters' frequent invitations to go to a warmer climate, they decided to bring said climate into the five-room apartment for him.

So in view of having pulled this bone Connie was always sore and sour and Al used to go around with one eye on the "Join the Army and See Hawaii" posters.

NOW Connie had a dear girl friend, Edna, who was married to a fellow named Tom, and this Tom used to be the main topic of a lot of discussions by Connie and Al and their relatives after supper, which discussions always ended up with the same saying, "Well, some boobs have all the luck! You certainly don't need brains these days, that's a cinch!" Which showed, of course, that Tom paid an income tax of a hefty nature.

Now Tom and Edna were very happy, so Connie used to drop in and say to Edna:

"Of course, dearie—heh, heh—You and I know it's not so at all—but just to show you how people will gossip—heh, heh—I heard a woman in the butcher shop say, 'You know I hear that Tom so-and-so is keeping a blonde downtown and not only that, but he has a baby by her—and all that sort of thing.' Imagine dearie! Of course you and I know there is not a word of truth in it, but heh, heh.—"



Edna's baby was running a bit of a fever



Edna shoulda known that Connie had a reason for taking her to that gift shop window

how folks will talk. Jealousy, dearie! ! That's all, sheer jealousy! !"

Then Connie would go home and Edna being simple and guileless would cry all afternoon.

Well one day Connie was over telling Edna that no man who made more than fifty dollars a week was to be trusted (Al made forty-nine) when her eagle eye spotted upon the piano in the living room a new gorgeous Celadon jardiniere. This jardiniere which was a beautiful green glazed oval bowl on three ogre-headed feet excited in her great feelings of inquisitiveness, so she said:

"WHY, my dear. It's a gem! Wherever did you run across it? It's superb. It's fascinating, really!" However she was all burned up inside.

"I picked it up on the Avenue," answered Edna. "Odd, isn't it? I liked it and so I just bought it."

"Just like that, eh," answered Connie. "You must of paid fortunes for it."

"Fifty-four dollars."

When she heard this, Connie got hopping mad inside and began to sizzle, but she smiled and then ran right home, bumping into people almost knocking them over, and not even saying, "Excuse me."

When she got home Al, her husband, was sitting in a rocker, in his slippers and needing a shave. A newspaper open at the radio page was lying on the floor. A half eaten apple was making stains on the table cloth, and on a chair was a bundle from the laundry, and through the open door to the kitchen came a smell of boiling clothes all steamy and hot.

Al asked, "How's Edna's baby. I hoid he had a cold?"

If Al was wise he would have watched his step and shut up, but he was dumb and he didn't notice the new look in Connie's eye since she had seen Edna's jardiniere. So he repeated.

"I hoid the kid had a cold," and Connie flew at him like our hard-boiled Major Johnson used to fly at the Huns—that

is the stuffed dummies that represented the Huns at Camp Upton.

"If you weren't such a good for nothing lazy bum of a snooper and paid attention to work," she screeched, "instead of hornning into everybody's business like an old lady, you might be able to support your family. I might be able to buy something for the house once in a while."

"WHY, honey," argued Al, not having sense enough to crawl into the bedroom and stay there, "what's got you upset? You were nice over the phone this morning!"

"You should know by this time," she answered, "that when I'm nice to you over the phone, there's people in the room where I'm phoning from!"

"Lookit," she yelled tearing a handful of bills from behind a picture frame and throwing them at him, "lookit! Every letter we get begins with the word 'unless'! Lookit the baby! Filthy! And Junior with half the pots out of the closet in the kitchen."

"For heaven's sakes if you can't make enough to afford a maid you might at least be some help around the house! Oh, I sure got hooked to a thirty-third degree washout when I copped you out, John Barrymore! Lookit Mr. Miller! Lookit Paul Barry! Lookit Edna and Tom. Edna had Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox Bennet over last night, and they admired her new jardiniere. She sure knows the kind of people worth while to play up to. Leave it to her to work her points. She's got a husband to help her."

Al rose with a weary motion. His vests were beginning to fit better unbuttoned, and on top of his head, as the Dutch barber said, "It wass comink alretty der moon owit."

"So they had the Wilcox Bennets over, eh?" he said. "Step-pin' out, huh?"

"I'll say," answered Connie, "and Mrs. Bennet complimented her on her living room, too. If she [Continued on page 108]



As Pinkie stood staring at the man in the garage doorway, she knew both recognition and embarrassment

BEAUTIFUL," he wrote, "you will probably think I am crazy to be writing to you, in case you even remember who I am. My name is Willard, Pete Willard, and I sold you the Wharton Roadster which I think was designed because some one saw you once and thought there should be a car lean and beautiful and strong enough for you to ride in. When you drove off that day you were a picture. Lots of girls are pretty. But you were something more.

"If this were a hundred years ago men would write poems to you. Now they make roadsters for you to drive, and beautiful swift boats for you to sail, and delicately strong airplanes for you to pilot.

"I left the Wharton Motor Company a week ago, so I can write you. You'll never lay an eye on me again, so I'm safe to tell you what I think about you. You're a million miles above

Money Does Not Make the

Pinkie

By BERNICE

Illustrations by

me, for your father is rich and you're shut in by a barricade I could never climb over. But I'll think about you I like to know there's such beauty and daring as yours in the world. I hate to think of there being any barricades around you. Not for my sake but for yours. You ought to be free to range as far—or climb as high—as you want to. You should be as unfettered as the skylark that can soar without the slightest flutter of a wing on an upcurrent of air.

"To prove to you that this is no horning in for a social introduction I will state that I now run a garage on a well-traveled Long Island highway and am attired at the moment in overalls.

"Also, I do not write mash notes to motion picture actresses. Believe it or not. Peter Willard."

PINKIE CANFIELD handed the note to Linda and watched her friend's face while she read it. Linda was obviously impressed and a little shocked.

"Do you remember him, Pinkie?"

Pinkie nodded. "Tall and blond and shy-ish. I wondered at the time why I never met anybody as nice as he as we say in slang, 'socially'."

"Pinkie!" Linda laughed a comfortable, half-shocked laugh. "You say the craziest things." She folded the note with her large, well-shaped fingers and handed it back to Pinkie. "You know—" she blushed and Linda, with her placid security, didn't blush often— "You know, I never got anything like that. Not even when I was a debutante." Linda was now twenty-one and had been married to Archie Combes for a year. "Never. I used to wish sometimes I was the sort that inspired hopeless passions."

Pinkie laughed. "Poor dear, you only inspired marriage." She looked around the delightful room, which was the library of Archie Combes' summer place at Westbury Long Island, and sighed lightly. In a way, of course, she envied Linda. Linda had everything: beauty, position and the security that only generations of sturdy financial prowess can give. In comparison with Linda, Pinkie Canfield was an upstart.

"I suppose," said Linda, half wistfully, "you've had lots of men insane about you?"

"Kids," said Pinkie briefly. She put down her teacup and lighted a cigarette. "Sure. I've had sophomores blowing their brains out for me. Brains!"

"Don't be bitter," said Linda solemnly.

Pinkie laughed. "You crow."

"My dear," said Linda, with the patronizing authority of a matron of one year, "I want to see you married. Archie and I were talking about you last night. We both think you ought to take Porter Winston. We do really. You're terribly pretty and all that, but you really oughtn't to go on just dashing around. It doesn't pay for a girl. Of course, if your family—" Linda blushed again and stopped suddenly.

"Go on," said Pinkie. "If my family were anything but upstart rich—"

Linda had a kind heart and her embarrassment was obvious. "Pinkie, I didn't say that."

"But you thought it." Pinkie inhaled deeply. "Well, you're

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Decides

BROWN

Russell Patterson

right. I suppose I'd take Porter Winston in a minute if he asked me. Emily'd be delighted though she's not half as big a snob as I am." Emily was Pinkie's mother. "A lot of the good old logging-camp democracy still sticks to Emily."

"You oughtn't to talk that way," said Linda.

"Why not?" Pinkie lifted her lovely eyebrows and gave Linda an impish look. "Naturally Emily'd like to see the family get on. She's a born pusher. But I'm the snob, and I'm not a whit less snobbish for admitting it."

"Sometimes, Pinkie, I really can't understand you." Linda's blue eyes were solemn. "You say you're a snob and yet you don't take Porter Winston. Now don't tell me it's because he hasn't proposed, because you could make him in a minute if you wanted him. Every girl," said Linda gravely, "has to see to that."

This time Pinkie didn't laugh. "I know," she said. "Winny could give me lots of things I admire, a position as good as yours, the sort of backing up a person like me needs." Her eyes caught the pearls around Linda's throat. "He could even give me ancestral jewels, though I'll bet a hat they're garnets."

Linda put her hand up to her throat and a frown disturbed the placidity of her smooth brow. "Pinkie, you must remind me to take these things in to New York Monday. Archie's father told me again only last night it was time to have them restrung. Oh, dear," she sighed, "they're lovely, of course, but they're a bother. If anything should happen to them—"

PINKIE laughed and stood up. She was restless; there were times when Linda's unexciting worries palled. "With my pink hair," she said, "do you really think garnets would be becoming? Don't answer. I know what you're going to say."

Pinkie strolled to the window and her eyes traced out slowly the line of terrace, and of garden beyond, and the more distant line of the Sound. It was beautiful. She wanted a place like that herself, and she wanted the peace that comes with finality of decision. "If Winny comes tonight I'll see what I can do. Garnets or no garnets."

"Remember, no man's perfect," said Linda, a shade ponderously.

Pinkie turned around and laughed. "Darling, you're right. Waiting for the Knight in Armor has made more old maids than the Great War in Europe. I'll be sensible."

Linda stood up. "I think it would be just as well if you tore up that note too." Pinkie had crammed it into a tiny gold bag. "And in the second place, I think it would be nice if you met Winny at the station. Say I sent you. Besides, Archie's got the chauffeur."

Pinkie kissed Linda lightly on her smooth brow. "To think they never considered you brilliant at school, dear."

Linda blushed again. "Most of the things we learned in school were silly."

"And so they were," said Pinkie. She straightened her shoulders. "Cheer up. I'll do my best tonight to hook me a nice conservative family."

"If he doesn't come," said Linda gloomily, "he's shot my dinner table to pieces. There'll be thirteen and an—"



"It's lucky you caught me," said the young man. He was embarrassed, too. "I suppose you want gasoline"

"Extra girl," said Pinkie. "I'll bring him, or shoot myself. That's fair enough."

"Oh, Pinkie, you do talk so wild sometimes." She sighed. "You know, Archie and I do really worry about you."

But Pinkie only laughed. "I tell you, I've reformed. See." She tore the note from Pete Willard through once.

"I'd feel safer," said Linda, "if you'd put it in the fireplace."

ON THE way to the station in the car Pinkie reviewed the situation and decided that Linda, in her placid, unoriginal way, was right. She would make Porter Winston propose to her. It would not be difficult. She knew Porter, though a little fearful, was bewitched by her. As Mrs. Winston she would be secure. As Pinkie Canfield she was invited only as long as her novelty lasted and as long as people like Linda and Archie backed her.

Though the Combesses were her best friends, still her claim on them was slight. She and Linda had been in school one year together. And Pinkie knew that underneath, Linda, though Linda was fond of her, still regarded her as an outsider.

"Only the Winston garnets can save me," she thought.

Otherwise, she was that anomalous thing known as "the extra girl," a person that alternated between being a convenience at last-minute dinner parties and a pest when the odd man had to be dragged in from the highway to make a table come out just right.

"Poor Linda," thought Pinkie. "She'll kill me if Winny doesn't show up."

And he didn't.

Pinkie waited at the station until the last passenger had disembarked and the last door of the line of waiting motors had slammed shut upon golf sticks and luggage. Lots of the people Pinkie knew and exchanged shouts of welcome with.

"Who's the lucky guy?" called Spencer Towle, an old beau of Pinkie's who had married a cousin of Linda's.

"President Eliot," yelled Pinkie. "He's gone up to the baggage car to get his five-foot shelf."

At last Pinkie sat alone in the setting dust of the station roadway. She shrugged her shoulders. "I ought to hurry back," she thought, "so Linda can get on the telephone. Oh, damn."

The lovely roadster slurred into mounting speed. "No garnets tonight, my girl," she told herself grimly.

But outside the village Pinkie's car slowed down with an ominous finality. "No gas, I'll bet." Well, there was a garage just around the bend. If she could make that—

WITH coaxing she drew up within ten feet of the filling tank. "Hello," she shouted, "is anybody alive?"

At that moment a young man in a blue serge suit came out and locked the door of the little, shedlike office. He turned around, and for a moment he and Pinkie stared at each other. In spite of herself Pinkie knew a scarlet flush had mounted to her temples.

"Well," she said, "aren't the Japanese an interesting little people?"

"It's lucky you caught me." It was obvious he was embarrassed too. "Out of gas?"

Pinkie nodded. "Made this on the last drop."

He walked around and gave the car a struggling shove forward.

"I'm sorry," said Pinkie. "Don't get dirty."

He grinned. "I am all dressed up for New York." He screwed off the gas tap. "Five gallons?"

Pinkie nodded.

In a moment it was over. Then, "Can't I drop you some place?"

He hesitated. "I'm only a couple of blocks off."

"Get in."

Pinkie slid a look at his profile as she slipped the gear in. "Look here," she said, "have you got a dinner jacket about you?"



Pinkie looked squarely into her host's face. "No," she pearly. "Maybe I'm the guilty one! What do you know about

He stared at her a second. "Yes," he answered. "I bought one second hand last winter to take to a salesmen's convention." He smiled. "If you'd be interested to know how much I paid for it—"

Pinkie blushed. "I say, I'd like to ask a favor of you." She stopped. "I'm staying with some people here—the Combesses—and they're shy a man for dinner."

He looked at her in a way that made her feel ashamed. "I



said, "I shan't leave the room. And I don't care who took the me, anyway—except that I went to school with your wife?"

suppose that's serious though I don't know much about dinners." "It is, rather." She slowed down the car. "Would you mind awfully coming back with me? I'd wait for you while you changed."

His eyes were straight ahead. "Have you tried all the other garages? There's a good one—"

"That's not fair." Pinkie had a terrible feeling that there were tears in her eyes.

Pete Willard crumbled. "I say. I'm awfully sorry. I didn't mean—"

Pinkie dabbed with a diminutive square of handkerchief. "It's my own fault."

There was a pause. "I'd be glad to come." He stopped. "I'd have to leave early because I've got to get in to New York to nurse a shipment of cars out here before my shop opens in the morning."

Pinkie stared straight ahead. "You're nice."

"I live in that white house." He pointed. "I'll hurry." He looked at Pinkie, a shade bashfully. "It's a boarding house, but there's a parlor."

"I'll wait here," said Pinkie. "And I want to say now that when they give out the crowns in Heaven you ought to get a nice, large one."

Pete laughed. "Thanks. But I don't even like hats."

She watched him run up the path and take the steps in one leap. A screen door banged and Pinkie was left again in the dust of the village road to her meditations.

AT THE dinner Pinkie sat between Pete Willard and old Mr. Combes, and Linda sat on the other side of Pete. Linda, Pinkie conceded, had behaved very well. She was mystified, of course, but Pete's good-looking shyness won him a hearing at once.

"Awfully good of you to come," Linda said, affably, "and lucky for us you weren't dining anywhere else."

Pete smiled. "I'm not just swamped with dinner invitations in the neighborhood of Westbury."

Linda blushed, but Pinkie knew Pete was determined to sail under no false colors.

Linda's calm eyes had appraised him and, in spite of her scruples, it was obvious she was attracted.

Archie, too, had behaved with easy cordiality. Pinkie had felt she could count on both of them, and the rest of the company knew only what they saw, a presentable young man who was a friend of Pinkie's.

"Are you any relation to the Willards of Providence?" asked old Mr. Combes.

"No," said Pete.

"I went to Harvard with a Willard of Providence." He smiled. "That was a long time ago."

Pinkie was strangely happy all through dinner. In the first place she knew she looked well. Even the eyes of old Mr. Combes had told her so, and Pete had given her such a look of wonder, when she reappeared in the drawing-room, that her eyes had run away from it, glad and humbled. "It's only my dress," she had thought, "but he doesn't know it. I believe he thinks it's me."

At dinner, while she listened to [Continued on page 124]

Would You Be Able To Choose a



The Quest of the Typical

BY THE time this issue of SMART SET appears on the newsstands, many of the regional winners in the great quest of the Typical American Girl will have been announced by newspapers participating with this magazine in this glorious journalistic adventure.

Sometime within the next few weeks they will all be bound, with their chaperones, for New York, where they will be royally fêted and entertained, and where the National Board of Judges will select the National Winner, to be known as the Typical American Girl.

The task that faces the National Judges is no easy one—the problem of deciding which one out of all the regional winners shall win the cash prize of \$5000 which SMART SET will award and which will bring national fame and opportunity to the winner.

In New York these girls will lunch and dine in the most famous hotels and restaurants. They will meet many world-famous personalities in the realms of business, the theater, motion pictures, art and literature.

They will be guests of honor of famous theatrical and motion picture producers and business organizations.

New York itself is in for a treat, for never before has there been gathered in one group such a number of girls representing charm, versatility and personality, from all sections of the United States.

In these different regions of the country, great newspapers have been cooperating with this magazine, seeking out the girls most representative of their sections. It will indeed be a task and a problem to select the winner.

Wherever she goes, in this country or abroad, this fortunate

girl will always be a distinguished figure, for she will represent in one personality all the outstanding qualities that make the American girl the world's most romantic figure.

Look over the faces that we have reproduced. And see if you can pick out the girls of whom we will tell you. See if you can isolate, from this happy group, the one that is the support—the sole support—of an invalid mother and three small brothers. See if you can glimpse, in one pair of eyes, the spark of self-sacrifice. We could tell you a fine story of a very young girl, with no training, who did the hardest sort of domestic daytime work while, by night, she took a commercial course. Sandwiching between her other duties the care of the aforementioned mother and small children. That she now commands a responsible position in a publishing house, and makes an adequate salary, is due entirely to her own efforts.

Do you see the keen look of the trained athlete on the face of one girl? Are you aware of the gaze of eyes that must needs be steady to guide an aeroplane, to battle with the changes of a fast changing profession? One of the girls, pictured here, broke a certain record that set the aviation world by its ears—and that would have, were she not too modest to take advantage of passing publicity, made her famous!

Can you guess which one of these girls rode at a horse show, and won not only applause, but a blue ribbon? You should be able to pick her from the group, for she has the look of a thoroughbred about her—that unmistakable look that belongs to horse shows and blue ribbons and the really smart circle that moves in each large city.

And can you tell which girl is an expert on beauty—who

Candidate From This Group of Pictures?



American Girl DRAWING TO A CLOSE

has gone far ahead in a field that is crowded with other beauty experts, so crowded that only a new idea, and a splendid business sense will enable a pioneer to reach any sort of success? Looking at this girl's young face you wouldn't guess, perhaps, that she yearly keeps hundreds of other women looking young and charming.

One of the girls is a model. One is a just-beginning actress. One plays exquisitely upon a fine old violin. One writes glowing bits of verse with a real sense of talent. One is the trusted and efficient confidential secretary of a famous financier. And so it goes!

For the pictures reproduced here are a real cross section of America's finest—they typify the Typical American Girl!

It is pleasant to think that, even now, the winner of the SMART SET Quest is on her way to recognition. It is fine to know that she is at the beginning of the long lane that leads to Broadway. She—and the sixteen runners-up who will come to New York with her, to compete with her, and to be met by the editorial staff of SMART SET, and by SMART SET's famous list of judges.

What a splendid time these seventeen fortunate girls will have in New York. Although they cannot all be the winner of the Quest, although the prize of five thousand dollars cannot go to each one, they will all have a marvelous time, and will go home with glowing memories, and national fame. It is indeed something to be judged a regional winner, and each one of the seventeen girls will be a regional winner—even if she isn't the sole winner of the Quest!

We like to picture what this winning girl will look like. Rather like a good many of the girls whose pictures are published with this article. She may not be pretty, as we have

said before—for this is in no sense a beauty contest. This is something finer and better, this Quest for the Typical American Girl. Something far more permanent than beauty—beauty which, in time, must fade—will be the deciding factor. Something rather hard to name, but something that will be a combination of grit and honesty, of achievement, and square-shooting, and attractiveness of mind and spirit. The thing that will win for the Typical American Girl—that will bring her a check for five thousand dollars and a lasting place in her nation's life—will be a something that does not tarnish. That is sterling silver; that is eighteen karat gold. Something that will not prove to be tinsel. Tinsel achievement and mentality and surface prettiness have won in some quests—but they will be ignored in this one!

EXCITEMENT, all over the country, is at fever heat. For, all over the country, the girls who have been entered in the Typical American Girl race know that the day of decision is drawing near. And the regional judges, the editors of the cooperating newspapers, are worried and harassed with the volume of their task, as well as with the difficulties that the task holds. Not only must they go through thousands of pictures and lists of qualifications—they must be able to say, wisely and fairly, which applicant most deserves honor and her share of glory!

The Typical American Girl is on the way. Soon we will be able to tell the breathlessly waiting group of people—who are waiting to know her and to admire her—who she is, and what she looks like! Her picture will soon be made public, not only to you, but to the whole country, and to the whole world.

*Even Though, With the First Smile of Fortune, Esta Realizes that Gold
May Buy the Wrong Sort of Love*

Life Isn't So Bad

By MAY EDGINTON

Illustrations by Harley Ennis Stivers

KELLY MARCH, a saturnine, sophisticated millionaire, was looking for a secretary to leave in a week for California. One day while riding through Hardwick Street, London, he saw a bronzed-haired girl looking over the roof of a dairy shop, decided that she was the girl he wanted, and maneuvered so that she accepted the position.

That is how it happened that Esta Gerald found herself a week later, aboard a transatlantic liner, a little bewildered by the splendors of her new surroundings and the attentions of Sir Tudor Charles, Kelly March's other secretary. Little did she dream that on the very day she left London, her brother, Bobs, had returned from Australia, a millionaire, to bring to her mother and herself all the romance they had missed in life.

The voyage came to a close and Esta was thrilled by her first trip to America—New York, Chicago, the long train ride through the Arizona desert and the golden sunshine of California. But the trip was not easy, because all the time there was a dull ache in her heart. She could not understand March's attitude towards her. He seemed to be testing her. Why did he disapprove of her interest in Sir Tudor Charles? What did he know about this nobleman to whom fate had been so unkind?

On the other side of the ocean, Tiny Ma, Esta's mother, too, was having misgivings about her new-found romance. All because of Pamela MacKinnon. Even though Bobs said he was a woman-hater, Tiny Ma could see that he adored this beautiful woman who had trailed him from Australia, this woman who had run away from her husband, Bob's employer in Australia. It was because of her actions that Mr. MacKinnon had bequeathed his entire fortune to Bobs.

But Esta could not know these things until she met her mother and brother in Italy.

MOST tenderly sensitive to atmosphere, Tudor Charles heard the lightest whisper of opportunity. He knew by intuition of the impending slump in oil, even while he motored comfortably in March's big touring-car along the great, white roads of California. The Moses Power Syndicate, of which Kelly March was a member, was in for a smash. The ruins would be bought by some other syndicate, and in due time the edifice of the new success would rise again sky high. All this seemed to be indicated clearly to Tudor. Of Kelly March's outlook upon it he could not get the ghost of an idea. All Tudor foresaw, all that concerned him, was, that probably, at no distant time, his somewhat expensive services—which were mostly social—would be dispensed with.

And these jobs, demanding no qualifications except pleasant looks, manners, and a certain talent as traveling courier, were not to be picked up every day. People were so apt to want value for money.

His thoughts concentrated on Esta during that homeward journey. They did not linger long in San Francisco, nor did he and March share a "drawing-room suite" on the train flying Chicago-wards. Esta had her compartment, but he and March had two berths, an upper and a lower, and he had the upper.

Disgusting mode of travel in the sweltering heat, back over the plains of Arizona, where the dust sifted in all day and all night no matter what precautions one might take! "These

petty economies," he thought, "would be just what would be practised by a Kelly March, the moment things weren't too easy." He spent much time with Esta, and March watched him spending it.

They did not stay in New York either, but found passage as quickly as possible on one of the smaller liners. Another economy, very obviously! And yet, not a word said by March about it! Tudor pondered it all at night in his berth.

"Threw up his vice presidency at the bank; falls into the middle of one of the biggest oil slumps that has been known; what's he got, really solid? A little bit of housing property here and there: furniture, cars, and so on. I shall get out while the going's good."

It was not until the fifth day at sea that he took the step of asking Esta to marry him, chancing the practicability of that brother of hers, who seemed, from his letter, rather a truculent type of beast. They were on the boat deck after dinner in the fore of the ship, "riding along, riding along," said Esta triumphantly. For she felt triumphant. With an ear less attuned than Tudor's to the whisper of opportunity, she had so far missed the undercurrents of meaning in all that business in California, those all-day conferences, in which Kelly March and Tudor Charles had been interned with grim-faced business men. The scare headlines on the oil sensation in the papers left her untouched. For always March emerged from business fresh and keen, unpreoccupied, and with his untired, fighting look that would have seemed to her—had she diagnosed it—as an earnest of continuing success. So she thought very little in detail about Kelly March, and a great deal about herself and Tudor, and secondarily, about Ma and Bobs.

Tudor did not take what he had always looked upon as a perilous step in life without careful consideration. But he had a feeling—something in the hard blue eyes of March gave him the feeling, as also had that letter of Robert Gerald's—that he had better speak first. Now was the time. Now, when competition was practically nil, when she loved him, when he loved her.

He vowed to himself that he loved her, and, very complacently, that she loved him.

"Yes," he answered her with a little note of bitterness flexing his voice, "'riding along' to the place where I shall lose you, Esta."

He waited for her soft, inviting, "'Lose me?'" which came hurried for all her surface composure.

"What chance have I?" said Tudor, humbly yet proudly.

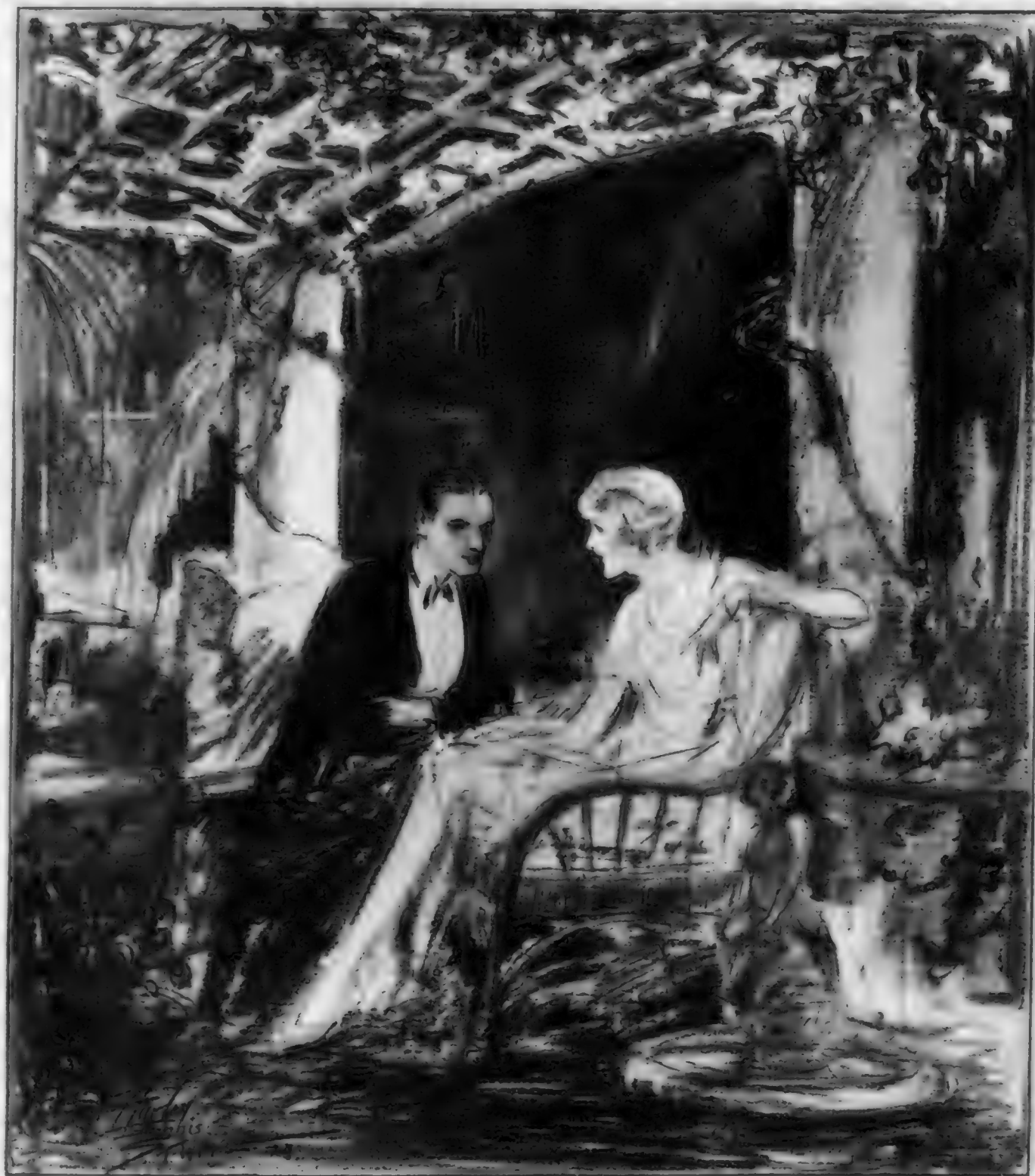
His profile was cut clear and white in the moonlight, with the dark patches of his eyes, and the dark line of his compressed mouth. He looked a young god.

"What chance have I, Esta?" he repeated. "You're going to your people; they're well off. I'm poor; I'm going to be poorer, for I'm darned sure Kelly March is deciding to chuck me."

"Oh, no!"

A faint resigned smile curled the dark line of his mouth.

"My dear, I've got a hunch that he is. Who am I—living on my wits? Though God knows I'd work my hands off for a girl like you. But hands don't earn much, do they?"



As Tudor talked on, about life and love, his mind was in a turmoil. "I wonder what Esta means?" he wondered. "Why does she make a mystery about the ring?"

"Oh," she murmured, "as if I cared what you've got or haven't got!"

He slipped his fingers over hers on the rail, and looked out to sea. On all sides of them shimmered the entranced sea. She looked down at their fingers twining together on the rail in the moonlight.

"Do you love me, Esta?"

"Why haven't you asked me that before?" she said.

"I've wanted to. I love you like everything."

She made an involuntary turn towards him; they looked into the dark patches that were each other's eyes. She whispered, chokingly, "Darling."

Her breath caught in her throat. Love! All the playing, all the taxicab kisses, all the wistful rush after the lure and excitement of danger—nothing was like this.

"Esta, you are a little sweetheart." He had her in his arms, kissing her; she clung to his neck. They were in transports of ecstasy. And then, gnawing his lip he set her from him, trying to cool his head a bit.

He set his hands on her shoulders, thinking, "What am I doing? I'm a fool to rush—"

HE SAID firmly in a voice charged with emotion:

"It isn't fair to ask you, dearest, but could we keep it quiet till your people have seen me, approved me? Till I see if I can't get a job worthy of you? Esta, is that horribly unfair of me to expect that?"

"Oh, no. Oh, no. So long as we know, what does any one else matter?"

"You're mine. Esta?"

"I'm yours." She whispered it fervently.

"I'm content then," said Tudor. "As content as a man can be in my shoes. Esta darling, if I have your promise, if I can kiss you sometimes look at you across a room, through all the other people, and know that you understand—it'll be enough just for now.

"Oh, I'll try, Esta, I'll try to justify myself. I've got to get a good job, darling. If your people will only like me—there's your relative, Sir James, after all, who would give a deserving fellow a job any day?"

Esta did not answer that, but, leaning against him, stroked his hand. Of course, there would be the little explanation to make, that Sir James Gerald, ex-Chancellor, was entirely unrelated and unknown to her. Tudor would forgive her. And she pondered hazy, between his feather-light promises, as to what explanation she would make.

SHE was modern, and honest, but full of natural guile like any other woman, and she thought, perhaps, she'd play on her loneliness.

"It was absurd, darling," she'd say, "but I was so lonely—and when you mentioned some Gerald I said they were my Gerald's just to make it seem that you and I had mutual acquaintances! I was 'playing relation.' And then it turned out you'd never met them. But somehow, I've never thought of telling you that joke until myself till now. Isn't it funny to think of having been so lonely, when we'll never be lonely again?"

Such nonsensical explanation was enough between lovers. The words "so lonely" from the heart, would do it.

So now she only murmured.

"We shan't have to bother, Tudor, though of course you'll get a good job. Of course men like you are wanted. But we needn't worry—we'll have my money, shan't we, to begin on?"

"Oh, my dear, don't," he protested.

"Not offended, dear? My dear, do let's be modern above all things."

"That's sense." He spoke soberly. "Sense. You are a wise little girl, Esta. Only, you know," with more magnificence, "men aren't very modern over these things."

"Nor are women," her heart could have cried, but she crushed the absurdity of saying it.

"A mutual purse," she nodded. "I'll always take half yours, Tudor, if you'll take half mine."

"I'd do anything to make you happy."

"It would make me happy if you'd promise."

"All right. I'll eat humble pie made by Esta—if necessary."

His spirits rose. "Come down, darling. One more kiss, and then come down. We'll drink our health."



She looked at her mother's small slenderness, there on the window wasn't really trying to interfere. Perhaps he

They sat in a kind of small palm lounge, arranged for dancing, and he ordered a bottle of champagne and sandwiches. As they drank, toasting each other, March came by. He paused to observe them, smiled, saluted them, and went on.

He went on to tramp the deck and think. Heaven knew he had enough else to think about, but yet he was mainly absorbed in the copper-haired girl within, whom he could see every time he passed the lighted windows of the lounge. How far



seat, and the rage left Esta's heart. Maybe Bobs only meant to tease, after all

had this affair with Tudor gone? Why didn't he break it? Stop it?

"It isn't time to break in," he thought, "and Lord knows if I could stop it. And I'm going to wait—just a bit—to see how much was lies—how much of it is just her game. Does she lie," he thought, "like all the others?"

His mind went back over the varying types and degrees of Fairy Earls whom he had met and squandered money on, up

and down the world, over the first girls he had taken out—as he had told Esta at the Plaza that night—on humble jauntings, feeding them at soda fountains and automats and hot-dog stalls, when he had been a raw and fierce and wistful boy in the America they were now leaving.

His mind roved over the pleasant, wise, beautiful women of later years—such as was their hostess that Long Island week-end so short a while ago.

His mind hovered about in California, in Los Angeles, not this time, but a year ago—a little over a year ago—when he had escorted a certain golden Californian woman—a girl: she couldn't have been over four-and-twenty—through the courtyard of the Ambassador Hotel, to dinner. It was a May evening; the smell of the English stocks crowding the borders of the courtyard was devastatingly sweet. He had listened, that evening, and subsequent days, to the lovely Californian's tale of life's troubles. She had married an impossible Australian, and left him. And it was quite by chance that an acquaintance of his who happened to recognize her, who knew the truth about her, told him the truth.

He could have killed the man who broke into the prospective idyll.

And yet, wasn't he glad he knew? Knew she had left a jolly good husband for a very evasive lover, and was no different from all the other pretty, acquisitive women bent on selling themselves magnificently?

He had indicated to her that he was on the verge of a big smash, must confide in some one; turned to her, a kind, lonely woman. He had watched her eyes.

He had given her a thousand pounds after he knew. "You must let me help you," he had said, not revealing that he knew, except by a flick of his hard eyes. "I have ready cash, after all, and I can't bear to see a lovely thing in distress. What's money for?"

"A loan?" she had murmured, protestingly.

"Without a time limit," he had smiled.

"Some day I shall return it. I'll never rest till I've returned it."

The next day he had left without apprising her. She would no doubt be sitting in her room at the Gaylord Apartment House opposite, awaiting his ring, he reflected, as his car turned northward out of the great, growing, bursting city. He had made his first trip up to San Francisco, via the Yosemite Valley, which he had been eager as a bridegroom to show to Esta—alone.

And, months after, Tudor Charles, just engaged as secretary, so discreet, sophisticated, tactful a young man, had come across that letter and those trifling accounts he had paid for the golden Californian, and had destroyed them, after a respectful inquiry as to their importance, without so much as batting an eyelash.

MARCH tramped the decks, up and down, up and down, hands deep in pockets, wishing he weren't always looking for the one woman of the great romance. He was hard and he was tough, and only he knew the foolishness of his own heart.

Thank the Lord for that. None of his adversaries guessed his vulnerable spots. He had a tough reputation, and well he knew it.

The one woman of the great romance.

Fooled again, of course. But he had thought he had found her in the copper-haired girl inside.

What was she playing? The old games? Pretense and barter. She had her match in Tudor Charles.

Ah, but she wasn't quite clever enough to know that.

She had had courage of a kind to start the game as boldly as she had and dashed good luck to have the ball kept rolling for her if that brother's letter were true.

He stopped, and paused, from two yards' distance, to look

into the lighted lounge. The ship was not full; perhaps a dozen people at most were there, and the half-hearted orchestra had ceased playing, and packed up. But Tudor and Esta were still there, champagne glasses between them, elbows on table, heads almost touching, eyes looking into eyes, talking. And there was a sudden movement of Tudor's which held March rigidly attentive. He was taking off his little finger a signet ring, with the Charles' crest on it, that he often wore. She was looking at it, slipping it on—

"He knows he's going to get sacked, and he darn well doesn't care," March thought, while his heart pounded, and the muscles of his neck tautened and his hands clenched in his pockets. The ring! Surely he hadn't even now got the girl?

What matter? She was a match for him. A clear case of cat and mouse. Serve 'em both right when they found each other out! Yet his heart was uproarious with rage, when he strode in.

Perfect mannered as ever, Tudor sprang up.

"Do you want me, sir?"

"Wouldn't interrupt you for the world. Been dancing?"

"A little. It's too hot," from Esta, "very stuffy for so late in September."

His eyes fastened on her left hand. No ring there! His quivering heart soothed down somewhat. His glance flickered to Tudor, whose left hand, where he usually wore the ring, was in his pocket. "Italy'll be hotter, probably," he said, "and it's late—What have you two been talking so earnestly about?"

"Everything and nothing, sir," smiled Tudor glibly.

And Esta, still looking up, "We've said everything."

Tudor's eyes flickered at her.

"Exhausted each other's conversation?" said March. "Too bad!" He dropped into a chair between them, and sat, making himself most agreeably, however, until Esta went to bed.

She wanted to be alone with the ring.

Tudor had said a moment before March joined them, "I'd never be able to buy you the kind of ring I'd like you to wear—at least not yet, dear. I'd rather you wore my signet ring than one unworthy of you; it was my father's and grandfather's and great-grandfather's."

She had murmured back that, indeed, it meant more to her than all the diamonds in Paris. They had been reading the tiny, delicately traced inscriptions inside, not feeling, from without, March's intense gaze upon them. Then March had come in, arrogant, dominating as ever, dominating their precious moments, tearing their precious moments from them.

But now she was in her cabin with the ring. She wasn't to wear it till they reached Rome. "Why should *he* know everything?" said Tudor, and she had echoed, "Indeed! Why should *he*?" But she could wear the ring all night; it could bewitch her dreams.

KELLY inquired later of Esta, "Where is your mother staying in Rome, Miss Gerald? The Hotel Beau Site? It would be rather fun for you if we stayed there, too—if we can get rooms; it's one of the smaller hotels, I remember. Don't you think that would be fun?" She thought indeed that it would be tremendous fun suddenly to arrive in Rome with so splendid a young man as Tudor, to stay at the Hotel Beau Site, to question with a triumphant look, "Well, what do you think of him?" to introduce him to Robert as well as to Tiny Ma. Why, they would be just a foursome! And what a foursome!

Only of course there would be Kelly March, too, as the intrusive fifth.

"One couldn't," said Tudor, when hearing Esta's private moan, "snap at the hand that fed one, exactly. After all, March's money will provide the accommodation, and there is plenty of time," said Tudor. "Poor impetuous Esta," he added tenderly, "we've a lifetime. And first, remember," said he, warning her, "I've to make your people like me."

"Oh, your pride, Tudor! Mediaeval! I love it though," she murmured, and she gazed at him full of pride too, her cheeks flushed, her eyes suffused with pride. And she cried, "My mother will love you, Tudor. Yes, she will!"

"Men are apt to be a bit more stiff-necked."

"Why should Robert—?"

"Darling, I've not a bean except what I make at this sort of job."

"But I shall have. Robert wrote— You saw the letter!"

But he began to think aloud to her about the delights of

Rome. He knew people. Autumn was a good time. The Ludovisi quarter was really the nicest part in which to stay now. It would be lovely wandering with Esta—who'd never been there, funny insular kid—in the beautiful Borghese gardens. They would go to the Excelsior, which he knew well, and dance a lot, too.

Rushing along, commodiously quartered, on the Paris-Lyons-



Mediterranean railways towards Italy, and still never daring to confess to Tudor how wonderful and dreamlike she found all this, which to him seemed the common places of every-day life, Esta keyed herself higher hourly. At one time she was sitting in the restaurant car with Kelly March and Tudor, eating, chatting, fevered with the thrill of all that was happening, trying to conceal her secret and Tudor's from those hard, swift eyes. Eyes that laughed and scorched one, searched out one's thoughts. At another they were roaring through the Mont

Cenis tunnel. Here was Turin. Then Alessandria. Then Genoa. She burned to see Tiny Ma, and to have ten years' talk in ten minutes with Robert.

And suddenly, it seemed, one gold autumn morning, she was entering, quite calmly, the Hotel Beau Site.

Kelly March had secured the accommodation they needed. He always would. He knew how to get whatever he wanted.

She prided herself always on being, as she would have said, hard boiled, but Robert was too much for her. Robert—Bobs—brother! And she threw herself into his arms, and kissed his tweed shoulder—as high as she could reach—and could only stammer, with tears flooding her eyes, "Bobs! Oh, Bobs!"

"Ma's waiting," said the husky stranger in a husky voice. But his ready look traveled over her, went out to the two men, to the hard fellow with the blue eyes, and the extremely handsome young one. His hand squeezed Esta's in a quick reminder, and, with tears dropping, yet all radiant, she turned, still holding to Bobs.

She laughed.

"Oh, Bobs—my brother, Mr. March, Sir Tudor Charles."

She was too filled with longing for that ten years' talk to register in her mind a definite impression as to how Bobs and Tudor received each other. She looked, with a swimming, anxious glance for a moment, but thought hazily, "Presently, at lunch, when I've had time—and we're all together, then I'll know."

ALL she had was the non-committal brevity of Bobs, and the very mellow, the particularly charming friendly tone of Tudor. Surely that tone would tell Bobs something? So different from the casual way of Kelly March! And Tudor had looked at Bobs in a way—she tried to be sure he had looked at Bobs in an almost brotherly way. But a vigorous hand still gripping hers was drawing her towards the lift.

"Gosh, Esta, isn't this splendid! We've got an apartment on the first floor."

"She? How's she?"

"Marvelous."

"Enjoying her little self?"

"And how!"

Then they laughed together, ascending in the lift and with that understanding laugh they really knew each other, in comradely fashion, again.

"Bobs, isn't she wonderful?"

"A little miracle."

"The way she's come through! Bobs, do you remember?"

Both remembering the old days, the old wretched, anxious, harassed days of Tiny Ma's married serfdom, they were close together again, as they had been so often, immature plotters for her small pleasures, ten years ago.

They entered the vestibule of the apartment hand in hand, smiles on their lips, shyness in their hearts, delight in their eyes, and she and Tiny Ma were in each other's arms; each new and fresh and intriguing to the other, *soignée* as never before, with the cosmopolitan air of leisure and travel, with the expectation of serene

triumphant future crowning them, mother and daughter came in from the deepnesses of poverty and warring supremely happy.

Robert walked to the window and stood with his back to it, hands thrust in pockets, eyes more boyish and wide than he knew, gazing upon his womenkind. Yes, his. The women at home. In his care, as, when a furtive clumsy child, he had longed for them to be. Their happy cries and ejaculations came to him; they were exchanging their [Continued on page 133]



Esta and Sir Tudor were together in the lounge, drinking champagne. As they toasted each other March came by

As she entered, taut with anticipation, she felt a hand on her arm. She looked round with a dazzling, swift smile for Tudor, but it was March's hand, and so he had the smile.

"Girl, go right off and find your mother, and we'll see you at luncheon. If Mrs. Gerald permits, perhaps we may all join her."

"Oh, yes, yes, I'm sure!" Then she was confronted all at once by a husky stranger who had stalked through the vestibule to meet her, a stranger and yet not a stranger. Robert!

The Intimate Diary of Peggy Joyce

*Though a Frantic Lover
Commits Suicide, Peggy
Goes Lightly on to Stage
and Screen Success*

THE day I was fifteen I ran away from home because I wanted to be a great actress. On the train I met the handsomest man I ever saw and he asked me to marry him so I did, but my mother and granny had the marriage annulled and sent me to a boarding school in Washington.

I hated school but while I was there, I met a millionaire and after that I became Mrs. Sherburne Philbrick Hopkins. I had wonderful times in Washington, but when people began talking about my husband and a Miss ———, I ran away.

I thought of course I would go on the stage and so I went to New York. Mr. Ziegfeld said to me, "Mrs. Hopkins, you certainly are a knock out," and he starred me as "Miss 1918" at the Follies. Later, while I was in one of Lee Shubert's shows in Chicago, I met Stanley Joyce. He had lots of money and said he would get me a divorce from Sherby so I said I would marry him. He bought me a wonderful estate in Florida and a \$350,000 pearl necklace and said we would go to Paris, which I thought was very nice.

But at Deauville, Stan got so jealous he was terrible. One day he said he had to go back to Chicago on business, and a few weeks after he had gone a newspaper reporter brought me a telegram saying Joyce was suing me for divorce. Of course I laughed, but I was stunned. I asked Henri L—— if I should go to New York to fight the case and he said I suppose you must.

I never knew newspapers could be so terrible, but finally it was over and my lawyers won. It was wonderful to be free again and I went back to Paris for a rest.

I fell in love with Billy E——, the Chilean, but I did not want him to know it, because it would only bring him unhappiness. So I tried to laugh it off—then came the terrible news. Billy had shot himself. Oh, it was so horrible. I thought I would go home.

THURSDAY. I have not even been out of my suite once since we left Cherbourg. K—— is worried about me, tries to make me eat and read but all I can do is sip a little champagne now and then. Damon R—— is on the ship and has been wirelessing news about me I think, but I will not see him. I can't talk to anyone. The whole thing is horrible and I know everyone in America will say it was my fault. But how was it my fault? Billy wanted me and I couldn't go to him, being engaged to Henri, but I was not unkind to him and I never led him on as they are saying. And of course I never dreamed he

would go and do what he did. It was a terrible thing for him to do and so silly, because if he really loved me he might have known

that his shooting himself and leaving that note addressed to me would not only make me terribly unhappy but would drag my name through a lot of scandal which I hadn't deserved. I suppose he thought his desperate action was heroic but really it was only selfish. He is out of it forever but I have to live and all my life people will be remembering what happened and blaming me.

Most men in love are selfish anyway; they say they are doing it all for you but really they are thinking of themselves and their comfort and happiness or vice versa. I can get along wonderfully with a man until he starts to love me, but then my troubles begin.

ICAN tell in a minute when it is coming on them; they want to be with me every minute; they send me presents and flowers every hour, and they are jealous if I even look at any one else. Some of them are very hard to handle when they get that way.

A man in love should realize that a girl doesn't want him hanging around all the time and particularly not in the morning.

I think one of the reasons my marriage with Joyce went smash was because I grew to hate seeing him when I woke up. No girl wants to see a man when she first wakes up even if he is her husband. It is a mistake. A husband should be kept for evenings like the theater.

THURSDAY night. We dock tomorrow and a wireless has just come from Earl Carroll, the theatrical producer. He says he wants to engage me as the star in the Earl Carroll Vanities and he will meet me at the pier.

I met Earl once; I remember he was very nice. I think I would like to go on the stage again. It means hard work and that is what I need most just now to take my mind off other things.

Henri has sent me a wireless every day and wants me to return on the first boat and marry him. I left my dogs with him.

Well I can go back and marry Henri and have another millionaire husband or I can go to work on the stage again and be independent.

I think I would rather work than be married again just now, but I will not tell Henri that. I will keep him guessing. No girl should [Continued on page 117]



The Earl of Northesk and Peggy on the deck of the Ile de France, en route to Paris

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age 117]



Is there a shadow of doubt in the eyes of Peggy Joyce—and is her mouth beginning to harden? After all, though she has possessed fame and fortune and applause, has real love ever touched her heart?

One Million American Girls Are Concerned



College women flock together. A high-sign given to a prospective employer—who has the education to recognize it—has lifted many a girl out of the long waiting line of applicants for positions

Girls, GO to College!

THEY are asking the question all over the country, this month—these girls who have just finished high school and are wondering where to begin next.

Should a girl go to college or not? What can she get there that conflict with the big world will not give her? Why should she waste four years—four of her most vital, most energetic, most creative years in college—when she might be learning the rules of the game and getting a long start on the others? Or is it a waste, after all? How are they to decide—er, there are two sides to this as to every question. Of course I, being in business, look at it from the business angle. And women in the big business world have succeeded without a diploma and with it—because of a diploma and in spite of it.

There is one advantage of college life which must not be forgotten. It is the connections made—connections and contacts which improve a girl's social poise and make all her meetings easier. And these same contacts have a slight, but undeniably

By **ALLISON BRYAN**
A College Girl

direct influence in business life. A college girl usually has more friends than a girl who does not go to college. She meets more people, from more widely separated communities and classes. She has an entrée to the working alumnae of her college and—as an alumna myself—I must admit that if two girls of exactly equal possibilities applied for the same position, I should naturally and instinctively give it to the one who came from my own school. I believe this tendency is universal among college people, and it is a distinct advantage to a girl just getting her start.

But aside from these purely social aspects, college does more for a girl than the same four years spent in business. It will not give talents she has not—that is the popular delusion and an unfair argument against college that each girl should be expected to conform to a standard and almost impossibly high intellectual type. College will not give a girl any capacities which she has not. But it will train [Continued on page 94]

Read Both Sides and Write Your Opinion

Men don't want to be educated—especially by their secretaries. It puts them on the defensive—it embarrasses them. Ask the college girl what makes the tired business man tired. She knows!



DON'T GO to College!

By ELIZABETH CHISHOLM
A Non-College Girl

WHEN I was very young I intended to embrace—or be embraced by—a college education. In fact, a proud parent once entered me upon the books of Vassar—and that before I knew my A B C's! But when I was of an age to make thoughts of the higher education practical, rather than visionary, Old Man Financial Stringency entered our home—and the wolf came to sit upon the doorstep. And so, giving up those thoughts of college, I left said home, and, stepping carefully over the wolf, sallied forth into the world of business.

I was sixteen, then. And, after my first week in a business office, I wasn't sorry for the necessity that had altered my mode of life. And I haven't been sorry, ever since.

And that—girls who are in college, or are going to college, or are graduates of colleges— isn't sour grapes!

I think, definitely, that the average business girl finds a college education quite unnecessary to her success—not to say a mental hazard! Excepting, of course, the girl who is entering some professional field—in which a technical, or scientific training is essential. There are just three reasons that I can give to back up my statement, reasons that have been gleaned from my own experience. To me they are very simple—and convincing.

First, the college girl gets a later start than the girl who did not attend college. She spends four years in preparation for life in the abstract—and the [Continued on page 94]

\$100 IN PRIZES

For the Best Letters on
This Subject. See Page 94

A Good Murder

*Was What the Papers Called
It—But a Girl's Life Hung
on the Verdict of the Jury*

By KATHARINE HILL

Illustrations

By

Leslie I.

Benson

YOU may say that no nice girl could conceivably have done what Joan Harper did. I admit, in presenting the case for her, that it was a pretty terrible thing. But consider the provocation.

For six long years Joan had been a stenographer in a Forty-second Street office. She didn't like it. She was bored by the sameness of the routine business, which touched on absolutely nothing that could possibly interest a girl in her twenties, and she resented having to get up early every morning and sell her day to the Hem-inway Manufacturing Company for just a little less than enough money to provide comfortably for her wants.

Far from being able to save anything, she was always a little bit in the hole, though she didn't dress any better than she had to, her room at the boarding-house was no more than clean and livable, and she committed no worse extravagances than the purchase of a quarter-pound of candy once in a while, a pack of cigarettes every three days and a ticket to a movie rather less often.

When her best friend, Carol Dean, had a stroke of luck in the shape of a small legacy from an aunt, Joan tried not to be envious, though nothing was more certain than that no one would ever leave her so much as a postage stamp. Her uncles and aunts had little to leave, and children of their own

to leave it to. It didn't seem probable that she would ever have anything except an uncongenial job and, in a few more years, gray hair and wrinkles.

If you had told her, at this time, that there were worse things than a dull life, she would have disagreed with you, politely or snappishly according to which end of the day it was, the fresh or the tired one. And if you had told her the same thing a week or so later, how frantically she would have taken the words out of your mouth! That Forty-second

Joan's haunted eyes stared into the face of the District Attorney. She knew, with a terrible certainty, that no one in that crowded court room believed her flimsy story of the murder



Street office, that safe, drab existence, looked like paradise to her after she had cast herself out of it—

Her life had not seemed so bleak when she first went to work. She had then confidently expected that in a few days or months she was going to meet a prince, after which everything would be lovely. But just as the time comes when you stop believing in Santa Claus, so at a certain age you become sceptical about princes. Joan at twenty-six doubted whether there was any such animal. There were only ordinary fellows, she suspected, all with much the same lines, unthrilling and, what was worse, unthrilled. Occasionally she had a date with one, but nothing ever seemed to come of it.

When she wasn't too busy or too tired to care, she had a vague sense of resentment, not so much against Fate for handing her out such a very thin slice of life, as against the books and the magazines and the plays and the pictures that had all led her to expect something so different. Existence being really a matter of three meals a day, work and subway rides, why this elaborate concerted pretense that there was splendor and poetry in it? Why this bunk about beauty, this flat-footed assertion that every girl may look forward to romance?

Lucky Carol, with that windfall of hers, was offering herself a three-months' vacation without pay, and a tourist third passage to Europe on a Cunarder. Joan went down to see her off, for going over a ship, even a ship in which she wasn't going to sail, had the aspect of a real thrill in her life.



She found West Street from the ferries northward parked all but solid with expensive cars. Enormous bouquets and baskets of fruit were being carried to the docks, and going up with Joan in the elevator was a party of girls of her own age, beautifully dressed and plainly not going tourist third. In the big shed above she had to walk a long way past first-class entrances and second-class entrances, to the gangway at the ship's stern.

CAROL welcomed her to an amusing little cubby-hole that was fresh and white-painted, its bunks covered in bright cretonne. Joan looked at everything curiously, for she had never before been in a boat that went further than Coney Island or Bear Mountain.

"I can't believe I'm really going!" said Carol, radiant.

She showed Joan the lounge and the smoking-room and the portion of the decks that the tourist passengers enjoyed. Then her brother and her sister-in-law and their spectacled little girl arrived to say good-by and be shown over the same ground,

and Joan supposed she had better be going and took her leave.

"Have a good time," she advised, "and take care of yourself! Don't bother coming with me—I can get off all right. Bon voyage!"

THERE was no separation of classes now, in the bustle preceding departure. People streamed and eddied all over the ship, forward and aft, and Joan thought she might as well see all there was to be seen before she went ashore.

It was bewildering, marvelous, a dream that you wouldn't have known enough to dream for yourself, suddenly made real under your feet and before your eyes. There were other things in life than three meals a day, subway rides and work! While Joan and others like her slaved away their youth in New York, hundreds of people—sleeping in luxurious bedrooms as large as hotel bedrooms, lounging on board decks or in palatial saloons, dancing at night, entertained by day, would be wafted across the blue Atlantic to unimaginable adventures and delights on its other side.

A strangling envy took Joan by the throat as her surroundings made her realize this vividly, and revolt against her own dull lot shook her. She did not feel bitter against the leisured rich in the name of all New York's toiling millions, which would have been nobler of her no doubt. Simply and intensely she wanted to be rich herself, and to go abroad on the *Beren-garia* in the particular stateroom into which she was staring—with a smart trunkful of beautiful clothes, and a fitted dressing-case and baskets of fruit and flowers such as waited the lucky lessee of this one—never to have to go near that darned office again—

She inched into the cabin, drawn by the fascination of the idea. She touched the swanky wardrobe trunk gingerly, smelt the flowers, looked at herself in the glass. She wasn't out of the picture, she thought, reflected there. She was pretty enough, and she had the boyish figure on which present-day clothes look best. She leaned to the mirror and touched up her mouth with her lipstick, just to help along the illusion, and then she picked up a gold and crystal perfume bottle. She was too honest to dream of stealing even one drop for her handkerchief, but it could do no harm to loosen the top and have a sniff—

The bottle fell with a crash, and a wave of exotic scent added dizziness to the shock with which she became conscious of a man standing in the doorway behind her.

Scarlet and all but crying, Joan pulled herself together and faced him. It never occurred to her that he might have as little right there as she. "It was an accident! I just stepped in here to powder my nose," she stammered. "I'll pay for it!"

Jim Pratt, star reporter of the newest tabloid, raised his hand defensively. "You won't pay me," he said. "I just stepped in too; I'm waiting for the movie queen to come aboard."

"Oh, this isn't your stateroom then—or your wife's?"

"I'm just a member of the proletariat like yourself—no connection with royalty at all, except to interview it! And if you'll take my advice, sister, you'll

beat it promptly and say no more about that broken bottle. They come high—bottles like that and their contents. Fifty bucks maybe. I won't tell on you."

Joan paled. "Fifty dollars! Why, I couldn't pay that!"

"And why should you? She gets ten thousand a week, and what do you get? She could swim in that stuff, and maybe does. It would be a dirty shame if she let you pay for the little bit you spilled."

"Oh, it isn't fair, is it?" Joan wrung her hands as she prepared to follow his advice, and escape. "Some people having so much, and some others—just nothing at all!"

Here was a sympathetic listener for all the seething bitterness she had struggled with as she walked alone about the ship. He dropped one word only, "Tough!" when she paused, but its intonation encouraged her to go on. "I want to be rich too! Do you suppose I wouldn't like to go to Europe first class on this boat—but what chance have I of ever having any fun? You might as well be in jail as poor—I guess you think I'm crazy, talking like this—but isn't it the truth?"

She had shown him her inmost thoughts, as one can sometimes do with a perfect stranger who is to remain so, but as she flung out of the stateroom and turned down the corridor he moved beside her, apparently forgetting his assignment to interview the movie queen.

"How much do you want to be rich?" he asked, in an insinuating undertone. "That's the question! Maybe there are ways you could get rich, and I don't mean what you think I mean either. If you don't mind riding along with me in a car we can talk it over."

"YOU gotta good name. Joan. Four letters. That's as good as they come," said Gorham, the city editor, when Pratt had decoyed her to the office of the Daily Pageant.

"We'll pay you twenty thousand dollars in cash the day you're acquitted," said Gorham.

She was dreaming, Joan supposed. Nothing so fantastic as the proposition these men were making her could occur in real life.

"What this paper wants is a good murder," the city editor leaned forward to explain. He had burning eyes, close-set in a wedge-shaped face. In the other swivel chair sat Brennan, the business manager, fat and shrewd, common and unscrupulous. A pig and a ferret, Joan thought involuntarily. The touch in conference, Pratt, the reporter, looked ever so prepossessing in contrast with the pair. Young and almost ingenuous, he lounged on the edge of the desk and listened without speaking.

"I said again this morning," Gorham pursued, "if there isn't a good murder break pretty soon I'll go out and do one myself—there hasn't anything come in now for weeks that you could play up for a sensation. This paper is just starting in, and what we need is a real nice juicy murder to work on, so we can cut loose and show our stuff!"

When you are in smouldering rebellion against a soul-killing drudgery, made bearable by no possibility of escape, the amazing offer of what seems to you wealth, with its power to open doors on the wider life, in exchange for a few months of your time, is not to be refused off-hand, startling though the conditions may be.

"You might as well be in jail as poor. You said it—" Brennan urged. "What this boils down to is, you stay in jail for maybe three or four months, maybe less, you sit in a court room every day for as long as it runs to, you get nice treatment in the papers, you get let off, you kiss the jury if you feel like it, but there's no compulsion—some just shake hands—and then you walk out free and we hand you this nice bunch of jack, and you can go right down to Fourteenth Street and sail off in a Cunarder and forget you ever played lead in a murder trial. Soft, if you ask me!"

"But—" Joan stammered in hopeless bewilderment, "how can I be tried for a murder without murdering somebody first? And Mr. Pratt said there wasn't any question of doing anything wrong?" Her head ached with trying to understand this anomaly.

"Of course we wouldn't ask you to do anything morally wrong!" Gorham corroborated his lieutenant in shocked tones. "Why, the reason murder cases are played up in the papers like they are, is on account of the moral lesson to the public, and if there wasn't any murder committed in the first place, why so much the better all around!"

She thought confusedly of Alice in Looking-glass Land. But I don't believe there'd be a trial, if there hadn't been a murder. I don't see how you'd get a policeman to even arrest me!"

"Now, you leave all that to us, little girl. There's ways and means, and queer things happen in the newspaper game. You take it from me that we'll fake the murder end, we've been working on the idea for weeks, and we see just how it can be done. And talk about you doing wrong—Why," he added in a burst of virtuous pride, "we aren't even asking you to commit perjury! All you gotta do is keep saying, 'I never killed the guy, I'm innocent!'—which will be the exact, complete, beautiful truth!"

"But suppose they didn't believe it was the truth! Suppose—" Joan suggested nervously—"suppose I wasn't acquitted?"

"We'll absolutely guarantee you'll be acquitted. You're a woman, aren't you? Yes, I know there was a slip-up once, but we're going to fix this case so you'll be a sympathetic

figure from the start. Me, I'm only afraid it's going to be too easy!"

"And we're going to have first-class counsel to defend you," Gorham put in, "and not in the secret either, not the kind of shyster that would go in cahoots with us. We're going to retain Arthur Creighton to undertake your case. You're as good as acquitted right now!"

Concentrating on the happy ending of the story, skimming lightly as he did over what came between, Joan thought, "Well—why not?" She had no near relatives to be scandalized, no one to consider but herself.

Brennan and Gorham gave her no time to change her mind again or to ask outside advice. They rushed her, after she had said she would, into sudden, lurid action. They bought her clothes, paraded her at night clubs so that as many people as possible might have a chance to notice her—and a good many did, for she paid for dressing—and by day took turns coaching her in the tale that she was to tell.

About two weeks after she had signed the agreement, Gorham himself took Joan in a taxi to a furnished apartment in the West Fifties, leased beforehand in the name of Archibald Car. "Car! Three letters. They don't come any better than that. Golly," said Gorham, "if they'd let me name the real ones!"

The tabloid's city editor wore a raccoon coat and a hat over his brow a muffer hid his chin and he had a false mustache and spectacles. Anybody glimpsing him as he strode through the hall, as he stood with his back to the operator and the other passengers in the elevator, would get a quick flash of one or more of these salient features, would notice Joan more particularly, looking timid and pretty in fuchsia chiffon under a white coat, and would probably volunteer to tell about it in court.

Upstairs Gorham's regular outdoor things waited for him, and he put the mustache away in his pocket when he left. The murdered man already had one. The coat he spread on a chair, the hat he placed decorously upside down on a table with his gloves inside it.

He set the stage with swift, silent precision, according to the prearranged plan. In deference to Joan's natural squeamishness it was a wax figure that sprawled in a pitiful attitude upon the bearskin rug, though a real corpse would be examined later by the authorities. He turned a deaf ear to the girl's frantic, "I can't! I can't! I don't see how I can! Oh—won't you please call the whole thing off?" He spilt the blood he had brought with him, dipped the knife that was supposed to have done the deed into the fluid, gave the whole grim scene a final survey and said to the satisfactorily overwrought girl:

"Now give me five minutes, and then scream your head off!"

Ascertaining that the hall was empty he let himself out and walked up two flights before ringing for the elevator.

A young man chanced to have just stepped into the lobby below when the alarm was raised. "I am a doctor," he said, and was one of the first into the apartment, after which he strictly kept every one else from crowding too closely about his victim.

"The man is dead," he announced after a brief examination.

The girl in fuchsia chiffon screamed and fainted. This transferred the interest of the bystanders to her.

All newspapers have their secrets. Since it is the practice of the police department to station a patrolman beside the body of any person to whose death is attached any suspicion of violence, how can it be explained that Joan left a room containing a wax model of a murdered man, while an entirely genuine corpse was later examined by the medical authorities under the name of Archibald Car?

QUESTIONS. Questions. Questions. The same questions over again, phrased differently, or phrased identically. Questions shot out startlingly and questions purred, polite in form, traps for admissions. Joan had been so well drilled that she came through this ordeal very well.

Gorham had told her not to be nervous, for minor slips would merely give people something to guess about. So long as she didn't tell the police that the murder was no murder, the body that the medical examiner had viewed that of a poor derelict from the Bellevue Morgue once already certified, and secured through the medium of a suborned undertaker who had represented that uptown relations were financing a funeral



Joan suddenly became conscious of a man standing in the doorway behind her. Scarlet and all but crying, she turned. "It was an accident?" she stammered

--so long as Joan kept these interesting details to herself. any other hysteria or self-contradiction she might indulge in would be merely so much atmosphere.

In the morning the papers cheered her by unanimously calling her beautiful. She wasn't that, and she knew it, but she photographed well, and her pictures were pretty enough to justify the adjectives beneath most of them. "Beautiful Gold-Digger Knives Clubman—" so or thereabouts they all

ran, and if they called her a gold-digger almost unanimously, there was complete unanimity about her good looks.

Just as the exhilarating effect of wholesale compliments in print was wearing off, her counsel came to see her. Mr. Creighton was a grave, gray person whose dignity and sincerity made Jean feel ashamed of being in a conspiracy to make use of him. When, a little later, the junior counsel was introduced, it was worse.

[Continued on page 130]

*The Story of Two
Hearts That Did
Not Beat As One*

Peter and Mrs. Pan



PETER HUGHEY was a brilliant and successful young playwright. His wife, Corinne, whom he called "The Queen of the Elves," was probably more brilliant and successful than Peter, although the world heard nothing of her.

Was it not Corinne who wrote the daily drama of their private lives? From the moment when she flung her delicately woven web of lovely lies about the unsuspecting Peter, who sat beside her at the opening of his second play, Corinne was author, stage manager, and leading lady of the Hughey romance.

Peter's Aunt Mike, being a woman, disliked and distrusted Corinne, but Peter worshipped her. True—there came a time when he saw through her whole plot—when he found out that George Herk, the elderly admirer whom Corinne had called "Daddy" in her before-Peter days, was not Corinne's father at all—when he knew for a certainty that she had deceived him about that—and about many other things.

Coming on top of the failure of his second play such knowledge was enough to drive the strongest soul to desperate measures—but even in that moment Peter realized that Corinne, his wife, who was so soon to bring their child into the world, must be allowed to be as care free and light-hearted as she could. Such was the love of Peter, the dreamer—the young genius on whom life so suddenly ceased to smile.

PETER wasn't so much angry as crushed. The bottom had dropped completely out of his world. There wasn't a ledge he could rest his ego on. As a playwright, as a husband, as a man, he was a pitiable failure. The crash was

more terrible because he had once thought very highly of himself on all three counts.

He did not know just what to do. There wasn't much he could do. Sell the cars, discharge the servants, go to work as a day laborer perhaps.

The official draft-board notice which he still held in his hand reminded him that he had a duty to perform before he was entirely at liberty to seek pastures new. He glanced at the time blank to see when his examination was scheduled for. It was that very afternoon. Obviously his notice had been delayed somewhere in the mails.

At no time in his life did Peter feel less like submitting himself to a physical examination, but he was impatient of any delay, so he reported as soon as practicable to the board.

YOU'VE guessed it! Peter passed with flying colors. The same sardonic thing happened to him that happened to so many young men. He was refused as a volunteer and accepted as a draftee.

Peter did not even think of making any claim for exemption. What for? He was not sure that he cared anything about being exempted. He was looking for a job—perhaps this was as good as anything he could get. And it would take him away from home, relieve him of the necessity of acting all the time, of pretending to be a happy husband when he was in reality the most miserable of men.

The clerk of the board said he could have two weeks in which to prepare for service but Peter waived the privilege and asked to be permitted to report at once.



Peter, as an enlisted man playing host to a group of officers, felt an exquisite embarrassment. But Corinne was both poised and happy in her role

He was allowed to do so and, much relieved at having all decisions taken out of his hands for the immediate future, he sent a telegram to Corinne. "Can't join your party. Drafted. Sorry. Peter."

He wondered how she would take it. Would it be enough of a shock to her to make her pause in the gaiety with which she was trying to surround the final moments of this Lieutenant Whatshisname? It was a good deal like conjecturing the reaction upon one's relatives of one's own funeral. Peter rather enjoyed a self-pitying sorrow.

The soldier mill was running swiftly and efficiently by that time. The delays of getting started had been overcome and men were being transformed from individuals to uniformed spare parts in the twinkling of an eye. Peter reported to camp that same night and by noon the next day he had been issued a second-hand uniform, a mess kit, a pair of shoes and a campaign hat that he could not keep on. The hat was too small and the shoes were too large.

It was Sunday morning before Corinne discovered his whereabouts.

Peter had been found by an orderly and told to report outside of the barracks. The car was in the company street and Peter recognized it with a funny tightening of the heart. It was his. Corinne, his wife, was in it. She had found him and Peter

By

FRANK R. ADAMS

Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore

well knew what a task that must have been for her to do. It was not until he was almost at the car itself that he noticed that in the driver's seat sat Lieutenant Blackwell.

It was too late to back out. The young man started to salute but Peter, who had not learned even that much of military discipline, did not make any similar motion and the young officer fumbled at the peak of his garrison cap.

Corinne got out of the car and flew to her husband's arms.

"You poor darling in your funny old misfit clothes. You've no idea what a time we had finding you. We never could have accomplished it if Lieutenant Blackwell had not been with us. His authority got us through. And he's going to see about having you released from this enlistment and sent to Plattsburg instead, where you can get a commission as an officer instead of being just a buck private."

Peter tried to pretend to thank him but it wasn't much of a success. Inside of himself he knew that he would never accept any preference gained for him by his wife's influence. And already he was beginning to feel the enlisted man's hatred for the shave-tail lieutenants, youngsters who ranked their men in nothing but a uniform, who had no more experience of war than themselves and less experience of life.

Peter loathed the man who was driving his car, although he knew all the time that it was silly, childish, to feel that way.

PARTLY because it was Sunday and partly because Blackwell, an officer, requested it, Private Peter Hughey was given twenty-four hours leave to go home.

There were some other officers there who didn't know how to treat Peter any more than he knew how to act with them. According to the code they had just learned they must exact deference and respect from enlisted men and yet how could you insist upon a snappy salute from a man when he was your host, and how could you demand that he address you always as "sir" and say "please" if you were smoking his cigars and drinking his liquor?

It was an unhappy arrangement all around. Peter looked like a guy in his issue O. D's and he knew it. It was especially humiliating in the company of so many exquisitely caparisoned young warriors with the marks of the tailor's iron still in the beautiful side creases of the English cut riding breeches.

Corinne was intensely sorry for him and that was what hurt.

Peter left stealthily after dark and took the train back to camp. No one knew exactly when he departed although Corinne noticed his absence almost immediately. Peter, in uniform, was a much more disturbing factor in his home than he had been in civilian clothes. Then he had been negligible and had been neglected but in uniform he made everybody so uncomfortable that his not being in sight was a conspicuous relief.

Corinne found the note which he had left for her on his pillow—his pillow alongside her own. She saw it there with a sudden stopping of the heart as she realized that his pillow would be undented for a long, long time to come, perhaps for always.

That was the first real blast of the war that hit Corinne. Heretofore it had been a remote but slightly exciting background that made parties more interesting, decked dancing partners more romantically. But Peter was different. If he had been going as an officer it would have seemed all a part of the pageant. But Peter, the enlisted man, the cannon fodder in funny misfit uniform, that wasn't gay at all. That was just grim war with all the romance left out.

She picked up the note and read it.

Corinne, I'm going back to camp quietly and without making it embarrassing by any farewells. I realize that I am being very silly and if I were an older and a bigger man I might be

also to act differently. It isn't that I'm ashamed of being a private. On the contrary I am rather proud of it. But to have to mix socially with a crowd of officers is much like being a non-fraternity man at a college reunion. These other chaps wear a distinguishing badge that I am not entitled to. Have been taught certain grips and passwords that I do not know. If I could explain the feeling entirely I would be a very wise man indeed. But I don't want to be here. I feel more at home in the barracks at camp. I don't really know a soul there but I sense potentialities of comradeship. Here I am misast and I can't laugh at myself as I shall sometime. The only thing which will relieve the strain is to go.

I'll write you soon about many things that we need to consider together. But I'd rather you did not come for me now. The situation is too embarrassing. Best of luck, Peter.

It wasn't a very loving letter—in words—but Corinne, who knew her husband like a book even if he did not know her at all, read back of the perished lines that Peter was still worshipping her on that tummy, foolish pedestal where he had placed her above all women and where he had held her even when the universe rocked.

Her eyes as she read were full of regretful, unavailing tears. What a shame that she hadn't been what Peter had given her a chance to be. Was it too late to start?

What train had he caught? Was it too late to see him yet to bring him back to an officerless house?

Corinne dashed down to the car which stood outside—like a bus that meets all trains—and excused herself to the party which tried to accompany her.

"No, I don't want any one to drive me," she declined courteously. "I'm going out to bring my own husband home and if you boys wouldn't mind I'd appreciate it awfully if you weren't here when we get back. Some of you will understand what I mean and that there is no discourtesy intended and I wish you would explain it to the others. There are times when a lady has to be rude. Good-by."

She arrived at the station just as a train was leaving. She thought she saw Peter at a window, she hoped that he saw her and that he waved. She couldn't tell—her eyes were salt-blinded.

Trains pulling out of stations drag women's hearts from their breasts.

DURING the years 1917-18 many an American citizen kissed his loved ones good-by forever and then spent the war in Texas awaiting transportation.

Such was not the case with Peter. His ticket seemed to have been marked by Fate and the War Department for immediate attention. In some way unknown to God or quartermaster Peter found himself on an eastward bound steamship in ten days after he began being a soldier.

Corinne had not seen him again before he left, because he had not wanted to see her and had accepted a camp detail in lieu of the leave of absence he was entitled to. This was largely a protective impulse. He did not wish to talk to Corinne about Captain Herk or anything that might seem like an accusation of disloyalty. This was no time to upset her by recriminations. When he came back—if he came back—would be soon enough to work out a new scheme of existence. For the present it was better to let her think nothing had occurred to disturb their married peace. Of course he had destroyed Herk's overseas letter which had—fortunately or unfortunately—fallen into his hands without Corinne's knowledge. And he felt reasonably sure that Herk would not write again.

It was necessary, however, that Corinne should know about the financial plight which the family was in. He told her that by letter, written just before sailing.

After mentioning the disaster which had befallen the new play, "Wings Of Lead," he went on to recommend ways and means of continuing existence.

The cars we own without any encumbrances. The market for second-hand motors is good now. You had better sell one or both of them. The house at Veriende is partly paid for but you will probably have to let it go and take whatever

equity the banks will allow you. I have made out a regular power of attorney which I enclose that authorizes you to dispose of anything and everything.

I think there is enough salvage, if you count the royalties on "The Butterfly's Day" which will probably run a few weeks longer, to care for your actual food and shelter expenses for quite a while—a year perhaps. The entertainment committee will, I regret to state, have to suspend activities for a time.



What may happen in a year's time is a problem which any one would be foolish to attempt to solve in days like these. For that reason I do not yet suggest that you get a divorce on the grounds of non-support. There is always the possibility that it will not be necessary. I carry ten thousand dollars' war-risk insurance. You receive that.

A bugle is calling over at headquarters. I don't understand

the language of bugles yet, but I'll bet it's paging me. It always seems to be doing that so I get ready to respond whenever I hear the first blatt.

So long, Peter.

P.S. It was for me. We're sailing in a few days. Isn't that luck? P. H.

Peter's part in the Great War was mile-stoned by letters to



"You," said the older woman, "are Peter Hughey's wife. I'm his aunt. Doesn't that mean that we should be more than—that I should be yours too?"

his wife. Probably he did not write about everything that occurred. Still he did turn to her with every new thing that interested him. As always, he liked to sharpen his wits against hers and out of the many people with whom he was acquainted he could visualize only Corinne as the person who would understand.

He told her that in one of the letters that she re-

ceived from England, soon after he had been transported.

The English people do not seem to like us, the letter went on. I don't quite understand it. I don't think we will find the fighting men so intolerant. But the women and children resent us. Why? Because we are so late in getting here? I don't know. But they did not cheer us as we marched through the streets in Liverpool from the boat to the train. We might easily have been a detachment of Boche prisoners.

I told you, I think, that we are a casual replacement company. That means that we will soon be parceled out in small lots or even as individuals to replace losses in regiments that are already over here. I know a good deal about our organization because I am acting as a sort of temporary clerk for the outfit.

While we were still on shipboard our commanding officer, Lieutenant Pierce, who has the makings of a fine soldier, but who hasn't cut his war whiskers yet, sent out a hurry up call for a chauffeur to the aged Underwood which had been assigned to our outfit along with everything else, including human beings, that the War Department didn't have any use for.

I was the only man who admitted that he knew the shift key from a back-spacer so I was elected. It isn't so bad. I get excused from some of the drills and police details and I can keep a little drier than the rest. That's a doubtful advantage, however, as I also get much colder sitting still than I would out exercising even in the rain.

Napoleon was mistaken about an army traveling on its stomach. An army apparently travels on a typewriter, as any company clerk can testify. If I should ever wear out the one ribbon which is all the Secretary of Agriculture has apparently allotted to us for the duration of the emergency they might as well stop the war as far as we're concerned. We could never go into action unless our Morning Report were filed.

That will be all from this place. We'll be leaving in another day or two for a port, which, according to A. E. F. regulations, must be nameless, from which we eventually sail for a country which I cannot designate except by saying that a war is going on within its boundaries. Good luck and love, Peter.

It was a nice cheerful letter such as he had been instructed to write. Everybody, from superior officers to Y. M. C. A. secretaries, advised soldiers to be pleasant.

But he would have written pleasant letters to his wife anyway. The unpleasant thing that lay between them was too serious to be alluded to even if it were not for the terrifying trial which was ahead of Corinne. Other worries had slipped from Peter's shoulders as if he had been a duck and they were merely drops of water. The fact that he had written several unsuccessful plays in succession struck him now, whenever he thought of it at all, as nonessential. Life, reduced to its lowest common denominator as it now was, did not allow one to consider the purely aesthetic necessities. Peter had discovered painfully the genuine happiness which lies in mere food, drink and warmth.

Private Hughey was not really worried about Corinne's ability to get along somehow. He did not regret much that his failure to provide had stripped her existence of luxuries, had reduced her to essentials, too. She might as well learn, while the rest of the world was learning, that very few things really matter and that so-called social popularity is far from being one of them.

THE approaching crisis in her life as a wife and mother did appal him. It was a big thing, an event before which he stood helpless. It was one of the hurdles that nature dragged you right up to and made you take.

And Peter could not help remembering Corinne's terror that day she had received the sentence from her doctor and her presentiment influenced him more than he ever wished to admit.

Yes, Peter worried about that one thing when he had time. But even that was often relegated to the background by the nearer discomforts of wetness, cold, and half-satisfied hunger. Sometimes it was too chill to sleep—and the roof of the hut he lived in leaked when it rained hard—and right on Peter's bunk, too.

His next letter was from France.

Were at a replacement camp. It's rather exciting because one never knows at what hour or minute he will get orders and certainly no one has the slightest idea where he will be sent to. The element of chance has greater play than in any poker game you ever heard of. I know one thing—I'm not going to make any more friends until I get to some more permanent outfit. The only chap I really cared for was sent yesterday to a trench-mortar outfit now in a rest area back of the line. He'll be in the big show inside of a week. And I suppose our paths will never cross again.

Personally I fear that I made a terrible mistake when I admitted that I could run a typewriter. It looks as if they might tie me to a desk in the S. O. S. for the rest of the war. It's easy enough in a way but it isn't what I expected and I feel like a man who has been sent to the hospital for small-pox and they won't accept him because he's only got poison ivy.

RIGHT now my principal duty is to make out the roster of the detachments which are sent out to the various units which for some reason or other need men. I've got the routine of the thing down so thoroughly that the officer in charge usually lets me make up the lists myself and he merely signs them. So I have to know what sort of condition the men are in, what their training has been and whether they are in physical shape to take up the duties required. So I keep track of things like that from the medical inspection reports and also from mixing with the men themselves. I can find out more about actual conditions than an officer could.

His letter concluded with inquiries about the financial status of the affairs he had left behind and he signed himself, "Lovingly, Peter."

That part had been hard. His heart was full of love for her and for no one else and yet he could not utter the words through a pen. He had the uneasy feeling of an actor who is performing before an audience which may, at any moment, start saying the play—he was not quite sure whether the lines of his part were ridiculous or not.

Corinne sensed his constraint and complained of it in a letter to him a short time after that.

When I remember the eager, whimsical boy you were and the girl I was on that dear day we faced the world together for the first time, it brings harsh tears to my heart. Where did I lose sight of you along the highway—where did you first look down and find that I was gone?

Peter cried, too, a little as he realized that the fountain of whimsical love words had dried up. He loved Corinne with all the beats of his heart but he couldn't play any more at all. He could not express the emotion which now actuated him, in which pity had replaced passion, nearly so well as when his feeling towards his wife had been less a matter of his soul, when he had really loved her less.

Because of that he could write to her much about himself but little about themselves. It was the latter which Corinne wanted to hear. Peter, knowing that, tore up many letters that he wrote. They were not at all what either of them desired. Many times he did not write at all after sitting for a long time before a sheet of paper trying to corral the phrase to commence with.

The letters she really received were a sort of compromise.

Dearest—one began—The picture you sent of yourself gave

me a thrill that I'll be a long time getting over. It was taken at Veriende at the toll gate (which isn't there really) just as you come out of the jungle into the elf's paradise, wasn't it? Don't you think that was a fiendish teasing place to have your photograph taken? Don't you know that the sight of you there makes memory twist the strings of my heart until there's an ache in every atom of it?

Then, shyly, as if afraid he would say too much Peter would veer off into gossip.

The American Army is taking part more and more in the activities along the front line. It looks as if there would be big things around here this fall.

And still I stick here, punching one key after another. I wonder if the President has forgotten that he ordered me over here to replace a man on the front lines.

You say that you will be going to the hospital in about thirty days. Dear heart, I can scarcely believe it. Sometimes it seems as if my part in the program will be more difficult than yours—to know that you are suffering and to be separated from you by thousands of miles of water which render me powerless to help you. All I can do is pray—something I've never done before.

Of course I've got to know right away as soon as it is over just how you feel and if the result is plus or minus. A letter will take too long so you must cable. It need not be very expensive. One word is enough. Just say "Ily" for "I love you" if you're all right and it's a boy. If it's a girl say "Sly" for "She and I love you." That sounds silly but it gets everything into one word and will tell me what I want to know. The most important part of the message is the love I hope it will bring me from you.

One of the things which happened in Peter's really rather uneventful life which he had not told her was that he had seen Captain Herk.

The latter was on convalescent leave from his regiment and was staying in the French town pending

reassignment to duty in a short time.

Peter and his buddy, Phil Grey, were having a dinner party away from camp, at the hotel cafe in town. They had just finished their coffee and the cognac which Phil had ordered extra as his special treat, when Captain Herk came in from the lobby of the hotel with a rather good-looking French girl on his arm.

PETER did not recognize him at first. Captain Herk was much thinner—and he was rather pale. But when he sat down with his back to them Peter recollected him instantly from the shape of his head. One did not often see so square a cranium in the American Army. Among the German prisoners it was almost the rule and gained them one of their nicknames.

Peter rose from his chair and started toward his ancient enemy.

Phil caught him and yanked him back.

"What are you doing, you fool?" he demanded.

"I'm going to kill that man," Peter declared, struggling with his friend.

"Sh! You could be shot for even threatening anything like that. Keep quiet. You may not know but you're in the army now and you aren't allowed to murder men on your own side even when you're drunk."

"I'm not drunk."



This is a Lady

who, under the name of Captain Leslie Barker, masqueraded for ten years as a man. The desperate need that drove her to this strange impersonation, the vital problems that forced her into this alien role, will be disclosed for the first time in an article which she is at the moment writing for the July issue of SMART SET.

Rogue or gallant lady—impostor or heroine? Which is she? The whole world is wondering!

And you, reading her own story in her own words, will be the first to know the actual facts.



The Captain stared at Peter—trying to visualize him without his helmet and uniform coat. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" he asked finally

"You're awful close to it, so you better take it easy, old man."

In some way or other, half dragging him, Phil got Peter outside. Fortunately the object of Peter's hate had been too engrossed with his feminine guest to pay more than passing attention to the disturbance.

"Now," said Phil, "tell me in muffled words of one syllable what's all the noise about? Was that captain once your top-cutter and did he put you on K. P. once too often or have you merely got some minor grievance against him?"

THE damp, outside air drove out a little of the anger which had stimulated Peter's outburst—also some of the liquor. With the passing of hate he knew he could not tell any one else the reason for his sudden fury.

"I can't explain it, Phil," Peter said. "He's the only man in the world I really hate. I wish to God he was a Boche."

Phil laughed. "I wonder if it wouldn't jazz up the war a bit if we could all have our personal enemies on the other side."

"Well, it's a pretty good war just as she stands. All I've got to say, young man, is that you've got to put a cork in your sentiments at least as long as you fight the war this far

back of the lines. Up in the mud between positions a buck has a good chance to get even with any officer whose rank is low enough so he goes over the top once in a while, but back of the zone of the advance it's more difficult to account for a stray bullet that accidentally hits a crab in the back."

Most of Peter's insane desire to destroy had vanished by morning. There remained a dull, grinding hate that he did not quite understand how to handle. It seemed senseless and he did not know what to do about it.

Fortunately, perhaps, for Peter, Captain Herk disappeared from town the next day. Peter found out through channels that were open to him that he had been assigned back to duty with B Company, 1—th infantry.

PETER wrote letters home to one other woman too. Mrs. Harriet Carmichael. In one of them he expressed a wistful wish that his wife might be better provided for during the difficult period which was approaching.

As a result of that letter a lady in a limousine, drove up to the entrance to Veriende. It was the only motor carriage which had entered the grounds for months and Corinne answered the ring at the doorbell herself, hastily removing her apron as she did so.

The two women stared at each other appraisingly.

"You're much older," Mrs. Carmichael finally declared after a moment.

"Every soldier's wife is much older," Corinne returned. "Will you come in, please?"

She led the way to the drawing-room. It was chilly there and not "lived in."

"I only have a fire in the kitchen, nowadays," Corinne apologized.

"For the servants?"

"For myself. There are no servants."

"I see. You take care of this large house all alone?"

"Yes, but it isn't much trouble and I have nothing else to do."

"Your mother is with you, of course?"

"Not now. She was with me but recently she has—er—gone to live in Washington."

"I did not mean to ask rude questions."

"But you're perfectly entitled to know. Peter wrote you to call on me, did he not? I'd like to help you to make your report as complete as possible."

The older woman sat for a moment coldly contemplating the damage which had been done by this last shot. Finally she spoke. "I did not come to gather material for a report to your husband. On the contrary I called to see what you needed so that I could help you intelligently."

Corinne in turn absorbed this. "As you can see I do not lack for anything which you could have your footman bring to me from your table. I'll be glad to show you the extra can of beans which I keep in my larder, and the chunk of bacon I got last month is only half [Continued on page 101]



Among Us Girls

By Ruth Waterbury

CONSIDER just a few stories from those of the last several weeks. The news of the day is very stimulating to the ego of the modern girl.

In far-off Australia fourteen-year-old Jean Cooks sets the new one hundred and fifty yard dash swimming record, doing that distance in one minute, forty-five and one-tenth seconds, thereby creating a new world standard and taking the crown away from our own Gertrude Ederle.

In Walden, New York, thirteen-year-old Helen Terwilliger corrects Chief Justice Taft for a slip of verbal memory when administering the oath to President Hoover. Mr. Taft replies to her in a charming note in which he says they are both of them mistaken. Helen maintains her ground, founded upon excellent scholarship in her history class, and that modern invention, the sound movie, comes forth and proves her right.

In Mexico, Angelica Morales, just seventeen, is discovered to be a piano prodigy. Brought to the attention of the government, she emerges its official protégé with a guarantee of a musical education financed by her country.

Simple stories, but world revolutionary in their meaning.

In her grandmother's day little Jean Cooks would have been told not to go near the water. Helen Terwilliger wouldn't have been studying civics so hard, in the first place. But granted that she had, she certainly would have been taught that little girls were to be seen and not heard, and that no feminine child should presume to correct a venerable and distinguished gentleman. And most certainly she wouldn't have had her pictures in the papers. As for Angelica Morales, she would have been persuaded by her family and society that woman's place was in the home and not on the concert platform.

Not that all reactionary sentimentalists are dead today.

One of them, a man, recently published an article in a magazine contemporary to *SMART SET*. He complained that men do not have equal opportunities with women any more. He feared the worst. "It is improbable that women will ever give them to us," he said.

THE retort to that is that for the first time in the history of the human race women have equal opportunities with men. In our country where higher education for women is more advanced than in any other land, it is, nevertheless, not yet a hundred years old. And even today our women's colleges are not to be compared to men's colleges of the same type. Yet in the universities of the West and South where the girl students are on the same footing with the boys, statistics prove the girls much more eager for true learning. One educator has even gone so far as to prophesy that in a few years women may come to be the sole exponents of culture in the United States.

I hope that will never be true. I hope the girls living today may see the golden age when men and women will not be superior, one to the other, but equal. But whether that dream can ever be realized or not, certainly this educator's

attitude is a far cry from that uttered when feminism first found national expression.

The claim then was that women would lose all their charm, and heaven knows, there was some justification for that apprehension. Our first feminists, our Susan B. Anthony and Victoria Woodhull were so eager to prove they weren't clinging vines that they became excessively sturdy oaks.

We girls of today are infinitely wiser. We know for all our intelligence and training that charm and beauty are still our greatest assets in winning the treasures upon earth.

A photograph I recently saw of Elizabeth Lunn of Chicago and Hilda Wright of Portland, Oregon, illustrates this.

Those girls are the editors, respectively, of the *College News* and *The Lantern*, twin publications of Bryn Mawr College. They had been photographed together, two clear-eyed youngsters looking straight into the camera, grinning. Elizabeth wore a sweater, a skirt, a string of beads, very short kid socks, flat shoes. Hilda had on full length woollen hose, flat shoes, a little pleated skirt and a boy's shirt open at the throat, topped with a saucy coat trimmed with embroidered arrow heads. Both girls were hatless. Both had bobbed hair. Both looked tremendously vital and healthy and normal. And most debonair and pretty.

YET they typified an unholy terror of the old-fashioned imagination. Educated women, literary women, even blue stockings. Horrors! These were just two gay young girls. But behind them, forerunners to them, one saw the pale suffering shade of George Sand, who dressed in men's clothing in order to be able to make her living in Paris, and the ghost of patient George Eliot, who always photographed like a sad but amiable horse. They were the educated, literary women of yesterday. George Sand was born Aureole Dudevant and George Eliot was Mary Ann Evans but they didn't dare sound feminine, much less look it.

What the modern girl is coming to is still a favorite topic with a large section of the press. Whenever news gets dull and feature stories prove not worth the printing, that query can be set in type and stir a lot of discussion.

Every one is asked for the answer except the modern girl herself. She's too busy to think about it. In a month like this exquisite month of June many girls take stock of themselves and their lives. In June there are thousands of girl graduates going forth gaily, to try the world on their own, perhaps only for a year or two until they find love, perhaps for life. In June there are the brides, who have found love, and are entering into the greatest partnership of human existence. But graduates or brides or just one of the busy young millions, they are every one of them gallant of heart.

THE news of the day is very stimulating to the ego of the modern girl. Read it and glow. Read it and interpret it for what it really signifies.

All along the trails we are coming, we modern girls, to the seven arts, to the thousand industries, to conquest, to victory and to love. We are climbing to the heights with a rhythm new to the world, treading the path toward a future new to mankind.

Tomorrow's Charm

*Care for your beauty
before twenty and
the forties will find
you doubly fair*

By
MARY LEE

Drawing by Eldon Kelley



**When a man begins to be critical of his wife—
when he starts to ask for more than surface
prettiness—she should take charm inventory**

A GROUP of women magazine writers, style advisers, beauty consultants were talking together of the subject nearest their hearts: the eternal heart-breaking, joy-bringing search for ideal loveliness. One of them, a beautiful woman with exquisitely bobbed white hair and features like an Italian cameo, looked at us all with a twinkle in her eye. "You seem to forget," she said, "that to be born beautiful is one of the greatest handicaps any girl can have."

We looked at her in surprise. One or two raised their eyebrows. A stylist in a big New York department store laughed shortly. "That may be true, of course," she replied. "But try to get a girl with freckles, straight unmanageable hair, and plain features to believe it. You're asking the impossible!"

But before we parted that day I determined to take that sentence as my starting-point for this SMART SET article. Her arguments, developed after a lifetime devoted to showing women of all ages and kinds how to make the most of their loveliness, were not only sound, but they were so gorgeously hopeful, so full of the real essence of finding and holding your own beauty that I asked if I might put them down as she gave them. "My dear Mary, of course you may," she said, smiling. So I'm giving them to you in my own words.

First of all, let's see what happens to the girl who begins life endowed with perfect features, hair that is just right, and a natural grace of movement. Often, too often, she is spoiled. Older people admire her, praise her. She is "shown off" by proud parents who can scarcely believe that this paragon belongs to them.

If she has a good mind, ten-to-one she doesn't have to use it; her natural beauty so charms people that she gets attention and admiration without effort. When she begins to go to parties and dances, unless she is so spoiled that she has acquired an ugly disposition, she is much sought after. Masculine as well as feminine admiration comes to her as easily as sunshine. So easily that, unless she has developed something more than ordinary will-power, she drifts into the rôle of "just another pretty girl."

Now, there is one point where a girl who is merely pretty begins to feel her inferiority. When boys become critical, when they start looking for a girl who is more than just a dancing partner and a good companion for parties, the merely pretty girl begins to lose ground. This modern world of ours has built up a new standard between men and women. The

man who wants as a wife the merely pretty girl is decidedly the exception rather than the rule. And the girl who has spent her eighteen odd years in just being beautiful looks around in a bewildered fashion and wonders what has happened.

Girls who, as children, were plain and unattractive, have built up personality for themselves. They have conquered the little defects of skin, hair and figure that stood in the way of their social happiness. And in conquering these they have acquired something more precious than perfection of feature—the knowledge of people, the joy of living and working, the rare quality of looking the world in the face, of challenging it, and of winning the challenge. They have worked for the charm that is theirs, and in consequence it's a much more endurable charm than that of mere surface beauty.

Some one has said that this is the age of the homely girl. But that statement needs to be modified. This is the age that gives preference to personality rather than perfection of feature, the age in which the girl who knows herself—good and bad qualities alike—has a tremendous advantage over the girl who knows she is good looking and doesn't know much else.

TAKE the matter of skins, for instance. Time was when perfect skin was a pink-and-white, apple blossom thing and those of us who didn't, by nature, have that kind of skin yearned for it with all our hearts. But now we know that skins may be lovely and yet be tawny-brown and sunburned. They may be any one of a dozen variations of creaminess—from pale cream to a deep-toned, ruddy shade. Powders may be found to match every shade—so instead of trying to "put on" a new kind of skin the wise girl enhances her own precious coloring.

It's the same with rouge. And with lipstick. It takes real study to find your own make-up combinations, the powder, rouge and lipstick that will bring out the very best in your type. And the more study you give it the more pleased you will be with the results. Once make-up was put on to hide, to cover up the natural tint of skin. Now it's used to bring out the hidden loveliness of every possible kind of skin. When your make-up does that, you have solved the problem and may face the world assured that your loveliness is convincing, not synthetic.

When we talk of the gift of beauty-from-birth as being a handicap we're talking chiefly of a [Continued on page 127]

*The Brides of June Bring to Midsummer Fashion the Touch of Beauty and
Sentiment Plus the New Grace of Today*



Gabor Eder

Second only to the bride's gown comes that of the matron of honor. It must combine both dignity and smartness. Here is an ideal gown in peach-tinted lace over crepe satin featuring the bolero bodice and the skirt that trails the ground. Hat of chestnut brown horsehair trimmed with wide, fringed ribbon in brown and peach

Dress, courtesy of Bruck-Weiss
Hat, by Bergdorf-Goodman



Gabor Eder

The youthful bridesmaid may wisely choose this exquisite frock of pale pink starched chiffon, trimmed with a huge bow-knot motif of taffeta in two shades of blue. The hat is of leghorn trimmed with blue velvet ribbon and mother-of-pearl flowers. A practical costume, as it can later be worn for summer dinner dances

Dress, courtesy of George Bernard
Hat, by Bergdorf-Goodman

Formality the New Note

By
GEORGIA MASON

JUNE is the ideal month for brides. Other ideal months, as Mark Twain might have said, are May, July and August, September, October and November, December, January, February, March and April. But June, time immemorial, stands first—not only for the bride but for the sweet girl graduate. Brides are a little more radiant in June—bridesmaids a little more picturesque. And wedding gowns and graduation frocks are more magnificent, smarter and ever so much more diversified.

The same shops that will show perhaps a half dozen different wedding gowns during the rest of the year, are offering half a hundred in June, each one featuring some novel detail. Some of them sound the proper note for the bride of 1929. Lots of them miss the mark entirely, so if you expect to hear suppressed whispers of "Isn't she smart?" when you march to the tune of Lohengrin, you'll have to be very choosy—even a little snobbish at times.

There are two things which I particularly want you to remember before we start our bridal shopping tour. The first is this: It's smart to be sweet this June. The second will appeal to your sense of economy: It is anything but smart to be impractical. Keep these two thoughts uppermost in your mind as we start this shopping cruise, and you will suddenly discover that you have acquired a wedding gown and trousseau costumes which are not only chic but, what is still rarer, sensible as well.

Incidentally you do not have to be a bride or even a prospective graduate to accompany us on our little journey. This is a day of practicality and the same costumes that are smart for the bridal trousseau or the commencement dance are quite as chic for all young women who are about to replenish their summer wardrobes.

The first is the one-occasion gown—you wear it at the ceremony and then bury it in the attic trunk. Perhaps you'll



Gabor L. L.

The loveliest dress of a girl's life—the wedding gown. For the bride of 1929 it must express both the picturesque and the smart. Here the long skirt, the flowing veil, the orange blossoms are traditional. But the cap sleeves, the uneven scalloped hem, the use of white brocaded moire instead of time-honored satin make for chic

Courtesy of Bergdorf-Goodman

see it again when your own daughter is married. Or perhaps, if you choose, on some future sentimental afternoon, you'll look at it with fondly reminiscent eyes. We'll pass by this single-occasion gown.

The practical wedding dress can be quite as sweet, and it is certainly far more sensible and economical. If two are to really live as cheaply as one, the least you can do is to start off on the right foot. And so, in our shopping tour, we are eliminating all wedding gowns that we cannot later convert into a smart dinner or dancing frock.

You are going to be surprised to discover that some of these wedding gowns of June 1929 are not white. A few are pink—a very light shade which the French call blush-pink. Some are the palest green. Some a faint blue. And very many, of course, are white. Your older sister, who was married last year or the year before, might have worn pink. It was smart

then—you simply had to be different and sophisticated to get by. But this year it's smart to be sweet—and no color for the bride is so girlishly demure as white.

So we shall disregard all the pastel tints in favor of the his-

toric white that thrilled your mother and that old-fashioned lavender-and-old-lace grandmother who is getting more modern every day.

But here's another pitfall awaiting us. Some of the shops are offering knee-length wedding gowns with sharply molded bodices, and many other modern themes which are considered smart this summer. Those same shops also feature bridal robes, designed on flowing Grecian lines—which even the stately Gibson Girl of the early nineteen hundreds would have called modest. Which shall we choose?

If it's smart to be sweet we should select the discreet flow-

*These Fifth Avenue Models Will Chart
Your Own City Shops to*



Gabor Tyler

This Breton suit in powder blue covert is one of those treasure frocks, simple yet slightly formal, wrinkle proof and cool. The new short coat and effectively pleated skirt are in slightly darker tone than the flat crepe blouse which is trimmed with navy blue motifs. An ideal addition to the bridal trousseau or to any summer girl's vacation wardrobe. The chic little toque is of dark blue felt.

Courtesy of Bonwit Teller

ing bridal robes. But we must also be practical—and surely we can't wear for summer dances a dress that belongs to the Age of Innocence. Only a compromise can satisfactorily settle such a conflict. We shall select a gown whose major themes are in the traditional manner. Luckily the hemlines on evening dresses are ever so much lower this summer. Indeed they may trail along the ground for many inches. So a long-skirted wedding gown answers the requirements of chic, practicality and history. However, the modern note must be introduced. So we shall choose a dress with perhaps those cap-sleeves which have been inspired by the cape, or some other smart note of today's evening fashions.

Last, but by no means least, comes the selection of a veil, and once again you are confronted with an infinite variety.



Don Diego

The effete modern bride wears the pajama ensemble for afternoon tea and even for informal dinners. This model with its coat and bodice of sea-green satin cuffed in black and trousers of black satin is very smart for both occasions.

Courtesy of Henri Bendel



Tab

Worn with the jacket this versatile sports costume is suitable to all semiformal occasions. Jacketless it is correct for golf or tennis. The silk frock is bordered to match the striped jersey cardigan coat.

Courtesy of Bruck-Weiss

*Your Way through the Style Shoals of
Economy and Smartness*



Gabor Eder

You must have a peplum dress. On this excellent frock of beige crepe the peplum flares right, the skirt left

Courtesy of Knox



Gabor Eder

The traveling costume for both chic and practicality should be an ensemble. Here a dress of honey beige combines with a full-length brown crepe coat banded with caracul

Courtesy of Kurzman



Don Diego

There is one other girl prominent in June fashions. She is the sweet girl graduate. Being a modern girl she has much to do besides attend commencement exercises, so she chooses a frock that can double for class day, post-commencement festivities and the inevitable dance. This model of white chiffon with youthful cape collar, back-drooping, a scalloped-edged skirt fulfils her desire for demure chic

Courtesy of Jenkins

You don't have to worry much about making a mistake here. Try to pick out some novel arrangement—something a little different from the conventional types. This season's bridal veils are more varied and considerably longer than any of their predecessors. Of course, if you are lucky enough to have a veil of heirloom lace in the family, by all means wear it. The vast majority of us, however, will find the tulle veil just as smart and even more flattering to the youthful face.

In place of the historic orange blossom wreath, which was once almost universally used to hold the bridal veil in place, you might wear your veil suspended from either a dainty lace diadem or from demure bands of ribbon. The heavily embroidered Russian diadem in satin or silver lamé, so popular a few years ago, is distinctly out of [Continued on page 122]

For the Business Girl Who Goes Directly from Work to Her Party Dates


PRESTO! Paris Tricks for Half Hour Changes



SOFT June days and the first breath of summer! Days that are long, and should properly end with recreation. All over America, just as here in this lovely flowering city of Paris, Nature invites you to go out and play when work is over. I hope you are doing it, for all work and no play applies to Jill as well as to Jack. If you must keep going at top speed—if you must maintain a high standard of efficiency in these lazy days, you must have recreation. And, most important, you must look festive, even though you go directly to your playtime engagement from work.



That is what I particularly want to talk about this month. I realize just how limp one is apt to feel at the end of a day after the first warm spell. I want you to know that, even though you have been at a desk all day, or at other activities since nine in the morning, you can be just as fresh and smart as the girl who doesn't go to business.

We all admit that a girl's efficiency and salary in the open market of jobs is increased at least fifty per cent by being smartly, becomingly and suitably clothed for her job, whatever it is. It not only gives her mental poise but it gives confidence, in her, and to others. All this is to be taken for granted. But it is at least as true, and I believe even more important, that looking just as well off the job is quite as essential. After working hours, engagements may be purely social, but you never know when some one connected with the job you have, or the one you should have, will see you. And



Any clever young seamstress can make or buy ready made at small cost the very feminine long-sleeved dinner jacket which, quickly donned, makes the oldest dress look new. Jewelry to match the lace in color is very chic

Throw a scarf about your neck, tie with a bow in the back. Whoopla, you are party prepared



Necklaces are personality promoters. Big, black, wooden beads joined with gold links give you that worldly look while a crystal flower choker in two-toned green produces a girlish air

and Wants to Look Her Prettiest

By
DORA LOUES
MILLER

how these after-hour engagements that really have a definite tie-up with work are multiplying! Employers are realizing more and more that they want people with *personality*; individuals and not automatons. And that means that you must handle the recreational and social side of life quite as efficiently as your job, to be in line for some bigger and better position which you are capable of filling.

But to get down to the details. Theories are fine, but practical things are the ones that prove the point! So suppose you have a dinner and theater engagement. You must go directly from work, and it has been one of those first summer days, leaving you crushed and feeling that you look a fright. It is perfectly possible to have brought with you in the morning little things that will let you leave the office as fresh and bright as if you had had time to go home and bathe and don a fresh outfit before starting out. How? Here are some suggestions.

SOMEHOW, these sticky days, one's hair seems to show the depression more than anything else, unless one is the unusual girl in a thousand whose hair is naturally curly and is lovelier as she gets warmer. But for the other nine hundred and ninety-nine of us, there are these little evening caps, tight fitting as a skull cap. They are so tiny that they can be slipped in the smallest purse in the morning, and when you are ready to step out, presto, you have a becoming evening bonnet, so close fitting that it doesn't need to be removed, even at the theater, and your hair is entirely concealed.

They come in all colors, but I think the smartest of all are the silver or gold nets, embroidered in matching threads and often with a few paillettes. They are tremendously chic here at all the night clubs, and the Opera. They are worn by the best-dressed women from all over the [Continued on page 100]



Light enough to carry in your handbag, chic enough for the gayest date is this subtle new scarf of white lace edged with black lace



The wardrobe life saver is the black chiffon gown, such as this model with its three ruffled skirt, always correct and flattering, endlessly wearable



Bright magic for dull dresses — matching belt and bracelet of gold and red enamel, gay bow of red chiffon



You Can't Mix

By
HELEN
WOODWARD

*It Is Not Only Extremely Bad Taste
And Waste of Time, For Sex*

LOVE and business make a mess when they are mixed—and that is just as true when the two people involved are man and wife as when they are strangers.

There was a beautiful girl I knew once, a stenographer, as it happened, and really one of the loveliest young women I have ever seen. She looked much as Greta Garbo looks in the films—as beautiful as Greta Garbo may actually look in reality for all I know. This girl—Althea Barlow—is her name, was secretary to a manufacturer in New York. Being a young woman of exceptional intelligence and very quick, she made a good secretary, and she earned thirty dollars a week.

Every man who came in to see her employer was disturbed by her looks, although in addition she had a good-natured and happy disposition. She was so attractive that one day when a famous lawyer from another city came in to call on her employer that lawyer went right out, called Althea on the phone and asked her to have lunch with him. He had never exchanged a word with her; he had never even seen her before. In other words, she was everything you could imagine that is alluring to men. Did she get to be a great business executive; did she make a great deal of money; did she finally become her own boss? No.

For eight years since that time she has had one position after another as secretary to different men. Sometimes her relationship has been strictly businesslike and sometimes it has not. She never got any farther than being some man's secretary at thirty-five dollars a week—and right now, today, still very handsome and kindly, she is entirely dependent on the generosity of a rich man who will not marry her. She is by no means a happy woman, although she is careful to hide this fact from her friends.

NOW perhaps you would like a career like hers. She has had a great deal of pleasure, much dancing, good food, some nice clothes and a lot of fun, but she looks ten years older than her real age and she is not her own boss ever. She has had to work harder at this business of being attractive to men than most women work at any business. If you ever consider a career like hers bear in mind that you can do so, but also its desperate cost. It is really something you have to set out to do and work at as you would any other very hard job.

You have to work at being cheerful, at looking well, at being a good fellow, and you are likely to be more subservient than most any one else in the world except the brow-beaten wife of a tyrannical husband. If this is the kind of job you want, you won't need any advice from me, but for such a career it would be more sensible to abandon the office and set out to become a model or go into the movies. I am assuming, however, that this is not the kind of job you want.

No, love and business do not mix well even when the people are married. You will rarely see a man and his wife working together in the same business. They do not work well together and this is due to exactly the same reason as the comparative failure of Althea Barlow. The love or sex attraction that exists between them interferes all the time with their work.



Women are beginning to be more at ease in offices, men what a pleasant appearance and graceful manner—more efficient and more hu-

Strange as this may seem to those who read much current fiction, there are a great many men and their wives who are in love with each other and that love gets between them and their work. This isn't just an accident—it has nothing to do with morals and nothing to do with practical business since it is simply that love and sex are something connected with the emotion; they have nothing to do with what goes on in the

LOVE *and* BUSINESS

*to Do So—It Makes for Inefficiency
Attraction Interferes with Work*



Courtesy of Paramount Pictures

**They have a wonderful chance, right now, to show
ner will do to improve business life and make it
man—But—don't overdo it!**

mind. On the other hand, working for a living is something to do with your mind and has nothing to do with the emotion; therefore the two clash all the time.

In spite of all the jokes in the laboriously funny papers about business men and good-looking stenographers there are many men who will not have a good-looking stenographer because they do not want their minds distracted. This does not



**Often love affairs grow out of meetings in
offices. The average woman comes to know
more eligible men in business than she
could ever hope to meet socially**

mean that men want ugly stenographers or unpleasant ones. Everybody likes pleasant-looking people about provided they do not intrude too much on the consciousness.

No doubt all this sounds as though I think a girl should be masculine, cold and abrupt in manner. Now I don't mean anything of the kind; not for one moment, do I think that a woman should act like a man. The average American business man's manner is not a good one—far from imitating it, you should avoid it as much as anything else that is ungracious.

Most American business men have a self-conscious joshing way without any charm. Only when you understand them thoroughly and regard them as children, do you forget their angular manner, knowing that it comes from their self-consciousness and that they would be much nicer and more gracious in their manner if they dared to be, if they did not have some queer notion that graceful manners are a sign of decadence. All this about American business men is much less true of Southern men than it is of Northern.

Neither do I for one moment believe that you should dress stiffly and in tailored fashion like a man. Just free your mind from habits of thought and look at a man's clothes impersonally, and you will realize how ugly they are. No, by all means dress like a woman. A woman's clothes are beautiful nowadays and as fashion stands at this moment women's clothes are practical and convenient. A man's clothing takes longer to put on than a woman's, and in hot weather is extremely uncomfortable.

[Continued on page 123]



Drawing by John Held, Jr.

BACK TO NATURE

Do your stuff, Sun,
Make it snappy—
If you want us
To be happy!

Do your stuff, Sun,
Turn us brown,
For we'll soon be
Back in town!

Let's Open a Beauty Shop!

*Every Third Girl In America
Has Dreamed Of Having
A Beauty Shop. Here's How
Marjorie Dork Started Hers*

By HORTENSE SAUNDERS

IT IS now almost twenty years since a girl in her teens stood wide-eyed outside an inconspicuous door in an office building in Lansing, Michigan, and marveled as she watched a man writing the name, "Marjorie Dork, Beauty Parlor," on the glass pane.

How convincing and assuring the name—her name—became in black paint and block letters. As it grew on the door, she realized that she had actually started something, that inside that door she was going to make a success or a failure, and that she couldn't take much time to make up her mind. Though the room cost but eighteen dollars a month, she couldn't keep it long if it did not pay for itself quickly.

Of reserve capital she had none—every dollar had gone into that white porcelain perfection inside. All she had left was an idea—an idea that most of the beauty shops in the country were pretty bad.

The words "beauty shop" were a misnomer—you couldn't really buy beauty. You could buy health; you could buy scientific information; you could buy slenderness; you could learn to keep your complexion clear and your eyes bright; you could learn to be smart and keep your lines clean-cut. You might achieve beauty, but you couldn't buy it. Still, in those days, beauty shops had just begun to dot the country and to engage women's attention. The way to get an idea working was not to make it queer, but to dress it in the garb of the day, and let it develop in its own way.

Today that same name—Marjorie Dork—adorns a suite of offices that takes up a whole floor in the fashionable section just off Fifth Avenue in New York. It isn't a beauty shop—it's a studio, where women learn to be the architects of their own faces and figures. It's a place where you are examined by physicians, and where nurses massage and take care of you, where a physical training expert puts you through a course of exercises that your body particularly needs, and where there is a mat, a bar, an electric horse, and all sorts of scientific equipment to aid you in losing flesh, or putting it on. You go to work and carve out your own figure.

And the owner of the name knows that she had a good idea back in Lansing, and that the time and patience it took to work it out was well and profitably spent. She knows she was right when she decided that women would work hard for health under the name of beauty. She knows that the modern woman wants to be slender at any price. She knows, too, that the



Underwood & Underwood

She had to do her own scrubbing when she started, but you should see her shop now

more independent women become, and the more they forge ahead in business and professional careers, the more they will need health and beauty and the more they will pay for them.

The story of her success is the story of a girl with grit, courage, pioneer spirit—and something to sell that women wanted. Born in Michigan, her father moved to Wisconsin when she was two, and put Marjorie, her mother and the two other children on a homestead on the Brule river. That meant they had to stay there for seven years, while he cleared up the land and established his right to it.

A glorious country it was then, as now, but it lacked educational facilities. There was no school near, so Marjorie did not go to school until the seven years were up and they moved into town. She was nine years old before she saw the inside of a school room, and was formally presented to reading, writing and arithmetic.

During this extended childhood, however, she learned much that she could not have learned in books, and which is very expensive in smart private schools. She learned to run like a deer and swim like a fish, to shoot like an Indian, and ski like a Norseman. She developed a marvelously healthy body and the love for the out of doors which she has retained through years in cities.

FROM the time she was nine until she was nearly fourteen, she made excellent progress in school and had caught up to the seventh grade. Then her father lost his money and Marjorie had to leave school and go to work. Thus her school life ended before she was out of grammar school.

She decided to be a trained nurse, and even at that immature age, began her training at St. Mary's Hospital at Superior, Wisconsin. She became acquainted with a girl who had a beauty shop, and she thought it great fun on her afternoons off, to learn to massage and shampoo. With her nurse's training, however, she realized that much of the treatment was ineffectual, and that much could be done for beauty that was not included in the beauty parlor idea. She and her friend experimented with formulae and lotions, and this was the beginning of the line of cosmetics she has since perfected.

At seventeen, Marjorie moved back to Michigan, expecting to take up nursing, but the Michigan hospitals favored Michigan trained girls, and Marjorie found herself shelved. It was then that she decided to open her [Continued on page 105]

*Romance Blossoms Into
Beauty and Dreams
Come Magically True
Under the Light of the*

North Star

By GRACE JONES MORGAN

Illustrations by Alfred N. Simpkin



WHEN she said good-by to Johnny Everett, Gloria felt guilty because she was spending money on a vacation of which Johnny did not approve. For one minute Gloria wished Johnny would rouse to recklessness that would cry out:

"I'm coming with you. We'll make it a honeymoon!"

Instead he was sulky. She knew she was saying farewell to Johnny. She hoped he realized it was the parting of the ways.

"Gloria, I'll miss you," he said pleadingly.

"Enough to come and find me if I should not come back?"

Johnny drooped helplessly. There was the trouble. Care had laid a burden on Johnny's shoulders so early in life that he had no courage. Gloria had her own worries. She would not add to them by marrying Johnny's grocery and his mother. She was going away before she was trapped beyond escape in a school-day affair grown hopeless.

"Oh, well, perhaps it is selfish to take a vacation, but I'm in a rut. I need fresh ideas and inspiration to make dreams come true. I've got to repay the aunts for adopting me." Johnny still sulked.

She carried that picture of Johnny on her vacation spent with Aunt Mary in Monterey. Johnny had the head of a young gladiator and dreams in his eyes, dreams betrayed by the small inland town grocery. His wistfulness stayed with Gloria until that last day of two weeks spent in the little adobe home near the sea. She had anticipated hilarious adventure, but none came.

Standing in the doorway, she watched Aunt Mary come through the garden, starched skirts swishing the marigolds and daisies which nodded to one another and shook their petals morrily. The old shoulders of the King's Hill were cloaked with dark firs. Motors scooted like beetles over the brown highway. But Aunt Mary did not notice the merriment of the daisies. She was counting eggs in the folds of her apron. She had never been aware of the old friar hill robed in firs, nor laughing seas caressing the white sand, nor sunsets spreading cloth of gold everywhere. She came to the kitchen door, looked into Gloria's shining eyes and said:

"Eleven eggs. One more than yesterday. I'll hard boil two for your train trip tomorrow. And Gloria, take Uncle Captain away from those old boats on shore to the store with you.

Get me some china cement to mend that Satsuma vase he brought me from his last voyage. Bimbo broke it when he tried to catch a mouse. And get me a spool to mend my black taffeta. The seams have given at last. I wish you wasn't going home tomorrow, but you'll come back some day. And do try to coax Aunt Millie and Aunt Annie to come here and live with us. They ain't a mite of good spoiling two houses with three sisters. Then you and Johnny could get married and live in their old house. I don't approve of young folks living with mother-in-laws."

"Oh, Johnny can't leave his mother," said Gloria. "And we won't be getting married, Aunt Mary. I don't like groceries."

Gloria fled to find Uncle Captain. Having announced publicly that she and Johnny were not going to marry seemed to end the wistfulness of memory that had intruded on her thoughts and really spoiled her visit. She had meant to run away from memory and find adventure. But Monterey was like every other town. Romance hid coyly out of sight; adventure was not to be found. Potential lovers, who might help her forget Johnny and school-day love, did not linger at the gate nor sing at her casement window even in old historic Monterey. Gloria thought perhaps Aunt Mary's indifference to romance repulsed all chance. She had gone in to light a fire.

"Dobe walls are damp, say what you will," she said.

UNCLE CAPTAIN had bought the house when he was a bachelor skipper and filled it with trinkets from foreign lands: shells, boomerangs, little smirking gods, spears, clubs and poison darts, carved ivory and fans. Then he married Aunt Mary, sister to Aunt Millie and Aunt Anne, who had adopted Gloria from an orphan asylum and wondered how the child ever gathered such romantic notions and clung to them in spite of their careful training.

Gloria loved the old adobe house to which the curios gave such a strangely musty Oriental air and heathenish appearance.

She loved Aunt Mary's husband and called him "Uncle Captain." She loved the old fishing smacks hauled high and dry on shore since power boats replaced the wind-jammers, but Aunt Mary thought the fish boats should be burned and the shore "redded" and tidied. Otherwise Monterey was enough like Emerald Valley where Gloria taught school to be just as stale and



Gloria found Uncle Captain sitting in one of the ancient fishing smacks. Although he was old he still carried about him the air of one who has known adventure

unprofitable of romance and of adventure, the girl thought.

The main street was like all other main streets: stores with high, false fronts, vegetables spilling from doorways, dry-goods on display, people shopping.

Gloria found Uncle Captain sitting on one of the old fishing smacks, his feet dangling above kissing waves which wantonly caressed the weathered hulk of the boat.

"We're to go to the store, Uncle Captain," she announced.

"Whatever for?" he snapped; then his voice was gentler. "I was thinking if it wasn't for deserting Mary, I'd get me a skiff and sail right along that streak where the sun shines. It would make a pretty ship's wake, that sun streak."

"Yes," she agreed, "a path of gold to adventure way out there!"

"I've been over it," he assured her.

Gloria knew he had. She was sorry Uncle Captain was cast up on shore like those old fishing boats, discarded for noisy,

chugging, power boats. But at least Uncle Captain and the old smacks had known adventure. Gloria never had. She had wasted her savings on a vacation which produced nothing to remember. There wasn't a sniff of adventure in Aunt Mary's vicinity. She had nothing to carry home and it was going to be dreadfully lonely without the hope of winning Johnny Everett from groceries to some red-blooded pursuit, the dream of riding with Johnny to some Milky Way of high adventure. Worst of all the money this trip had cost would have been better spent in returning some of the love and care lavished on her by Millicent and Anne.

WHEN Gloria and Uncle Captain came home with china cement and a spool, and sat down to supper consisting of fresh, creamed salmon, baked potatoes and a pudding, Aunt Mary reminded them about bedtime.

"You'll need your rest, Glory, for the train ride tomorrow.

And Bob must put his rheumatism between blankets before the fog comes in."

Gloria sighed. She kissed Aunt Mary's rosy cheek and brushed her lips against Uncle Captain's grizzled jaw, then went to her bedroom, but not to sleep. She sat on the floor and Uncle Captain's stars came out and winked at her. She knew many of them. Andromeda, the Dog Star, the Dipper from which he said the Milky Way was spilled, Orion who carried a champion's belt, and the North Star by which Uncle Captain sailed for years. A sea wind ruffled the red petticoats of tall geranium hedges and cleared a bit of fog breath from the throat of the hill canyon.

She heard Uncle Captain wind the ship's clock on the sala wall which rasped like his own voice, husky with salt and sea wind. Then he called:

"Here Kitty, Kitty. Here Bimbo. All hands below for the dog watch."

A DOOR closed. Shoes thumped. Gloria was alone. She rumbled the short red curls and shook out rebelliously some of the prickles of Aunt Mary's bright, insistent interests which kept her eyes and thoughts on hens and broken vases instead of allowing them to drift to hills and seas. Tomorrow she would be home, shut in by sea-brown hills, with only the slat hammock in the back yard for a ship of dreams.

What should she relate to her aunts and Johnny Everett about her visit? Johnny considered a vacation at Monterey extravagant. Poor Johnny! He had to count the pennies so diligently. And she could never hope to interest him in hearing her box the compass or mention stars by name. She could not describe the thrill of helping Uncle Captain sail his catboat, or wading at dawn to feel chains of sea bubbles about her ankles like bangle-charms of brown girls. Uncle Captain spoke about when they were out of Aunt Mary's hearing, safe on a boat in the Bay of Monterey.

Gloria, who loved books of travel and envied even flies buzzing over the wall-map at school, and birds flying north in spring, had not been able to interest Johnny in those things. Johnny's father died when he was seven. His mother kept the grocery going until he was through grammar school. Then Johnny put on a white apron and wore care on his brow. He could not be enthusiastic over the tugging of opal-tinted bubbles on ankles, and wind fingers frisking one's hair, coaxing land-lubbers out and away.

Johnny was the sort of young man who regarded sea rovers as unreliable if not desperate characters, born to be jailed or hanged.

If only she had one marketable idea that might be twisted to assist grocery sales, or even make extra money to give her aunts by adoption a rest and vacation they had needed for years! For her scholars, she might bring Vancouver, Puget, Behring, Drake, Resanov and Dana, nearer and clearer. But the aunts and Johnny would not be interested, and they were the people who loved her most and had done the most for her.

It was not as if the aunts could afford to take a baby to rear when they adopted Gloria, but they had wanted something to love and she had been so lucky as to be chosen from a big orphanage full of children. It was not as if they realized how much they needed a release from work. All they hoped for was that Gloria would marry Johnny Everett and his grocery, and succeed in "getting along" with his mother in the old Everett home. They prayed about it. They had grown ethereal and transparent praying and hoping for things and were like the flame of altar candles swayed by gusty winds of buffeting poverty.

Aunt Mary was different, a firmly packed little cushion of a woman in whom every-day events were stuck something like a porcupine's quills. Gloria was mentally removing a two weeks' accumulation of Aunt Mary's household interests that night, and beginning to understand why she found no adventure or romance in Monterey.

Adventures are shy things, hiding in inaccessible places. One must dive to sea caves and venture tropic jungles, with a dream person alongside.

Gloria had a dream person who thrilled beside her when she explored adventures in books in the slat hammock. He might have resembled Johnny Everett if Johnny's valor was not expended about freight rates in which he was regularly "Waterloo-ed" and displaying green goods before they perished, and marking prices on butter and sugar containers. In a way Johnny was a hero to spare time for courting Gloria two nights a week. His mother did not approve of Gloria. No girl was good enough for Johnny, his mother thought.

Love was turning to pity for Johnny and gratitude for candy and flowers he brought. His gifts did not satisfy her craving for places where coconuts hang on the trees and orchids flame in jungles and parrots flash through the moist, green heat. The dream person took her to tropic isles. He came from the land of story and caught her hand. That night he came to where she sat by the window. He was starry-eyed. His breath was spiced fragrance of the garden. He was gossamer over the sea calling her away.

So Gloria stepped out of the window, leaped over the flower-borders and ran to the gate where yellow roses nodded boldly over the fence, like senoritas of old Monterey waiting for lovers, troubadours with their be-ribboned guitars.

She ran down to the shore where Uncle Captain's catboat was tied and loosed the painter. Then as waves caught and coaxed it out, she masted the sail and was away on a star-trail. Behind her, the lights of Monterey gleamed on white adobe houses fringing the hill foot, embroidered with shadows and rose hedges like a gay shawl.

The catboat ran past the line of dancing red and green lights on fish boats. Gloria was uneasy for when she tried to turn the boat, it would not come about. She tried every trick she knew but it shook its canvas wings and slumped. When she gave it a little leeway it leaped ahead. She tried to think of things to do and to quiet her fear, boxed the compass aloud as Uncle Captain taught her. She tried to jibe the sail, but jibing is a ticklish art belonging to a person with a smelly old pipe and dungarees. The sails snapped defiance, the catboat buried its nose in the sea. Waves laughed and blew salt

breath in her face, then leaped over the combing. Gloria tasted salt of her own tears.

Unwilling she scooted past a ship anchored off Del Monte and there on crumpled purple seas were splashes of silver making for the catboat, a man swimming.

"I can't stop this boat," she called. "Please come aboard."

"Bring her about," he called moistly. Gloria jammed the tiller hard over but the boat only balked, stood still and shook its canvas noisily. A moment later the swimmer caught its stern and climbed aboard. Gloria presented him with tiller and sheet, and as if it felt a strong hand on its bridle the catboat behaved.

"Please make it go home to the old fishing smacks," she said.

She liked his laughter. Star shine made a golden helmet of his wet hair. He began to whistle a tune she knew intimately, about, "Coming to Thee on an Arab Shod with Fire."

JOHNNY sang that at Ladies' Aid Concerts because his mother insisted, but Johnny's steed lagged and there were no sparks. He hated his own singing and roused to wrath when Gloria praised him. It was that wrath which made her hope he might have potentialities of a dream person in spite of freight Waterloos and green goods perishing. But the moment this stranger whistled she knew he rode a sea steed with tossing-foam mane, star shine gleaming on its dragon scales.

"Does my piping annoy you, Maid of Night and the Sea?"

"Not a bit," she said, her voice no deeper than her lips.

"Aren't you a little reckless," [Continued on page 114]

WOMEN AT SEA

THEY'RE at sea in more ways than one—these six women whose poignant stories will appear in six succeeding issues of **SMART SET**. Beginning in July Dorothy Black, who has written this amazing series, will take you backstage in their lives telling you their secrets and their hopes, their heart-breaks and their moments of fulfillment. In *Jeanne*—the first lady to appear—you will see a wealth of emotion under the magnifying glass of reality!

SMART SET is proud to announce these stories for they have the qualities that make real greatness.



The stranger came up to the iron grill with a song on his lips and a smile in his eyes. Reaching through the bars, he caught at Gloria's hand, and she felt the warmth of his kiss upon her fingers

Thank You

[Continued from page 39]

and was considered a smart place to go. Lois heated olive oil on the gas range, and stirred it thoughtfully. "Don't bother about dinner, Etta," she said. "Mother's going out and I'll cook something for myself." She went upstairs with the hot oil and applied it deftly to Eugenia's white scalp.

"I don't need a retouch yet, do I?" her mother asked anxiously.

No, mother." Lois wrapped steaming towels about the dark head, then removed them, applied other steamy towels, dipped her fingers in melted fragrant soap and rubbed scalp and hair gently into a white frothy mass. The soap worked away she set the dark cap skillfully in waves with her fingers and coaxed it down.

What I wanted to say to you mother, was—

Be doing my nails while you're waiting, Lois."

It's this. I've figured everything out, and—

Eugenia had been rubbing her fingers experimentally together. "Is that a hang nail, dear?" she asked. "Look. No, this isn't."

It's all right. I mean I'll fix it. About this course at the university—

Not too short—

I won't. What do you think, mother? I'd need nicely any clothes—

Gracious!" Pinned down, Eugenia stirred restively. "You haven't still got that crazy idea in your head, have you, Lois?"

But I have." Lois stopped filing and leaned forward. "Call it a loan."

he urged in a small dry voice. "And I could find some work to do, probably. Lots of girls do."

"Common girls from farms," her mother said crossly. "I won't have it."

There won't be anything for me to do here." Her voice went treacherously lower and drier.

Eugenia looked at the polished nails of one hand intently. "You know I can't afford it, Lois. Let's hear no more about it. Why—" she achieved a laugh—"you speak of a medical education as though it were a new frock."

"I could study bacteriology, if you couldn't afford medicine. Mother—"

"Please, please." Her mother's shining and scented head fell back wearily. "Why must you worry me so about things? You know I want to be fresh for tonight."

Newton Burgess came back next day, his two white legs making him a conspicuous figure on the upper beach. "You're at Yale, aren't you?" She came out of one of her moody silences to ask him this. "Studying what?" She dug with her fingers in the sand.

"ENGINEERING." His eyes were skirting the water shrinkingly. "Do we jump today?"

No." She had a moment of faint compunction. "We'll be more civilized today. I'm sorry for what I did to you yesterday. I'm afraid I was taking something out on you."

"Maybe it was the best way." His shrinking abated a little and he managed a laugh.

"Anything will seem easy to me after that. And I'm for you now. I know you may kill me other ways, but at least you won't let me drown." He turned the under side of his arm, on which discolored small teeth marks appeared. "Where do you go to school?" he asked in turn.

"Nowhere," she said dully. "At least nowhere, after this. I'm ready for college but my mother— Come on—" She jumped to her feet. "Follow me out."



While her mother played the gracious hostess, Lois sat at a distance, and sulked

She swam swiftly and he followed falteringly on foot until the water had crept to his shoulders. For an hour she grappled with his nervousness and at the end of that time he was able to inhale through his mouth, lower himself until his head was submerged, and exhale under water. It was hard going. They rested for a time on the beach and Lois let sand trickle through her thin brown fingers and watched the sun on the bay. She seemed to forget her pupil completely.

"HOW much does a year at a university cost?" she asked once.

"Not much," he said carelessly. "Some fellows do it on a couple of thousand."

She discounted that. Newton Burgess wouldn't know the poor man's university.

"I'd scrub," she thought, her hands clenching. "I'd wash dishes. I'd wash clothes, if mother would help me," she thought.

"What's the matter?" The Burgess boy looked up.

"Nothing. People are the way they are, aren't they?"

"I suppose so. Are we going in again?"

"Yes." She watched his shrinking start up again. "I want to see if you can open your eyes under water and find these rubber rings I brought."

He forced himself valiantly and by dint of much groping on the sandy bottom of the bay and much choking on the surface of the water was able, finally, to retrieve one ring.

"That's enough for today," she decided, looking at his blue lips. She was tired and

accepted his offer of a ride home, tucking herself down in a corner of the expensive car and staring somberly ahead. She rather hoped her mother wouldn't see Newton Burgess bring her home, but— "Who was that, Lois?"—Eugenia met her in the hall, her late afternoon languor completely dissipated and her eyes alert.

"Newton Burgess." Lois took refuge in her room, but her mother followed. "Newton Burgess!" she repeated, her eyebrows up. "Not Penelope's brother?"

"Yes."

"But I didn't know you knew him."

"We've been swimming together a couple of times, Mother," Lois reported reluctantly. There was no mistaking the pleased gleam in Eugenia's eyes.

"Well," Eugenia laughed. "she's cagey about her little affair, isn't she?"

"It isn't an affair," the girl explained patiently. "He just happened to bring me home. He goes to Yale. Mother—" she turned with a sudden unwanted rush of feeling—"did you mean what you said yesterday. Is it true you don't mean me to go—"

"Gracious, that again—" Her mother stood up.

"Yes. Won't you even let me show you how cheaply I could—"

"It's just impossible, and please don't bring the subject up again, dear. Run down before you dress—" she turned at the door—"and tell Etta we'll eat at six. Captain Devlin is coming tonight. I'm afraid

you'll have to reset my hair, too. It doesn't seem to stay in an hour, this hot weather."

She went out, absorbed now in Captain Devlin's coming, preparing to plunge into the hours of fussing designed to transform her into that pink and white and girlish vision which greeted her evening callers.

Lois knew that she had been living all summer on hope. There wasn't any forgetfulness, excepting in swimming far out on the golden water on sunny days, or in beating herself into its leaden expanse when cloudy weather came. She would return from one of her long bouts with the water to find Newton Burgess, his too white legs and arms beginning to take on a light coating of tan now, waiting for her.

SURPRISED to see how his confidence grew under her steady coaching, and to what lengths he could force himself under the whip of that challenging scorn in her eyes, he'd thrown himself into the fight against this particular one of his fears bone, brawn and muscle. He wanted to devote to it every waking moment. At the end of a week he could float, after two weeks he was diving for objects in shallow water and making some headway with a back stroke. It wasn't much, but Lois was satisfied. She knew the paralyzing terror which still gripped him when he stepped into water, understood the fearful stiffening of his body they had to combat at every step. Fighting with him was one time when she escaped from thinking of the winter. "We've only



*Beauty of
ivory skin
and amber eyes*

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Six evening gowns were in the young bride's trousseau. This is soft amber satin.



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four weeks more," he said one day. "In four weeks I've got to go back to school. I wish I could really swim then." He raised himself out of his hollow in the sand to survey her in hers. "You aren't listening to me, are you?"

"Yes, I'm listening." Her lashes, flat on her cheeks, didn't move.

"It'll be my third year," he said. "I'll swim into some tough going."

"You'll make out all right." Still her eyes remained closed.

"You're a funny one." He lay back again in his hollow and gave over the attempt at stirring up some compassion for the hardships he would have to go through next school term. He'd, in like manner, given up successive attempts at light flirtation.

AFTER all, she was a girl and only a year or two younger than he. Perhaps she was too young. Impossible to think that she just wasn't interested in him except as a swimming pupil. Only once had he aroused her interest to a sudden fire. "I'm glad biology is off the slate—" he shuddered— "getting up preserved cats and rabbits and so on. I was half sick every lab' period." She plied him fiercely with questions then.

"You ought to be a doctor," he suggested. A surgeon.

She got up hastily then and went into the water. He waited a long time for her, but she swam out and out and was finally lost to his sight. He went home finally.

"You came home alone, didn't you?" Eugenia proved that she had made a practice of watching for the approach of the Burgess car. "Wasn't young Burgess in the water today?"

"I swam away out and he didn't wait for me," Lois explained.

After a month of as hard work as Lois ever remembered, Newton Burgess was able to swim twenty strokes, rhythmically, his breathing perfectly timed. After that she added five strokes to his stint every day and began edging him out into deeper water, swimming at his side.

"It seems to me I still hate it as much as ever," he told her one day, rubbing the water from his arms and legs. "but once in a while when I can't get down here I miss it like the deuce. Is that a good sign?"

"Yes." She was in her usual position, face up to the sun, eyes closed. "You'll find that after you've got ahead of this fear the others will be easier. If the summer were longer I'd teach you to dive."

If the summer were longer, she thought, a miracle might happen and she might get to go to school. But the summer was too short. It was the first of September and in ten days the youth of Bay Point would begin its annual exodus.

"Shall we take a ride along the shore road before we go home?" he suggested and she agreed, slumping down in the leather seat of his roadster. "I don't mind driving slow with you," he said. "You know what a coward I am. Not listening, are you?"

"Yes."

He tried to tell her, between nervous puffs of a cigarette, how grateful he was. "It must not have been any fun for you, tugging away all those long afternoons."

"I couldn't have given up, after I'd started," she said, frowning. "Tomorrow I'm going to sit on the sand and watch you swim out as far as you can, and back."

"Alone?" He fingered his cigarette more nervously. He hadn't as yet ventured into deep water without her.

EUGENIA, dressed for guests, was doing something to a rose bush on the side lawn. Lois understood when the car stopped and she saw her mother coming toward them. "This is Mr. Burgess—my mother"—he said, and, "Ask Mr. Burgess to stay to

tea, dear," Eugenia suggested sweetly. "Etta is just ready to serve."

"Won't you?" Lois asked and. "Thanks"—He'd accepted and was following them in.

Lois slipped upstairs to dress. She knew that something like the orange silk, made over from one of Eugenia's last summer frocks, was required for the occasion and she put it on, grimacing slightly. Lois knew her mother perfectly.

They sat among Eugenia's modernistic furniture in the sun room and young Burgess consumed great quantities of tea and sandwiches. He found himself completely at ease with Lois' mother. She had that flattering quality of attention which drew a fellow out and made the least thing he said seem clever and important. He didn't mind Lois' silence at all. He was used to that.

The girl drank her hot, unsweetened beverage and only half listened to their talk. This was just one of the ordeals her mother arranged and which had to be lived through, like the year at St. Glades, the sojourns at expensive resorts. There was even something humorous in the occasion, if her mother thought that Newton Burgess had ever had a moment's sentimental interest in her. A hard amusement came into her eyes as she watched Eugenia. Perhaps he would tell her about the swimming lessons. But no, he didn't. Her daughter's diving ought to qualify her for competition in the Olympic games, he told Mrs. Page. Lois' attention wandered again, until a sentence of his brought her up sharply.

"Yes," he said. "I have been at Yale. Finished two years there, but I've persuaded dad to let me go to the state university this year."

Her mother looked startled. "To Northport?" she asked.

"YES. Dad wanted me to finish at Yale. But I'm tired of it, and I can get just what I want at the state." He didn't tell her that a certain faction at Yale had discovered in him that which he called his yellowness, and that he thought he would be more comfortable at the state university.

Lois' attention wandered again then. She always left the social honors to her mother. Her laugh burst out once, a startled spurt of it, when Newton was leaving. "I feel so much better to know that Lois is swimming with you," her mother said to him. "I'm always afraid she will over-estimate her strength." Burgess had laughed, too, and colored, but said nothing.

Lois was pressing some of Eugenia's things in the kitchen next morning when Etta came down with her mother's breakfast tray. "Yo' maw wants to see you about something," Etta reported. Lois finished setting pleats in the white silk skirt she was refurbishing and went slowly up the stairs, bearing an armful of the older woman's fragile summer things. She put them away and Eugenia remained hidden behind the small weekly social sheet of Bay Point.

"Etta said you wanted to see me." Lois looked not at her mother but out of the window.

"It occurs to me—" her mother propped herself up on her cushions—"you may as well go up to Northport as not, Lois."

"To school—" The match wavered in the girl's hand.

"Yes, of course. I did some figuring last night after we came home, and I think I'll be able to manage it."

"Mother—Oh, Mother—" It was a strangled, small sound.

"We'll have to be careful, of course. How long until classes begin?"

"Just a little more than a week. I—" That fatal dryness was in her throat. "I—"

"WHAT I want you to do this morning—" Eugenia was suddenly business-

like—"is go over my clothes. There may be a few things you can alter to fit you. There's an orchid chiffon evening dress—"

"But mother, I won't be needing an evening dress—" Her hand was trembling on fragile materials. A small girl radiance had broken over her brown thin face, transforming it. "I'll scarcely need any clothes at all, mother. I'll—"

"Nonsense," Eugenia said impatiently. "Newton Burgess will belong to the best clubs. Find that white velvet I bought for evening last winter. I didn't wear it more than three times. See—you can take it in at the sides, and the length will be just right. There are a couple of dark blues, too."

Lois' thoughts were swirling around some shining center radiance, her thin burnt hands trembled on white velvet, on orchid chiffon, on the soft silks and laces of Eugenia's lingerie.

BURGESS had barely strength enough to get to her, there on the sand.

"How did I do?" He was finally able to subdue the shivering of his lips. He'd had his solo swim.

She was frowning, clasping her knees, staring inexorably ahead. "How did you do?" she asked.

"Rotten," he confessed. "I was scared."

"Yes, you were scared. You lost your rhythm; you got mixed up in your breathing; you made four strokes do the work of one—but, you got out and back, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"All right. Do it again." She lay back on the sand and closed her eyes. "Oh—" she opened them after a moment to reassure him. "I'll be watching. Just raise your right hand once and I'll be out."

He didn't look at her this time but went down draggily to the water. He went out a little farther this time and. "Fine," she applauded the effort. He had neither breath nor strength for words, but there was a wavering light of triumph in his eye. "I'm getting it," he exulted, flinging himself again to the sand. "I'm getting ahead of it!" There was a long silence. "Look here—" He turned to her, suddenly serious. "There's only one thing I want to say to you, when I think of this summer, and that's 'Thank you.' See—" he caught her hand—"thank you—that's all."

"Thank you," she said enigmatically, reversing the inflection. She threw her head back then and began to laugh, a glad, free burst of laughter that spilled happiness over the beach.

"Say—" He was surprised, intrigued, and moved to get nearer the warm center of that happiness. "I'll want to see more of you, you know. I mean, I don't want it to be the end, this summer—"

She turned her face to him and it was lighted from within by that warm radiance.

"You're—you're pretty," he stammered. "I will see more of you, won't I?"

"Perhaps." Guile was born in her. "My mother has decided to let me go to Northport and if there's a pool there I'll teach you to dive. Shall I? Life saving—would you like to learn that? Riding? I rode when I was six."

"Riding?" He frowned, then caught her eye and straightened. "All right," he said.

There would be other summers, other term openings at the state university. Lois patted the surface of the sand where it was hot and dry. She'd write letters home to Eugenia.

"Everything is going nicely now," she'd write. "I persuaded them to let me take an extra bacteriology elective. I was riding yesterday with Newton Burgess."

Eugenia, who couldn't afford university fees, would order for her a new tailored-to-measure riding habit.

"daring"

so says FASHION of correct ROUGE USE

all the more reason, then, for
Princess Pat's subtly flattering
check color

Fifth Avenue now calls timid, sparing use of rouge, "quaint." But Fifth Avenue is merely an echo. Women everywhere have long expressed their preference for vibrant cheek color. The urge within them for vivid, sparkling beauty will not be denied. Actually women today want more than natural beauty.

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You simply cannot find the essential glow, the intense, vivid beauty of the new fashion in the heavily pigmented, dense rouges. They were made for sparing use. If you employ such rouges to achieve high color, the effect is unsatisfactory. It is crude—not daring. It gives merely an "unbecoming" spot of color, lacking artistry and beauty. No amount of skill can overcome this defect.

Thus has Fifth Avenue abandoned old-fashioned rouge—selecting Princess Pat rouge to achieve daring color that needs no apology—that secures to every woman the delicious thrill of self-expression and wondrous new beauty.

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Actually, Princess Pat created and established this "daring" use of rouge . . .

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which now is fashion's dictum *everywhere*. Princess Pat anticipated—knew that brilliancy of costuming would make old-fashioned rouge insipid or brazen. Women would not want to "paint" their cheeks in the new era of frank expression of their charms. So an entirely new kind of rouge was perfected . . . rouge giving color that has all the marvelous glow of life and youthful dash which Fashion has decreed.

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A House Needs a Husband

[Continued from page 26]

Mr. Smith met her in the bright blue car. The sun shone fair, and all the hill was green and gold with summer. Mr. Smith stood up at the gate and made a great bustle of unloading boxes and bags and putting them in the right places, while Anne subsided on the back steps, limp with happiness. She couldn't talk; she could only feel. And when Mr. Smith came out and asked whether she had ordered any ice or groceries for over Sunday, she could only shake her head at him in blissful inertia.

IN A moment he was busy with a note-book. "I'll send up an iceman and some things to eat from the village," he promised. "Leave the order now as I go down the hill. I hate to hurry off like this, but I've got to meet a prospect on the three-thirty." He looked at his watch twice in quick succession. "You won't be lonesome, will you? I'll send up everything."

And he was gone.

It was heavenly, being all alone with it. The sun shone hot. Heat-haze drifted in long veils above the river. The hollyhocks were going to seed. Katydid scraped their tiny fiddles in the long grass. Peace—time—endless time—not a subway to catch—not a street-car nor a fire-engine passing. Just August sunshine and the world all yours.

It was only the sun—which grew hotter as the afternoon stole by—that ever moved Anne from the steps. She strayed into the cool shade of the little house and looked about her with the air of a queen.

The little parlor with its wide brick hearth—a bright bronze square above the mantel where Maria's crayon enlargement had once hung. A bright square on the threadbare carpet where the marble-top table had once stood. Against the inside wall another bright oblong where the organ had spent its life. Bereft of their presence the room was charming. That one tiny table was perfect, with the funny little chair pulled out beside the fireplace—and as soon as Anne's fat little coffee set was on it.

Frantically she jerked the two pieces into position and then tore out to the kitchen for her box. The coffee set was in it. She could have it unpacked and in place in three minutes. Actually it was only two. She stood and looked at it in sheer beaming happiness.

She rushed upstairs and hung guest towels in the bathroom. Rushed down to try her lovely square of old brocade on the unfaded wall. Rushed to unpack her treasured blue bowl and fill it with a tangle of pink and lavender cosmos for the middle shelf of the what-not. Her best blue teacloth went on the bare old table, with an old tall goblet of pink roses in the center.

Three bedrooms upstairs. She tried them all, and immediately chose the smallest, with the sloping roof, because its gabled windows looked straight out over the blue river. "I can see it even when I sleep," she thought happily.

IT WAS just a little unfortunate that they all three happened in on the first evening. It did not seem unfortunate in the beginning, but in the beginning Anne had not the least idea that they were all coming. Mr. Smith came first, just to make sure that the groceries had come—and the iceman. And as he hadn't thought to order matches, he went right back for them in his car, leaving Anne his own pack to start supper. There was no telephone yet—although it had been promised two weeks ago—and besides, Anne hadn't really thought of eating, until Mr.

Smith's coming made her investigate the groceries.

She started in happily to make a cheese omelet—and tea—and when Mr. Smith came back, she could no less than ask him to supper. He had had his supper, but he would have a cup of tea, he said—and some of the cheese omelet, he said later—and just one small piece of toast—and some strawberry jam—and one of those cookies—and shouldn't he make some coffee?

It was all perfectly natural—and Anne really couldn't have done anything else—but it was unfortunate when Walter and Tom walked in unannounced—there being no telephone—that she and Mr. Smith were sitting at supper together looking positively domestic—she thought bitterly.

Anne had never mentioned Mr. Smith in telling about the house. She had said she



bought it through a real estate agent, and Tom, who had once gone house-hunting with her—and a real estate man with one eye—had held the picture as the universal type for real estate men. He was far from suspecting that this fresh young stranger in the extremely good clothes was another of the same.

SOON Walter, who never really liked any one to get ahead of him, and Mr. Smith were hard at it, suggesting improvements and bragging about just what they could do to this house if Anne would only have the hammer and nails and a few bits of board ready the next time they came.

It sounded to Anne as if she might get a good deal of work done about the house, if only their rivalry continued. But finally, when they began elaborating on the exact technique for putting in base plugs, and how many taps of a hammer ought to drive a nail, she slipped out to the kitchen.

Tom found her on the cellar door. The warm, friendly dusk lay thick about them. Katydid still sang in the silent night. Stars beamed gently, and wind rustled the leaves of the tulip tree with a sound like little raindrops falling. The old house was warm and comforting at her back. Tom was comforting at her side, and they sat in silent contentment until the scraping of chairs and a sound of footsteps warned them that the duet was over, and a change of scene was in prospect for some one.

Mr. Smith was leaving. Anne found, when

she went in, blinking at the light. He had a big day tomorrow, he apologized. His farewell was friendly. Had he always been as friendly as this? Anne wondered.

He swung out of the door and into the car, and Anne was left with Tom and Walter, to explain—if she could—everything.

"Isn't Mr. Smith nice!" she testified conscientiously, wanting all the while to wring his neck. "He has been so kind to me all along. He is the real estate man from whom I bought the place."

Walter looked at her. He did no more. Anne knew that he was thinking that Mr. Smith was also the reason why she had bought the place. For his glance at the deficiencies of the house was eloquent.

"Nice chap!" agreed Tom—good old Tom! "His coffee was a life-saver after climbing that hill. . . . Wish I could cook—or nail things. Twenty-one years in an apartment don't fit a man for housework."

"You ought to be able to paint," insinuated Anne hopefully. "I should certainly think that a man who can paint a picture could paint woodwork. The house is full of it—all brown—and I want it all, every bit of it, white."

"Why, I guess I could," brightened Tom.

Walter became his most superior self again. "Well, you may find that painting woodwork isn't so easy," he discouraged. "There's quite a knack to painting woodwork. Perhaps I can give you a start."

"All advice thankfully received," said Tom, and for a wonder meant it.

"We'll have to stop or we'll miss that train," said Walter, who was always on time as well as right.

So they stepped, and Anne was left alone with her house and the summer night.

For a moment she sank into the sunken old rocker at her window and looked out on her garden in the moonlight, on the old apple-tree that would be a bouquet of pink and white in spring. And then, all of a sudden the first warning came to Anne with a shock. She wanted some one to show it to—some one to adore it with her—some one to praise and exclaim and criticize and play with.

Not once, in her years in a crowded city had Anne been lonely. Now, safe in her own home, she suddenly realized that a house needs more than one person—and that the person her house needed was a man—to saw the dead limbs off the apple-tree, to nail up her square of brocade where she had pinned it, to take up the parlor carpet, and nail the shingles on the woodshed, and prop up the porch, and polish the sixteen-inch boards which Mr. Barnes had told her were under the parlor carpet—

"I bet you I get married," she thought with horrified decision. "I bet you I do."

ANNE thought she managed very cleverly for the next Sunday. She specifically invited Walter to come up for the Sunday after next; then Friday, after the office, she and Tom went shopping happily for brushes and white enamel—dollars and dollars they spent in an orgy of enthusiasm.

Tom brought it all up with him by the first train Sunday morning, and they had breakfast together on the back steps, with the courses set out in order from top to bottom. Grapefruit first—broiled ham and creamed potatoes and cornbread in covered dishes on the second—and coffee on the third—while they sat on the lowest step with their feet in the pansy bed, and the blue sky beamed down.

Never was there such a day, never such food. Full of energy—and ham—they went busily

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off with oysters and steak from the market, and caught the five fifteen. But even that was no use. Walter came drifting in blandly before dinner was half ready, with a vague remark that he had expected to find Anne alone so they could have a good, long talk together.

Tom didn't seem to mind—but Anne did—and she wished Tom wouldn't be so meek about it all. She took her revenge by fussing over him with a thousand pestering little attentions—hoping Walter would be discouraged thereby.

THE next day was Saturday—and Walter came!

Walter never came on Saturday afternoons. They were devoted to cultivating the odds and ends of outside practice which were finally to release him from the grind at the office. Walter would never squander a sacred Saturday without a worthy object—and with a dreadful sinking at the heart Anne realized that she was it.

Three times, while she was getting supper, she tiptoed back to peep at Walter, where he sat in the best chair in front of the fireplace, his legs stretched out to the coals, his shining watch-chain like a streak of prosperity across his neat vest. On his face still lurked that smug look of one who has a pretty secret, and is just delightedly choosing the most exquisite words for telling it.

Anne gave up hope. He was surely going to tell it. She was so certain of it that she hurried back and threw the popovers she had been mixing into the sink, and then substituted muffins. They could be warmed over in case of a delay just while they were being served.

But Anne was too impulsive. And Walter was not. He knew the value of a meal just at the peak of perfection. Supper passed in a pleasant haze of baked ham and pineapple, fluffy muffins, melting butter, spiced peaches, and perfect coffee. The little table drawn up by the bright coals was an irresistible invitation to domesticity, but Walter waited. Waited until the dishes were whisked away, and the little table was folded and restored to its kennel under the stairs, and Anne was curled up on her big cushion on the hearth opposite him.

AT LAST Walter cleared his throat. Walter pulled down his vest. Walter arranged his hands. Anne could just see him doing it to a jury. Well, why not. If she was a jury, she would probably be impressed. But she wasn't a jury.

Walter began in a calm voice, a casual voice—a voice too flat to be natural. Anne's fingertips grew cold and damp. She had never had a proposal. She had thought it would be tragic—tragic but romantic. Instead she felt just as she did when the dentist was drilling near a nerve. An exquisite discomfort pervaded her very soul.

"A hearth fire is the ideal place for confidences," stated Walter. "And I have a confidence to make to you tonight, Anne."

That much he had written out and rehearsed, Anne realized. Would it all be like a speech? she wondered. She could not look at him, but the softness of her profile in the firelight was a temptation to continue.

"I have not lived my life without a plan," orated Walter. "Always I have seen in the future—a home—a wife—perhaps, some day—kiddies—kiddies of our own."

This was terrible, thought Anne. What on earth could she do? In her worst horrors she had never imagined anything so terrible as this.

"But I am an honest man," declaimed Walter. "I know what is due a woman who blindly entrusts her future—and the future of her kiddies—to the strength of a man's endeavors. And I had carefully set a mark at which marriage would be financially safe. A mark after which I could go to any man

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and ask for his daughter with integrity, saying, 'Here are my advantages, here are my disadvantages. This is the provision I can make for a wife—not luxurious perhaps, but firm-founded. And my prospects—as nearly as the laws of chance can be calculated—are thus and so.'

The tide of Walter's eloquence flowed irresistibly on. "Would it never turn?" thought Anne.

"This, I say, was my settled purpose. I thought nothing could sway me from it. But you, Anne, have changed my mind."

Anne's look was horrified—but Walter did not see it. He was caught in the rushing current of his own oration. Soon he would be sunk. Anne put out a hand to stop him, but he waved her aside, and something Hazel's grandmother had told them long ago came to her mind at that moment, when she needed it most.

"Never refuse a proposal until you've got it, dearies," the old lady used to tell them.

"I have seen," perorated Walter, "how much happiness you have found even in this little home. I have experienced, myself, the simple, elemental joy in improving, repairing, decorating. It has been a vicarious joy, it is true, but I have learned from it how much pleasure I should feel in caring for my own house with my own hands."

"I have also kept careful accounts, and I see the old aphorism that two can live as cheap as one is more nearly true than I had thought. Two can live for about once and a half times the cost of one, and with infinitely more comfort. The advantages of home cooking, of shirts done exactly as one prefers them, of socks darned and buttons replaced—not to speak of the value of wifely devotion—are surely worth the slightly increased cost they would demand."

Anne's eye began to blaze. Of all the conceit! Stop him now? Never! Let him sink. She might even push him under, herself.

"With all this in mind, I have decided to delay marriage no longer—and it is you, Anne, who has made this radical change in my plans."

"I do not know whether I have ever told you—I am not by nature very communicative on my private affairs—that for some years, now, I have had an understanding with a young girl in my home town. She is the only daughter of Judge Ralston—beautiful, talented, a social star in every respect."

"I think the time has come to put an end to her waiting—and our happiness is all due to you, Anne. I wanted you to be the first to know—I shall write the good news to Helen, herself, tomorrow."

Anne turned red, turned white. She gasped and rose to shake hands with Walter.

"**YOU'LL** always be our friend, Anne," he promised benevolently. "Our very best friend. I am sure I can speak for Helen as well as for myself. Oh, I've written Helen a great deal about you. There's nothing like the friendship of a good woman for a fellow alone in the city. Keeps him out of temptation, you know, and all that."

"And you've been one of the finest, Anne. I've always written of you that way to Helen. 'The best friend a man ever had.' I told her. And it was true."

"The best friend a man ever had," he repeated solemnly when he took his leave. It was a benediction.

The wind must have caught the door. It slammed. Anne stood leaning against it, her under lip tight under her teeth.

"The idiot!" she said viciously. "I hate him!"

And then, suddenly, she found that she was crying. Damply she turned off lights and banked fires and went upstairs to the comfort of her own room. Outside, braving the rain, the little pine tree Tom had planted for her stood staunch in its place. It would always be there.

A smile broke through. So would Tom

always be there. She said herself to sleep with a little refrain.

"Tomorrow, Tom will be here—tomorrow—tomorrow."

IT WAS still raining Sunday morning, but Anne scattered sunshine through the house for Tom. November dripped down in an icy deluge that froze and glittered on the pickets and dangled in icicles from the rose-bushes. But Anne did not even feel it. She was lighting a blazing fire, and placing a bowl of the last gold chrysanthemums on each of the four window-sills. She wore her best new blue and white frock, and matched it with a blue and white tablecloth.

Tom usually came on the eleven-thirty-six, but the taxis labored up the hill in a slipping stream and slid gracefully back. Anne looked and looked, her nose flattened against the front window, but it was no use. He must have missed the train. No chance now until the twelve-forty-five.

Anne gave everything another twitch, poked all the pillows, and banked the fire. Nothing to do but sit down and admire her new blue shoes, which just exactly matched the blue in her dress and her own blue eyes.

Twelve-forty-five at last. Taxis up, taxis down—a curl of dark smoke streaking the river's gray far below—no Tom. No Tom on the two-sixteen—no Tom on the three-forty-five. No Tom on the five-seventeen—no Tom on the seven-fifty-three. Anne was boiling with impatience. Just like Tom—missing all those trains—just like him, the big, stupid, lazy thing!—while she slaved all day to get his dinner. She flounced out to the kitchen and glared at the chicken reproachfully, snatched off the napkin and frowned at the cake.

At ten o'clock the ghastly fear that she had been refusing to look at all day turned into a sickening certainty. Tom was not coming. Probably had never meant to come.

How could you tell about men? Never was she surer of any one than of Walter. And there all the time he was using her as a pleasant magazine to beguile the tedium of the journey to his Helen. Perhaps Tom also had a Helen. Probably he was writing to her, today.

At least he might have said he wasn't coming. But then he hadn't said he was coming. She had merely taken it for granted. Still, if a man comes every Sunday for three months isn't it reasonable to expect him the next Sunday? Reasonable, yes, but not masculine. You couldn't tell anything about men.

Anne looked around, and the house no longer smiled. It seemed somehow to resemble the hotel room she had left behind her in the city. Empty and cold and forbidding.

Well, it was all she had. The house, at least, had never forsaken her. It had always been there every Sunday. It always would. She could depend upon it. She would never trust any man again. She would just live for her house. And she might possibly buy some new furniture to fill the gaps the three seemed to have left by their departure.

Caught by the idea, Anne began to ponder—to take the place of Mr. Smith . . . a clock, a nice, trim, golden, shiny clock, that ticked off the minutes with assurance and gusto. To take the place of Walter—a large, stately, solid-mahogany bookcase stuffed full of books of information about everything. For Tom—to take the place of Tom—a large friendly sofa, with big, comforting arms.

Anne put her head down on her knees and cried the blue-and-white frock limp.

IF IT killed her, Anne swore to herself, she would not let Tom know she minded. She would be fresh and frivolous. She would hint at another man. She would be sweet—she must be careful not to be too sweet—and she would just quietly and elusively never see him again.

She fixed her face carefully before she went into the office—a bright, bright smile and two happy eyes. She sickened at herself even as she smirked her way down the long room.

Suddenly she stopped still. Tom's desk was vacant. Clean and clear of picture and lay-outs. No smelly pipe balanced on the extreme corner. No hat and big coat hanging on the tree.

"Where's Tom?" Anne heard herself asking terribly, dramatically, through a determination not to say one single word.

"Oh, didn't you know?" said Miss Beeson. He's home sick—threatened with pneumonia, I believe Walter said."

Walter—Anne flew to the little mahogany sanctum of the legal department.

"What's the matter with Tom?" she burst out. "When did you hear from him?"

Walter's smug face changed to an unaccustomed expression of self-reproach. "Oh, I say! Tom sent you a message yesterday. I forgot."

"How is he now?" demanded Anne. "Is he very sick? What did he say?"

"Why, he didn't come in Saturday morning," reflected Walter. "And I stopped to return an umbrella, and he couldn't speak above a whisper. I made him call a doctor, and he was ordered to stay in bed or he would have pneumonia. He told me to tell you he couldn't come Sunday—but my mind was too taken up with romance—" He smiled and dismissed the subject. "I have her picture in the back of my watch. Did I ever show it to you?"

She turned and ran to the elevator, was out on the street and hailing a taxi in a moment that seemed an hour to her.

"Nineteen more blocks—eighteen more blocks—seventeen more blocks—" she counted through her prayers. Traffic—The green light—slippery car-tracks—traffic. Green light again five more blocks—an eternal red light—left turn—around the corner—turn again—stop.

She threw the driver the dollar bill she had been fluting in her fingers ever since they started—tore up the steps—leaned on the bell—burst through the clicking door and dived up the stairs in a panting rush. One flight—two—and—and Tom stood at the top in old brown bathrobe, his hair mussed, his eyes red, a disreputable bandage around his neck riding clear to his ear on one side.

"Tom!" Anne got out. "You haven't got pneumonia? I was scared to death!"

SHE held on to one of those big, comforting arms, which shoved her gently into the little living-room.

"You're sure you're all right?" she insisted. "Oughtn't you to be in bed?"

"Nonsense!" said Tom in a horrible hoarse whisper. "I'm all right. Just got a cold. Can't talk."

"I thought the house had killed you," said Anne with dreadful calmness. "I thought you got pneumonia nailing on the roof in the rain. I was going to burn it down—give it away—never see it again. Oh, Tom!"

"If you like me better than the house, there must be hope," reasoned Tom, his arms about her. "How about it, Anne? Let's get married!"

A little smile kept twitching Anne's lips and the corners of her eyes. "Well, the house needs a husband," she tried to say demurely.

"Darn the house!" said Tom in a husky croak. "Anne—Anne!"

"And I guess I do, too," she admitted.

Her head went down on the brown bathrobe shoulder. It was just as comforting as she had always thought it would be.

Home wasn't a house after all, she thought. It was a place in some one's heart.

Again . . . she didn't feel like going out

ONCE she had been a companion to her husband in everything. But now she was finding it impossible to be the comrade she used to be. He could not understand why. Neither could she.

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To Go or Not To Go—To College

GIRLS, GO TO COLLEGE!

[Continued from page 56]

her to use those aptitudes—and it may help her discover ones of which she was ignorant. If she has a "bent," college will find it for her. If she has not—no college will ever create it in her.

The important thing is not the things you learn in four years: it is the fact that you have four years' practice in learning things. Four years' practice in disciplining your mind, in practicing concentration, comprehension, deduction—and so on. A girl who has spent four years exercising her mind—especially four of those young, infinitely acquisitive, keen years at the college time of life—is fitted all her days to exercise her mind with more snap and more efficiency thereby. Because she has grown used to learning things, to thinking things out, she can learn all things more quickly, more accurately, and think them through to clearer, more logical conclusions.

It is exactly as if you wished to teach some one to play tennis. Certainly a person who swam, who took gymnasium work, or danced—would learn more quickly, and play a better game of tennis, than some one who never took any exercise of any kind.

Exactly thus the mind works. You can learn filing better if you have learned French—or algebra—or chemistry. You can learn filing better if you have learned *anything* before it. And somehow, too, every bit of knowledge will be useful to you sometime.

THERE is no reason in the world why a girl cannot fill the gaps in her education by studying all the subjects she would have taken in college. Except that business is a demanding affair, and few people have the physical strength and the stirring ambition to pursue a definite course of study in their evening hours. And half the gain—as I said before—is not in the THINGS learned, but in the practice of LEARNING things. You may read every book required in the English course—but unless you accustom yourself to reading with concentration, under discipline, regularly, and forcing yourself to think of what you read, to judge it critically, and know the reasons for your judgment, you will not get out of those same books what you would if you had read them in college.

And here, too, is one of the greatest of all benefits of college. In college you may develop a taste for mental effort which rarely comes in high school. In the smaller classes, with more personal contact with instructors, and more intense atmosphere of college life, you are apt to acquire a real enthusiasm for working your mind—just as people crave physical effort and pine when it is denied them. If this comes to you, business will be a different affair from the dull task so many find it. It will be a game, a matching of wits, a scoring of perfect answers, much like the old college attempt to answer any question the professor can ask you. And as such its successes will be more personal, and its mistakes less important. For if there is one thing we learn in college, it is that today is just one day. And if we failed completely in it, tomorrow we have another chance and may that day make a perfect score.

DON'T GO TO COLLEGE!

[Continued from page 57]

preparation is often so impractical that it must be discounted. Half of the things that she learns must be unlearned.

Second, her academic standing is apt to create for her ideas that are far too high—ideas, I may say, without wanting to seem unkind—of her own importance. She does not want to learn the rules of every-day existence, as it is carried on in a shop or an office, from the beginning. She—as one college girl said to me—wants to start in as assistant to the president, or head of a department. This is a definite handicap—it means rebuilding a whole scale of things.

THIRD, and last, is the important fact that the college girl, for four years, belongs to a group and does group thinking. She does not plan for the emergency—she follows a trail that has been blazed by a long procession of other college girls. Her imaginative faculties, therefore, and her ability to meet the emergencies that are a part of every job, are dulled. In business there are so few rules that can be followed without recourse to these three C's—concession, change and compromise! But the college girl is trained—by numerous professors, during four whole years—to think and plan by infallible rules.

This, of course, is a foolish comparison. Perhaps. But my cook, who can spell only the simplest words, can fry a chicken and bake a pie that would beggar description. If Susie walked up to the pearly gates with a chocolate cake in her hand, St. Peter wouldn't pause to ask questions. She cooks divinely.

Susie, you see, started cooking young—creating her own rules; whereas the domestic science graduate began later—and cooked according to preconceived rules.

A foolish comparison, of course! But I think you get my idea.

The contacts, you say, that the college girl makes? But, of course, they are important. Important to her in a business way, as well as socially. Almost as important as the contacts that the average girl makes, in the average highly commercial organization! The contacts that the college girl makes—with this millionaire's daughter, or that politician's niece—may get her past the office boy. May, in fact, win a job for her. But a job acquired in this manner, isn't bound to be a success. In the average business, friendship ceases to be an important factor at that moment when efficiency begins.

The contacts, on the other hand, of the girl who has not been to college? They are usually contacts for which she has to fight—using all the weapons of innate cleverness and intuition that she possesses. They are im-

portant because they, each one, spell victory.

The vice-president of a great railroad said to me, the other day, that he never hired college girls—if he could help it.

"They're more interested in educating me," he said plaintively, "than in holding down their jobs. Maybe I need educating—but I'm too busy during working hours to take on a postgraduate course!"

I've heard other important men say the same thing about college graduates.

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The Loyal Lover

[Continued from page 23]

"It happens to us all, you know, my dear. But come he slow or come he fast It is but death that comes at last!"

Somehow she had thought he would be different. But he was quoting his gentle tags of poetry about dying, just as he had been quoting them about the garden two days before.

"It's hardening of the arteries," he explained hurriedly. "I'll just be more and more tired, and then I'll be too tired to wake, some day. You mustn't be afraid, little Mildred."

He was so tender of her, so thoughtless of himself, that it was almost more than she could bear.

"I don't want you to grieve any more than you can help," he said. "I've thought sometimes, dear, that I let my life stand still too much after Milly went. There were things I could have done in the world. I was selfish in my grief . . . And it is going to make me even more selfish, after I'm gone."

"You never were selfish. You couldn't be," she said fiercely.

He nodded. "Yes, dear. I'm going to drop all this burden of the disposal of my money on your shoulders. I wish I didn't have to, but there's no other way."

"I'll do anything you want—anything," she said, fondling his hand.

"For the present, you need only listen," he said.

SHE sat still by him, there in the summer sunset, waiting till he should speak. They were both on the flagged walk before the old house, in the hour before dinner.

"Naturally," he said, "half my money goes to you. It's a substantial fortune. My American holdings have done well. But I have a duty, too, to Janet and Mac Holliday. There's no need to leave the money to Ethel. She married a well-to-do man, and she is a middle-aged woman. But her children—they should be able to be happy while they are young."

"What have I to do with this?" she asked.

"I shall have to let you decide whether they should have it," he told her. "I cannot go to America and see. You will have to, Mildred. You are young, but you know my viewpoint on things. If George Whitney told the truth, if Mac and Janet are what he says, they are not fit to have the handling of money. In that case, I have directed in my will that there shall be a trust fund for them, to be given at the age of forty; a moderate income apiece. As for Milly's grandniece, Louise Bartine, that is a still harder thing, for we don't know her name. However, you can get in touch with her through George Whitney, surely, and find out. George was always a little given to violent prejudices. If she is unworthy of being related to my Milly, I don't want you to give her a cent. Her indiscreetness—ah, that is a hard thing to put in the hands of a young girl, my dear—but you will have to find out. If you would rather wait till you are a little older, giving her a little temporary help meanwhile—perhaps it would be more fitting."

MILDRED smiled. Uncle Martin felt that she must be sheltered as girls of his day had been sheltered from the very knowledge of anything but good. That she was clearheaded and fearless was not his doing.

"No, dear. I will see it done as soon as I may," she said. She loved him dearly, and admired him greatly, which is more of a help in domestic relations than love; but there had never been entire likeness between them. After all Mildred's associates had been impatient, short-phrased English chil-

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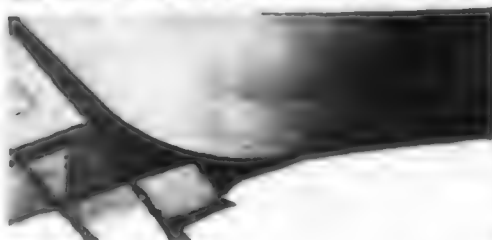
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dren. And being of one's own generation is in the air, after all. It is not entirely a matter of rearing.

"Through lawyers, perhaps—" he said. "You want me to spend a summer with the American cousins, as you intended to do?" she said, her throat contracting at the words that meant he was not going to be with her much longer.

"Yes, my dear. Use your judgment. If they are what Whitney said, they are not to have the money, except the comparatively small trust fund."

"What happens if they are not what you would want?" she asked.

"In that case," said Uncle Martin quietly, "I have directed that it goes partly to found a library here and partly to Ranulf Wycombe. Ranulf will have a hard time. Not that it's bad for young men to work—"

"Oh, Uncle Martin! You are asking a dreadful thing of me!" she cried. "I've known and loved the Wycombes all my life. I don't know my American cousins at all. And you are putting me to a dreadful strain. I shall want so dreadfully to give the money to the Wycombes, that I shall be tempted all the time to see the cousins as not worthy of having it."

BUT Uncle Martin had always been a theorist and a dreamer, and theorists and dreamers do not always see things as they are, as much as the way they wish them.

"You will find that blood is thicker than water," he said, "and I know my Mildred. Your honor and generosity won't be affected one way or the other by such considerations. You will love Janet and Mac when you see them, if they are what they should be. They have the first right to my money, after you, as my relatives."

"Oh, then, dear Uncle Martin, please leave it to them whether they are dreadful goblins or not. I don't believe that old Mr. Whitney ever saw anything straight in his life. Don't make me do a thing like that to my closest friends."

But Uncle Martin only smiled. He had never been a man who thought with much originality or detachment. As he saw it, he was doing a right thing. It was also a romantic, a touching thing. He had always been, to himself, a romantic figure. Unconsciously, he was being romantic over this last act. The idea of his loved niece, whom he had brought up, being given the power of awarding or withholding, may have thrilled and pleased him. He could not see it from her point of view.

When Uncle Martin was sweetly obdurate you might as well talk to the wind. And he was very happy and satisfied over his will. And—he was not going to go on living. Mildred pushed the consideration of her own feelings out of her mind. Never mind. If Uncle Martin could be made happy by her promise to do what he asked, he should be. He had always done everything in the world to see that she was happy, and happy she had always been.

"I promise," she said.

He brightened.

"**THAT'S** my Mildred," he said. They went in to dinner and chatted about things that interested Uncle Martin as lightly and gaily as if there was nothing to come but years of the library and the collection of Dickensiana and the garden, and all the interests Uncle Martin had happily and harmlessly built around himself all these years.

Mildred seconded him as well as she could. But through everything he was saying, one thing swam up into her mind, as a thing pushed down gleams through water. This decision almost forced her to make up to Ranulf for what she might take from him. She knew herself to be as helplessly fair-minded as her uncle had said. There would be no question of her judging the Hollidays unfairly. She was more likely to bend over

backwards and judge them too kindly, because of the power she had been given. And all the while the pricking feeling that she was being unkind to the Wycombes would make every observation, every decision, unhappy.

How much the money would mean to them—gallant, hardworking, hopeless Ranulf, desperate young Phyllis, staid Pamela! They would take their places in the County again. They would carry on the traditions of a name that was older than the Conqueror, for there had been Saxon Wycombes before the Conquest. Ranulf could drop the secretaryship he hated, and be the country squire Heaven intended him to be. The girls could have pretty things and chances to marry as they wished. Mrs. Wycombe would die happy.

And if these Hollidays proved to be good, no matter how stupid or unattractive or vulgar they might be, the glories of the Wycombes must remain in the dust. American as she was, Mildred wanted them to have their glories back.

But she could marry Ranulf. She could give him the Wycombe standing back, that way. That way she could give the girls nearly as much as they wanted, and Ran all that he wanted—including herself.

She need not tell him so. She would only promise herself that if the money had to go to the Hollidays and the Bartine woman, hers and herself should go to Ranulf. After all, she was fond of him. And if love-at-first-sight was left out entirely, why—very likely people didn't do it any more, anyway. That was of a piece, after all, with Uncle Martin's stories of the long white gloves and the ball-gown looped with bouquets.

Of course, the Hollidays might be honestly detestable. But Mildred could not imagine relatives of Uncle Martin's without as chivalrous and abounding a generosity as his own. Uncle Martin, who always did generous things in such a way that he made other people feel they obliged him in accepting—who was always more at the mercy of his beneficiaries than they were at his, because he felt that their pride needed to be more considered—surely other Americans would be like him.

THE Wycombes Mildred knew were fine. They never let down a friend. They hadn't a tricky bone in their bodies. They were gay and casual over their changed fortunes. They were honest and real all through, even though not the least article of their faith was that Martin Putnam's fortune was something which ought to be for their good. And withal the whole Wycombe family loved Mildred genuinely for herself, and had given her a lifetime of unquestioned affection and care and kindness. Oh, it wouldn't be hard to slip into the Wycombe family. Natural enough, indeed—right enough—a fairy-tale ending for the heir of the old name and all that . . . But it would be no fairy-tale for Mildred. She did not want to. And she must. In the event that the Hollidays were decent, as they probably were, she must.

"I'm a little tired, dear," said Uncle Martin, leaning a little forward on the table on his veined, fragile old hand, and looking, suddenly, very old and dragged, in his careful evening dress. "I think I'll go up now."

She kissed him good night very tenderly, and he smiled at her.

"Mustn't keep my mind on it," he said with a flash of his accustomed careful whimsicality. "Good night, Mildred darling."

She flushed at her thoughtlessness. She should have been more every-day in her manner, but he had looked so tired all of a sudden. In spite of his words, she could not help slipping in to see him after he was in bed, just to kiss him good night once more and be sure he was comfortable.

"Very comfortable, and very happy. Now don't worry over me, dear, go to sleep," he said drowsily. She gave one glance back at

the smooth gray head on the pillow, and went off herself.

She was glad, after all, that she had gone in, because that night he died in his sleep; painlessly, the doctors said. It was as if being told he could not live had released some spring that held him to life.

THE task he had set her was hard. If she could have stayed on, at least, at the Old Manor, near the people she had always known, it seemed to her it would have been easier. But she had to go to a strange place, among strange people who might not like her. For she could not, of course, tell them that she was there to judge them—Oh, dear, preposterous, romantic Uncle Martin with his plans!

The solicitor came down from London with the will, and they looked at it together. Mildred knew that Mrs. Wycombe thought it strange that she did not show it to her, or ask her to be present when it was read. But there it was again. She could not let any of them know of the possibility, the cruel possibility it would seem to them, of her decision for or against them. And she found that the solicitor had been instructed that no one was to be told; and that the will itself directed Mildred to inform no one of her task or her powers "until fall, at least." Which was at least a comfort. They would take it for granted that everything was hers, and Mildred herself had not realized how rich Uncle Martin was.

She must wait, at least, till the letters in return to hers, asking to visit them, came from the Holliday cousins. In spite of Mrs. Wycombe's shocked insistence she waited in the Old Manor. It was only a mile from Wycombe itself, having, indeed, been the original Wycombe seat, afterward the dower house, and finally sold to Uncle Martin under financial stress. She had promised she would not "grieve after" him, in the old phrase he had used. As yet, she did not so much grieve as feel a stunned sense of something taken from her. She could not realize that there would never be any Uncle Martin again.

The Wycombes were very good to her. Phyllis was having a week at home, and Ranulf spent every moment he could get free with her, and Mildred. They kept her at Wycombe as much as they could manage, and when it was possible, they were at the Old Manor.

SHE was glad when Phyllis strolled up the avenue, this soft spring night, and whistled for her.

"Come on, Mildred, you know you're doing yourself no good, frowsting here alone. Walk over with me."

Mildred ran down. She was always glad to see Phyllis, who was slim and fair, with small clear features, like her brother. As she had an Eton crop and a blazer, and was nearly as tall as he, her voice and a small area of short, white skirt were really all that made her seem different. Mildred thought to herself as she slid her arm in Phyl's that it was difficult to be in love with a boy when you loved him and his sisters in exactly the same way.

"Only two more weeks, and then back to the chain-gang," remarked Phyllis sadly as they strode along the lane. "Isn't it beastly?"

"It is," Mildred said with feeling. Phyllis had a passion for the outdoors, for sport, for anything that kept her in motion and from being under a roof. And in a fortnight she would have to return to the government clerkship and the "diggings" shared by another girl in the same office. The pang of something almost guilt came to Mildred again. So easy to give Phyllis what she wanted, one way or another!

"I should think you would hate going to America quite as much," Phyllis went on. "Nobody ever stops outdoors there, you know. They sit under marquees drinking

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gin cocktails when it's very hot, but otherwise keep to the house. It's mostly villas close together near New York, so that all the men can take trams into the offices and make more millions by evening."

"I wish you'd do illustrations for your America legend," said Mildred coolly. "I should like to take them with me to show my cousins."

"They'll try to make you marry them." Phyl went on. "The man cousin will. Sure to be one I can see him now. Shoulders padded miles wide, and horn-rimmed glasses, and he'll always travel with a secretary reading him a stock ticker. And he talks down his nose—"

"Do use a little originality! You got that one straight from the 'Co-Optimists,'" Mildred said, and both girls laughed. "Besides, my male cousin, as you call him, is only somewhere around twenty-three or four."

"Oh, they must start looking like that early," said Phyllis. "I tell you what, Mildred, take me with you. Show them a stately and beautiful Englishwoman. I'm sure I'd click with a padded millionaire."

She smiled, but she was half in earnest. "I would in a minute, Phyllis," said Mildred, affectionately—all her desire to do things for people she loved coming to the fore. It would be a wonderful thing for pretty, hardworking Phyllis if she could make a happy marriage with an American. Men in England were neither many nor prosperous. "I promise I will after this trip. But you see so far I haven't much idea what the cousins are like. Not even whether they are rich or poor or well-to-do, or whether they live in a box or an estate. You know over there how different things are from us."

"From us! She admits it!" said Phyllis. But it was hard to catch Mildred out. A lifetime with a romantically patriotic Uncle Martin had kept her feeling that she was American.

"I've always lived as you have. But I'm American, and I promised Uncle Martin to go back to my own country. Oh, Phyl darling, it isn't the easiest thing in the world—don't make it harder."

Phyllis melted, kissed her. "I know. I'm a beast to badger you. But you do belong to us. Smell the May, Mildred! Will it ever be as lovely as this in America?"

"I don't see how it can be," Mildred answered wistfully.

"Well, come down to the Black Boar. Mummy gave me a message for Mrs. Hawkins about the brewing."

IT WAS good to be out in the air that spring evening. Mildred gladly went the additional two miles to the village Inn, still feudal in its feeling to the Wycombes, though there was little actual connection but the feeling itself left.

"We may pick up Ran there," Phyllis said. "Mr. Garstin kept him to dinner tonight, but he said he would slip off early."

But Ranulf was not there when Phyllis delivered her message to the innkeeper's wife, who kept them a few moments, talking.

"I did have American guests over the weekend, Miss Mildred," she observed. "Would they be your kin?"

"I don't think so," said Mildred, smiling. "or they would have let me know they were here. All Americans aren't related to us, you know, Mrs. Hawkins."

"It do seem that they are," said Mrs. Hawkins obstinately. "Never a one Mr. Putnam didn't have up to the Old Manor. Ah, Miss Mildred, he was a great loss. And they were asking for him."

"Asking for him? And didn't ask for me? How strange! Who were they?"

"Girls they were—or happen one was older than you'd say—what with painting and starving themselves they all look alike now," said Mrs. Hawkins, who was a comfortable weight herself. "One was as pretty as a pic-

ture. The other was a little, crop-headed thing, that waited on her sister hand and foot. The sister was a beauty if you like the high-handed sort. I'm not one that does. They asked for Mr. Putnam, and when they heard he was gone she sort of giggles and says, 'Our usual luck, Billy!' in her queer American voice. Then for all I could say—for I told them you would think it your duty to take them in, as your dear uncle always did, off they were."

American visitors were a common enough thing, and Mildred thought it rather decent of them not to descend on her under the circumstances. Their names "Lola Redding; Wilhelmina Redding" told her nothing.

THE girls strolled back to the Wycombes, and after a couple of hours Ranulf took Mildred home. There was nothing new to say. They talked, intimately and casually, as they had always done. Ranulf had given up trying to make Mildred change her mind about going, and the half-promise he had exacted apparently comforted him.

When she arrived she found that letters had come from the Hollidays.

They were reassuring letters, welcoming, affectionate. Aunt Ethel, apparently, was like Uncle Martin in her spontaneous generosity of feeling. There seemed to be no idea in her mind but that Mildred would of course make her home with them—permanently if she wished. As for paying her way, that was a foolish idea. Uncle Robert, Aunt Ethel's husband, tucked in a pleasant line of welcome at the bottom of the letter. Janet's scrawl across the back Mildred missed at the first reading.

"I think the mysterious Uncle Martin was a pig to think we had to be coerced with board bills into having you. We're crazy to anyhow. Can we come stay in your baronial palace next year?"

It was a little thoughtless to speak so of Uncle Martin. But perhaps that was a part of the sort of thing Ranulf had spoken about. At least Janet meant to be welcoming. The phrase about Uncle Martin was only a little ill-bred. Oh, dear, was she as English as all that—to find herself thinking, "well, of course—"

"I'll be like the bat in the fable, neither fish, flesh nor fowl," Mildred said, her heart sinking a little. "At least, whatever I find, I must go. It may be a fairy-tale country yet."

The Wycombes helped her loyally with her arrangements for getting off. She left the Old Manor as it was, with the maids staying on. She told them to do anything Mrs. Wycombe asked of them, and asked Phyllis and Ranulf to use the house as they wished.

"And you'll be back?" Phyllis pleaded.

"Or you'll be over," she answered, the more lightly because she was unhappy at going.

Ranulf got two days off to go up to London with her and see her on the boat. He established her on board with the unhurried casualness that is the heritage of the Englishman, arranged for her deck-chair, saw various stewards and stewardesses in her behalf, and finally, dropping a big box with mysterious wrappings in her lap, kissed her, at the last moment, quick and hard, and was gone.

MILDRED, staring after him, felt abandoned and lost in spite of herself. She followed him with her eyes down the gang plank, and at that moment she did not feel that she ever wanted to see America. The only thing worth doing was to accomplish her task as swiftly as she might, give the Hollidays their money if they deserved it—she was nearly sure they wouldn't—and return and gladly marry the Wycombes. For that was how it felt to her—it was the Wycombes family as a whole she would marry, not Ran.

A flurry at the gang plank, as it was about to be lifted, made her lean over

the rail, like the rest, to see what was happening. A couple of passengers, stupidly belated, of course. That was always the way. They had just made it. There was a rattle and an excitement, as a porter rushed a barrowful of luggage alongside, as some one talked in a voice high and hysterical enough to carry far, insisting, pleading, overruling, and finally succeeding in getting aboard.

The passengers made it, much to the annoyance of the men at the gang plank, and came past Mildred, surrounded with a suite of luggage carriers. She looked at them as did every one else. They were going slowly; the younger girl laden down with various packages and parcels, the older with a handbag and light coat thrown over her arm. Both were fashionably slender. The older woman tall, the younger one scarcely up to her shoulder, walking briskly. Little could be seen of the tall one because of the veil tied about her hat and face; the younger was light, with an odd little pointed, freckled face redeemed by enormous, curiously tragic and beautiful green eyes. The green eyes stared straight ahead. There was something defiant in their expression, in the little girl's whole carriage. But the other woman was somehow arresting. You looked at her—you couldn't help looking at her. The way she walked and turned her head was something that made you.

The thing which struck Mildred was that she was looking for some one. She was not merely passing down the boat to her stateroom; she was making a circuit to find some one. She eyed every one on board, quickly, carefully, and she went all around the deck. Finally she spoke to a steward. And—this was the incredible thing—she turned and eyed Mildred. Her movement was a satisfied one. Having seen Mildred, as if she was the one for whom she had come, she drew her companion with her, and disappeared in the direction of her stateroom. And Mildred had never, to her knowledge, seen either one of them in her life.

She sat with Ranuli's box on her lap, unopened.

What a queer thing—an unmistakable thing! Perhaps everything would be as strange in the new country to which she was going. Could they be the travelers who had come to see Uncle Martin, and gone away again? And if so, why were they glad she was on board? And could one of them, by any possibility, be Louise Bartine?

TO BE CONTINUED

I Am Psychoanalyzed

[Continued from page 31]

it hurt?" I repeated. "Much?"

Bill smiled abstractedly.

"Now," said Bill. "I want you to tell me everything that comes into your mind—everything."

I closed my eyes.

"The first thing that comes into my mind," I began, "is that I think I would like a drink."

"H'm," remarked Bill. "That's not the wish we're after. But," he added, "it isn't a bad wish either."

So Bill and I had a drink—after which we had another one—after which I once more lay down and "relaxed."

"Now," said I. "Where were we?"

"Wish," said Bill. "Get wish."

"O. K.," I agreed. "Get wish," and I closed my eyes. And that was the end of my contact with psychoanalysis, because when I opened them again it was broad daylight and Bill had gone. I am happy to say, however, that my Lepipterosus was completely cured, and the only ill effects I suffered from psychoanalysis were a somewhat red feeling about my eyeballs and a headache. It was, to be sure, quite a headache—but it was certainly worth it.

"Amazing—so many women
must learn this from others"

—writes a Washington hostess



The embarrassment that comes with knowledge of this grave social offense is finally ended. An important phase of woman's oldest hygienic problem is now solved.

WHERE smart women gather socially—or in business—even the most attractive are guilty of offending others at certain times. Yet they, themselves, seldom realize it. When told, they become miserably self-conscious. They try in vain to overcome the difficulty by make-shift methods. Now science offers safe and certain relief from this fear.

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Paris Tricks for Half Hour Changes

(Continued from page 75)

world, who choose them only because they are smart. But they have this other great advantage for those of us who don't have leisure; they do cover up the hair!

You will notice I haven't said a thing about cold cream, powder or make-up, for I know that every SMART SET reader is the sort of girl who is sure to have a supply of those things in her desk drawer, to keep herself fresh when starting out. There is apt to be a tiny bottle of your favorite perfume, too. Some day I want to talk to you about make-up, but not this month.

Another cunning thing that quite changes the every-day appearance of even the plainest sort of office dress, is a lovely scarf with its soft, big bow in the middle of



Pleated lace and a fluff of chiffon can transform a plain office dress

your back. There is a tiny one that slips on to your belt in front to cover the plain metal buckle and make you thoroughly festive. Any long, straight scarf can be knotted this way, or if you are handy with your fingers, a length of silk will make it.

The handbag always has room for the jewelry ensemble, too. The illustrated one is of emeralds, but choose your favorite color. Necklace, earrings, bracelet and ring all match and give that little dash you need to feel properly festive and insure your own good time, as well as to make you an easy sight for other eyes.

HERE is another type of scarf that is making people sit up and take notice in the Boulevard theaters and the gay restaurants under the trees of the Champs Elysées. It has just been introduced by one of the big dressmaking houses. Cream lace makes the scarf itself, with the frill of black lace. Can't you just see it taking all the stiffness out of any silk frock? Of course, if it is a very dressy occasion and you want to completely mask your dress, nothing can be better than one of these soft lace coats.

The belt and matching bracelet of little plaques of gold with points of red enamel, strung on elastic bands, is another gay new trick. A bow on one hip or even your big chiffon handkerchief, if it matches the enamel, gives the note of "flou" that declares you are out to enjoy yourself.

I hope that every one of you have a soft chiffon dress with just a few ruffles or flounces at the bottom, for summer evenings. I always make a point of keeping one of these because they go in no space at all; they don't wrinkle and they are airy. I always used to slip one in an overnight bag when going out to the country for overnight or a week-end. And then I discovered that I could actually fold it in such a small package that it would slip into my big shopping bag. Try it.

LOUISEBOULANGER had the very loveliest collection of "good-time" clothes in all of Paris this summer, and almost every one of them had a bunch of artificial flowers on it somewhere. These were not the chiffon or feather boutonnieres we have been wearing these last few seasons, but real artificial flowers. The sort that always used to be on our summer hats. They are not used as boutonnieres, at all, but are fastened on one hip or on the bodice just above the waistline in a spray effect or attached at the back, near the shoulder blade, drooping down, in a spray.

Sleeves, now, can add lots of gaiety to your frock. Note the sleeve illustrated. The little under puff may be of matching silk for daytime wear, but it only takes a minute to change it for one of organdy or chiffon, either in white, or yellow or rose.

Another "joy note" is the little pleated



A fresh collar and cuff set will work wonders

frill of lace that slips under your plain white collar, with miniature ones to tack on the sleeves. Or there are the little valances and ruffles of georgette that can so easily be fastened to your sleeve. And don't forget the fairly simple lingerie cuffs and rather wide collar and jabot, that, in the whisk of an eye, turn you from a self-possessed business woman into the demurest Quaker.

It is just these little touches that make all the difference between just an ordinary dress, like a thousand others, and that individuality that spells distinction and smartness, the proper thing at the proper place. And what is chic, but just that?

Peter and Mrs. Pan

[Continued from page 67]

gone. And I have money left from my last month's allotment. You may not know it but Peter's pay is nearly thirty-five dollars per month since he is overseas."

The placid mask of Mrs. Carmichael did not acknowledge the undercuts nor that she was longing to tear out a handful of the shining brown hair from the head of her nephew's wife.

She controlled her voice admirably. "Will you dine with me next week?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Mrs. Carmichael, but all my evenings are engaged. I'm leading a very gay life, you know, now that my husband is away. I may never have another chance. You have doubtless thought of that."

MRS. CARMICHAEL rose. "I'm sorry you can't visit me for a little while but you, of course, know your own plans best. I fear I must bring this pleasant little chat of ours to a close."

"I'm so sorry you must go. The hall is out this way."

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

The door clicked gently after the visitor. Her chauffeur was standing by the door of her car which he was holding open. Mrs. Carmichael got in with dignity and signified that she would proceed.

The car drove away in a tiny cloud of well-bred dust. Corinne, who had watched it hatefully out of sight, went back to her kitchen and laid her head on the mixing table for a good cry.

Very seldom in her life had Corinne indulged in the luxury of sobs all by herself. True, she had wept before, but usually useful tears where some one could see her and be melted. Now she let herself go without caring very much whether her nose got red or not.

She didn't notice when there came a rapping on the back door. It had been repeated several times before it penetrated to her attention.

Finally, wiping her eyes, she got up and answered.

The opened door revealed her caller of the moment before. Corinne regarded her with as much hostility as it was possible to register through a mist of tears.

The old lady, and she did look like an old lady, too—the change had occurred just since she had left the front door—came in a step without being invited.

"You're Peter Hughey's wife, aren't you?" she demanded.

"Yes. If you doubt it—"

"I'm Peter's Aunt Mike," she continued, as if introducing herself for the first time and quite regardless of Corinne's belligerent tone. "I guess that makes me your Aunt Mike, too. I've come to lunch. Have you got another apron, my dear? I know how to make the best bean salad you ever ate and—come here, child, and let me hold you in my lap. It must be easier to cry that way. You're bigger than I am but, do you know, I never had a girl baby before."

Peter got this letter from Corinne a few weeks later.

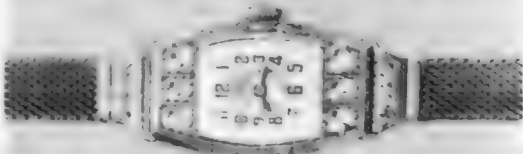
Beloved husband, at last I know what is wrong between us, what it was that destroyed the fairy fabric of our play love. I know why you can't say, "I love you," and make me respond so hard that it hurts the way it used to. I know one of the reasons at least why you are in France and all of me but my heart is in America.

Mother has told me about the time that you and she saw Captain Herk in town that time. You made her promise not to tell me under some sort of dire penalty that has

Vacation time...care forgotten ...the whole world's young



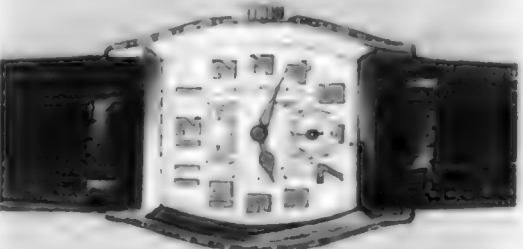
DA—Jewelled movement, luminous dial, leather strap \$15.75



DB—Mesh bracelet, engraved case, 15 jewel movement \$26.50



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kept her silent longer than she was ever gagged before in her whole life. Telling all she knows is a sort of religion with mother.

But now mother has convinced herself that she is safe from your vengeance. For one thing she thinks that all the soldiers who have gone over the ocean will be killed. Cheerful idea, isn't it? For another thing she has just gotten married for the second time and is free from the necessity of living with us. You've no idea how we are both enjoying it. She married that friend of yours, Major Milburn of the Intelligence Department in Washington. Mother, I imagine, is putting on as many lugs as Mrs. Wilson.

At any rate she has been bursting to tell about your astonishment upon seeing George Herk and to ask me why you should have been so upset.

She doesn't know yet, but I do, and the thought of what it has done to us, more to you than to me if anything, has just about broken my heart. I know what you have thought. I've traced things back just as you must have traced them and I can understand very nearly everything that you must have felt.

IF IT wasn't too late I'd tell you the truth now but I realize that anything which I might say would only sound like another of my lies. I've got to let you judge me, as you have judged me already, by circumstantial evidence.

Therefore this letter, which may be the last I shall ever write to you or to any one because the ambulance from the hospital is coming for me this afternoon, is not a justification of myself. The thing I'm sorriest about is that you had to know, and had to carry all this worry alone. I even know why you kept it to yourself, and if I never loved you before I love you for that.

No, this letter is nothing but a reaching out on the part of a woman who stands very near to the edge of things to the one person in all the world whom she has ever, ever loved. I've thought I cared for many others. I've lied to myself about love, too. But Petermine—you won't care if I call you that still, will you—you're the heart of my heart, dear, and I'm going into a dark place where I've still got to feel the grip of your hand. I know how generous you are, therefore I dare ask it. For without it I should not attempt to come through.

I'm not a coward about it any more. I'm still afraid but I'm going to try to act like a soldier's wife. I don't think I shall whimper much. I shall be too busy hispering, "Petermine, Petermine," over and over again.

The doctor has just arrived and I've told him about sending the cablegram to you the minute it is over so you won't have to worry. You will have the news by the time you get this. I've purposely deceived you about the date so that you wouldn't worry.

Good-by, Petermine. If I shouldn't—but, my dear, I will. There is so much that I have to make up to you, so many things that I have to make right. God wouldn't want me to go this way, would he, dear? Besides, oh, my darling, I adore you and I know that you'll keep my heart beating even if the doctors should decide to let it stop. That tingling you feel on the back of your hand comes from the kisses of your wife.

Peter regarded the sprawly tear-stained signature stolidly, almost unseeing.

The letter was dated fifteen days before and he had received no cablegram.

He had opened that letter with all the joyful anticipation known only to soldiers in the A. E. F. who received mail, but now it lay on the keyboard of his typewriter, an exploded Mills bomb, while a part of him died.

What a satiric commentary on the plans of men. There he was himself, sitting in comparative comfort and certainly in absolute safety before a peaceful looking desk, a soldier who had left home expecting to die and not caring much if he did. And Corinne at home surrounded by protecting walls of civilization and peace had been the one who had been forced to the barrier. Peter in a war-torn country was alive and well; Corinne, three thousand miles from the sound of gun-fire, had been the sacrifice.

PETER did not reason things that way immediately; he did not do any coherent thinking for a long time. Everything inside of him had become suddenly numb, he was choked with a flood of tears for which there was no outlet.

What a pity that she had found out that he knew about the Captain Herk affair. How unnecessary for her to have been loaded with that extra worry.

Thus his first emotion was one of resentment against the flapping tongues of women, specifically against the folly of Mrs. Renshaw.

Next came a partial realization of his loss. Peter prayed, as has many a man before.

Finally he reported to his office-superior.

"Please may I have a few minutes talk with you, sir." He had saluted but the formalities of address in the third person were dispensed with in that office.

"Yes, sit down, Hughey." Lieutenant Pierce, the same one Peter had come across with, sensed the unusual in Peter's request. He was younger than Peter, but already the responsibilities of officership had developed in him the attitude of paternity toward all the members of his shifting command. "What's the trouble?"

"My wife is dead," Peter stated dully, "and I wish to be released from duty in the S. O. S. and assigned to combat troops."

Lieutenant Pierce devoted a few of his precious minutes to silence. Finally:

"I'm sorry and I understand. But I can't let you go. Personal preferences cannot be considered in this man's war. Do you think I want to be here? In your case I know you're doing two men's work and getting no credit for it, but it's just because we haven't got any one who can even take on half of your job. Your country or rather your country's army needs you right here and you wouldn't be worth a damn as a casualty up in the front line. You see I understand exactly what your intentions are and I've got to think for you until you get past the hard stage."

Peter sat regarding him hostilely. Finally he stood up. "Is that final, sir?"

"Yes, I'm sorry."

"Very well, sir." Peter saluted stiffly and executed an about-face which headed him for the door which he did not see, but through which he instinctively passed.

LIEUTENANT PIERCE spent an hour thinking up especially arduous jobs which he loaded on Peter's shoulders as an antidote for brooding.

He was only partially successful. Peter's soul passed through various and succeeding stages of torment and revolt. Part of the time he was in the depths of aching despair and on other occasions he was longing to wreak vengeance on every one who was responsible for his loss. More particularly he concentrated his hatred on Mrs. Renshaw and Captain Herk, the former for babbling the unnecessary truth, the latter for being the original cause of the entire disaster.

One morning three days after the receipt of Corinne's letter, three days spent in vainly hoping that the cablegram, belated somehow, might arrive yet, Peter found among the daily orders which routinized to his desk a paragraph which halted his mind and focused all of his attention.

The paragraph in question referred to a

replacement of one hundred and forty-nine men in the enlisted personnel of the 1—th Infantry. Two things were remarkable about it. One of them was the number of men required. That meant that the regiment was in action somewhere. The other thing was that it was the regiment to which Captain Herk had been assigned to duty.

Peter sat staring at the order without beginning to assemble the data necessary for completing the transcripts which he would have to type.

There were many replacement requisitions that day; some of them had come in by telegraph. That could mean only one thing—that the long heralded American advance had begun. Rumors of it had been filtering back for days. Ammunition in unprecedented quantities had passed through the S. O. S. Reserve regiments had been edged nearer to the Zone of The Advance and troops in training had been hustled through at double quick time.

PETER came to a decision. He weighed personal desires against duty and took matters into his own hands.

Therefore when typing the list of enlisted men who were to make up the replacement draft he included his own name about midway of the second page and took his own service record out of the files and bundled it in with the others.

The office was suffering from a terrific overload strain that day.

Lieutenant Pierce, harassed and worried, signed the orders which Peter placed before him without glancing through the list of names. He realized from experience that Peter knew more about the roster of duty-fit men than he did himself.

By the time Lieutenant Pierce discovered his absence, which was the next day, Private Hughey was halfway to the most eastern timber holdings of the United States, prettily named the Forest of the Argonne.

This was especially annoying to Lieutenant Pierce, not only because he would have to do a lot of extra work himself breaking in a new man, but also because he was in receipt of an order instructing him to forward, under arrest, Private Hughey to the headquarters of the Intelligence Department of the American Expeditionary Forces.

That puzzled him for a few moments, because he was certain that Peter had not been concerned in any treasonable activity, but he had no time to devote to personal speculations about things which did not concern his duty. So he consoled himself with the reflection that he would have lost Peter anyway and returned "through channels" the order concerning Peter's arrest with his own endorsement thereon to the effect that Private Hughey had been transferred by order from C. H. Q. to the 1—th Infantry Regiment, U. S. A. and went on about his own tangled affairs.

IN A small town just back of the reserve area the replacements were sorted out and assigned to companies already in the front lines. Peter was not in the lot selected for B. Company but he traded places with a man who was. The exchange cost Peter a hundred dollars in American money—all he had as an emergency fund—but Peter foresaw no further use for currency. The man whom he induced to swap identities thought he was crazy but the consideration paid was sufficient to make him keep quiet about it—even to exchange identification disks or "dog tags." The name of the man with whom he traded serial numbers was Joe Horovitch.

Even then, having taken every precaution within human power Peter worried for fear his enterprise might fail. Suppose his enemy had been transferred, wounded again, or even killed by some one else.

The unfortunate possibility that his vengeance might be forestalled occupied Peter's consciousness so exclusively, that even the

GROW—YES GROW



*Eyelashes
and Eyebrows
like this in
30 days*

By Lucille Young

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows **actually grow**. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. While everything else has failed, my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works. I have from these women some of the most startling testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a **notary public**. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, for a "dip," as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows.

What My Discovery Means to BEAUTY

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. But now you, everyone, can have this beauty—impart to loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

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In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time.

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely new way. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I know I have now given women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded.

You Can Have Proof at My Sole Risk

Remember . . . in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually grow, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied, you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to

Lucille Young

Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society Women, and Professional Beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

If you prefer, send \$1.95 with this coupon and I will pay the postage.

Read These Amazing Testimonial Letters

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Loretta Prinze,
1952 Cudabark Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious. Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
9 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Miss Heffelfinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful.

Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale. Naomi Ostot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.

My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I use it the better the results. Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2,
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Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.95, plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days and you will at once refund my money without question.

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Sh-h-h-----! (a secret!)

Not a soul will know just *what* you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would *dream* that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it, too! Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample!

"(Not) Do you think this with other shampoos? I don't know. Golden Glint Shampoo is different. It makes your hair a 'new tone'—not too light, but just right—handsome, perfect. I don't know how long it will last, but the beauty of my hair is wonderful (dark of hair)."

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629 Rainier Ave., Dept. F, Seattle, Wash.
Please send a free sample.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Color of my hair _____



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Quickly, naturally, in clear, your skin of blackheads, under skin pimples, blemishes, freckles, redness, roughness, blue-white, closed enlarged pores, crown wrinkles, oiliness, chink, tightness, sagging, dryness, loss of healthy color. A few minutes with this nourishing skin food will give you the most youthful, clear complexion known. **veever known!** Please try it at our risk. Send no money.

PERFUME FREE—For limited time only, special offer brings 50c large size tube LACO Oiled Free Blackhead Remover, oriental perfume, both for \$1.00! Just pay postage, plus few cents postage. Money back if not absolutely satisfied.

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ceremony of "going in" that night did not excite him so much as it did his frankly shivering comrades.

Peter was frightened, too, in a way, the same as everybody else but his fear was a detached sort of an emotion.

They arrived at the reserve trenches, were met by a non-commissioned officer who parcelled them out to the platoons, assigned them to sleeping quarters, such as they were, and reiterated the usual warnings about exposing themselves to rifle fire.

Naturally the new and untried men were thoroughly scattered throughout the company. They would never have been broken in that way, right on the firing line, if the need had not been imperative.

Each replacement man was assigned to a different squad, in so far as possible, so as to prevent any contagion of panic. The older men, older in point of battle service that is, were scornful of the new arrivals.

PETER knew about that and accepted the razzing of his new squad mates without comeback. Instead he asked the question which had been burning through his consciousness since he had embarked on the adventure.

"Who is your captain?"

The veteran, aged nineteen, to whom he had addressed the question, regarded him with cynical superiority. "Captain Herk and, believe me, young feller, some soldier, a he-wildcat and a fightin' fool."

So, it was the end of the trail. Destiny, who had played on Peter's side, would doubtless guide him the rest of the way, and deliver his enemy into his hands.

Peter heard a good deal more about his new commanding officer that first night in the dugout. Captain Herk's men apparently idolized him and could not say enough in his praise. Their admiration seemed to be based upon his physical prowess and sheer blundering courage. A dare-devil exploit of the week before when he had personally led a bombing raid had apparently fired their imaginations and already they were creating a legend of heroism around his adventure.

The men were so busy bragging about their "skipper" as they called him that they did not have time to ask Joe Horovitch, nee Peter Hughey, much of anything about himself. That was just as well perhaps because Peter had not made up much of a story to go with his new identity.

Peter saw Captain Herk at "stand to" the next morning but the Captain quite naturally did not recognize Peter at that perfunctory ceremony. Besides Peter was on the firing step with instructions not to turn around when the Captain passed in back of him.

Moreover a tin hat with a chin strap is something of a disguise when you see a man in it for the first time.

THE rest of the day was suspiciously dull.

Peter spent his watch in the front line, standing on the firing step, familiarizing himself as much as possible with the terrain between trenches. Somewhere out there he expected to close the account between his wife, himself, and the man who had caused their tragedy. Incidentally he scarcely expected ever to see any landscape himself other than that one directly ahead, and he was wondering what sort of a place it was going to be in which to die.

Evidently the German inaction was disquieting to those higher up as well as to the dough-boy pessimists in the ditches. A raid for the purpose of capturing some prisoners from whom to extract information was ordered for that very night. Volunteers were asked for.

"Who is going to be in command?" Peter inquired.

"The skipper, himself."

"Then I'll go."

"Good boy," commended the sergeant who was making up the detail. "You're the first

of the handcuffed volunteers to offer to go along on this picnic. I hereby welcome you into B. Company as a third degree member."

Because he had volunteered for the raid Peter was excused from fatigue duty during the afternoon.

After the last visit of the ration rustlers, the raiding party convened in the presumably gas-proof dugout in the second support trench to the rear. There were about twenty-five men in the party including the Captain himself.

Formalities were dispensed with; there wasn't room for them in there anyway, and the gathering rather resembled a smoker at a fraternity house than anything else. Captain Herk told his men informally exactly what they were supposed to do, asked advice as to the best ways to accomplish their purpose and in general discussed the plan on a footing of equality which was rather surprising to Peter, who was only familiar with the discipline of units back of the line.

The raid, it seemed, was to be conducted like a regular attack. There was to be an artillery preparation along a mile or so of front, and a creeping barrage changing to a box barrage while they were in the enemy position, which they were to hold for ten minutes and then return with whatever prisoners and information they were able to gather in that time.

The raiders were armed with miscellaneous clubs and knives that looked more like the equipment for an Irish lawn party than the weapons of modern soldiers, and were told to wait right there until ready. There was no sense in letting the enemy find out even by the remotest mischance that there was anything in the air besides the assorted hardware being exchanged by the gentlemanly artillerymen in a sort of warming up "lobbing" contest.

IT WAS an hour or more after complete darkness that the guns began to bust loose in earnest.

"All right, boys," declared Captain Herk, "they're paging us. Go out one at a time and assemble at the hopping off place. We're due in twenty-five minutes."

There was a little stir of nervousness among the men. After all death was swishing perilously near and to leave the dugout was a great deal like diving into very cold water.

The Captain stood near the door. He had something personal for each man as he went out, a word of encouragement, or a joke, or a slap on the back.

Peter had not foreseen that. By keeping in the background he had so far successfully escaped direct observation. The light in the dugout was poor anyway.

But there was no chance of not being seen now. The order had been to leave one at a time. The only hope was that the Captain would go out with some one himself. Peter hung back.

But Captain Herk was still there when all were gone except Peter.

Peter drew a long breath and stepped forward. Perhaps it would have to be now. He would have preferred to wait but in a way this would be fairer, man to man.

Of course the Captain was bigger, more powerful in every way, and the button flap on the holster which contained his automatic was unfastened. Peter wondered how quickly he could draw.

"You're the new man," Captain Herk was saying, "that Sergeant Garrety was telling me about, the only one of the replacements to volunteer for this—"

He stopped, puzzled. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" He was obviously trying to visualize Peter without his helmet and uniform coat.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"I was Corinne Renshaw's husband."

The Captain was not a quick thinker, at least not along non-military lines, and his reaction was conventional even if slightly embarrassed.

"I trust Cor—er—your wife is well?"

Peter moistened his lips. "She's dead." Then he added colorlessly, "Childbirth."

"My God." The Captain was lost in retrospective thought for a moment. Then he mused, "It's strange that out of this army of two million men you should have been assigned to my regiment and company."

"Not so very. I was in a clerical position where I could arrange it myself."

Captain Herk shot a surprised look at him. But he did not ask the obvious question. Instead he suggested, "You wanted especially to serve under me?"

"In back of you, sir." It was the first time Peter had said "sir" during the interview. As he spoke he dropped his hand to the hilt of his bayonet.

The cards were all on the table. Both

men understood. Peter had given Herk a fair warning, had dared the man he hated to go into action with him as a member of his command.

PETER wondered curiously what the Captain would do, whether he'd fight or whether he would attempt to order his arrest.

Peter did not know yet that men are very seldom arrested in combat divisions on duty at the front. Nor did he know that officers under fire do not very often indulge in the peace time privilege of "passing the buck."

Captain Herk's jaw tightened. Little white lines whipped back to his ears.

"Very well." He stood back from the doorway as he looked at his wrist-watch. "You have seven minutes to get to the rendezvous."

Peter saluted and left.

There was only one thing more to do.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Let's Open a Beauty Shop

[Continued from page 79]

own beauty shop, patterned after that of her friend in Superior.

"And then the fun began," she recalls. "I worked like a slave. I hadn't even a shoe-string to run that shop on. I had to do my own dusting and cleaning, because I couldn't possibly have afforded to hire it done. Twice a week for five years I scrubbed that floor—did it at night, stealthily, with the curtains drawn and the doors locked as if I were committing a crime—so people would not guess I could not afford a cleaner."

"Mother's kitchen in those days was not unlike the Chinese laundry down on the corner, because I also washed my own towels at night so no one would guess I had only one day's supply. At the crack of dawn, I would be out to gather them off the line and get them in. Mother would sprinkle and iron them. Eventually, of course, the business grew, and I was able to hire help."

Marjorie found, however, that she herself needed much more training and education. So when the shop began to pay, she did not put the proceeds into pink satin curtains or gadgets for herself. She studied with doctors and learned more about the skin, and the body generally. Her greatest help came from an old doctor of more than seventy, who had studied in Holland under Metzger, and knew the methods Metzger used to reduce the flesh of the royal household of Holland—at a fabulous rate. And when Marjorie learned how to slenderize the body, she realized she had something valuable. She rode to success on the vogue for the hipless figure, which was just beginning to sweep the country and change women from fudge fiends to salad samplers.

SHE stayed in Lansing nine years, and departed with capital and the confidence that she knew her business, and that she had outgrown a town of that size. She went to Detroit, where she opened a smart shop in a smart section, charged five dollars for a facial massage, and began to preach slenderness—for a price. Seven years in Detroit, and she knew she was ready for New York—that she could carry a part of her clientele to New York, too.

Her landlady became her first patient in New York. She was overweight. So were most of her friends. When it became known that Marjorie could reduce flesh women rushed in to shed their hips and chins. She soon outgrew her first quarters and moved into larger ones. In five years she had made \$65,000. At present she is contemplating a chain of beauty and health shops and expects to see the name Marjorie Dork on a hundred

other shops similar to her New York establishment.

It is the day, she says, of big business. Of the thousands of little beauty shops that sprung up about the time she opened her first one in Lansing, many just barely make a living today, and many have been crushed out by the competition. Others have been forced to cut prices, give permanent waves for five dollars, manicures for fifty cents, and struggle along as best they can.

"Just a beauty parlor doesn't mean much these days," says Marjorie Dork. "Women have learned how to use creams and cosmetics for themselves. A shop that is distinctive must do more than sell lotions and give massages and manicures. It must have a service peculiar to itself alone."

IT IS not enough to reduce flesh today. A woman can starve herself and shed her pounds, but she will probably gain a wrinkled face and a bad disposition.

"But slenderness, plus health, plus beauty, plus the ability to enjoy life—that is worth while. That is what I can furnish to any normal woman who will follow my instructions. I've spent twenty years learning how and I know it's valuable."

Her treatment is not founded only on theory. When Marjorie started in the beauty business, she herself was a healthy young woman with great vitality, a good appetite, and the chances of becoming a buxom woman. In fact, at one time she actually did weigh 165 pounds, though she was not yet twenty years old.

In a few years of scientific reducing she was down to 120 pounds, where she has stayed ever since. She still has the same vitality and health and complexion, but she knows how to keep herself slim. She looks like a svelte New Yorker, rather than a girl from the corn belt.

She will look you calmly in the eye and say, "I shall be forty years old on my next birthday."

She knows she looks younger than the average thirty-nine years, but she knows that she looks no younger than any woman who has good health and takes care of herself could look. There is no scientific reason why a woman approaching the forties should look like a faded flower or an overstuffed piece of furniture.

She knows that she is still young, but that she has built up a big business, is making a fortune, and that she is what the world calls a success for she has proved that she had a good idea when she specialized in slenderness.



Phyllis Haver

Pathe film star, is one of the screen's most enthusiastic sponsors of the bare-leg vogue.

The Stockingless Style

—the infallible test of a woman's daintiness

Imported along with other chic fashions from France, the stockingless style is sponsored by America's smartest younger set. But—it is a style you can *only* enjoy when you know that your legs are absolutely free of superfluous hair.

Before you go without stockings, or even before you put on your lovely, sheer, all-revealing hose, use Del-a-tone Cream.

Snowy-white, faintly fragrant, it will quickly and completely remove every trace of offending hair from your legs—leaving your skin soft and velvety smooth.

Dainty women find Del-a-tone indispensable, too, in removing hair from under-arm, forearm, back of neck and face.

One trial will convince you that it has advantages to be found in no other product of its kind. Send coupon today for trial package.

Del-a-tone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores or sent prepaid in plain wrapper, \$1. Money back if not satisfied. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co. (Established 1908), Department 656, 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.



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Removes Hair in 3 Minutes

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY!

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Please send me, in plain wrapper, prepaid, trial package of Del-a-tone as checked herewith, for which I enclose 10c.

☐ Del-a-tone Cream ☐ Del-a-tone (powder)

Name

Street

City State

If You Didn't Wear Shoes

MANY of the foot troubles would not exist. Tight shoes, shoes that pinch or cause friction to the feet are the reason for corns, bunions and calluses.

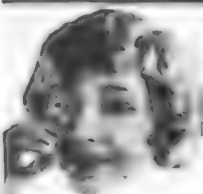
Much needless suffering can be prevented by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into the shoes every morning. This antiseptic, soothing powder takes the pain out of tired, sore, smarting, perspiring feet, takes the friction from the shoes and makes walking or dancing a delight.

Always use it for dancing and to "break in" new or tight shoes. Buy a package today and enjoy real foot comfort. For Free trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll address, Allen's Foot-Ease, LeRoy, N. Y.

Allen's Foot-Ease

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

KURLASH Beautifies Your Eyes



Gives lashes natural upward curve. Eyes look larger—brighter—brighter, soft eyes softer. No heat or cosmetics. Apply a gentle pressure an instant with soft rubber pads. Handles in Apple Green, Baby Blue, Lavender, Cherry, Old Rose, Ivory. Dept., drug stores, beauty shops or direct. Send \$1 or pay postman.

TWEEZETTE Beautifies Eyebrows

Quickly, easily, painlessly removes hair from any part of body. Free illustrated folder tells how to train eyebrows to harmonize with features. Dept., drug stores, beauty shops or direct. Send \$1 or pay postman.



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Used with KURLASH, grows long, luxuriant eyelashes. Department, drug stores, beauty shops or direct. Send 50c or pay postman.

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Your Own Room

How Home-Making For Two Can Be Managed Delightfully—and Efficiently—In A Very Small Apartment

By ETHEL LEWIS



Richard Averill Smith

A walnut or mahogany secretary and a well-proportioned desk chair will be both useful and ornamental
Courtesy of James McCreery & Co.

LIVING room, kitchenette, bath—and a dressing room, too! Those are magic words which start much planning and figuring, especially when spring is in the air. When thoughts of a trousseau, and of rugs and furniture, and of curtains and wall-paper are all jumbled up in one happy mass, this practical arrangement seems the answer to all queries. There's a touch of romance, too, for the modern architects help to prove "that two people can live together more cheaply than those two can live apart." No matter it is only one room, it's large enough for a home—that all-important first home where dreams come true.

Housekeeping for one, or housekeeping for two, is almost like playing house in these delightful new apartments. Everything is arranged for the girl who hurries home from work, and changes from a competent young business woman into a first class cook. It's surprising how many there are who can play that double rôle not only adequately but delightfully. The girl who puts efficiency into her business is usually the one who puts the same force to work at home. Nowadays every one conspires to help her, from the groceryman who carries small sizes and quantities of everything, to the architect who designs so compactly that one room serves for living, for dining, and even for sleeping. All this without that old hemmed-in feeling that too much was demanded of one room.

This one room is primarily a living room full of comfort, color, and general livability. A few whisks of the table, the chairs, a table cloth, the candlesticks, all the table accessories, and behold the dining room! It can all be removed just as quickly and then you are ready to sink into that comfortable chair by the light, or to curl up on the sofa and delve into your favorite magazine which is lying right there on the table in front of the sofa. And when the hour grows late the magic doors open, out come the beds, and with the lamps darkened, the living room is once more submerged, and the bedroom has its turn. At that rate, it's not so difficult living in a one-room apartment, is it?

When space is limited and one room must

be beautiful and livable in its many guises, there is the difficult problem of decoration to solve. Finding the right apartment may seem hard, but decorating it wisely takes even more thought and planning and hunting—and then buying. Here is the floor plan and photographs of an apartment that one young couple planned. Perhaps you can adapt some of these ideas to your own needs.

The first thing to consider is what you cannot do without. There must be a couch or a sofa or even a settee that's comfortable. There must be a large, solid, deep-seated chair for the man of the house, with a small table close by for his pipe and book. There must be a table large enough to serve dinner for four, and surely there must be a

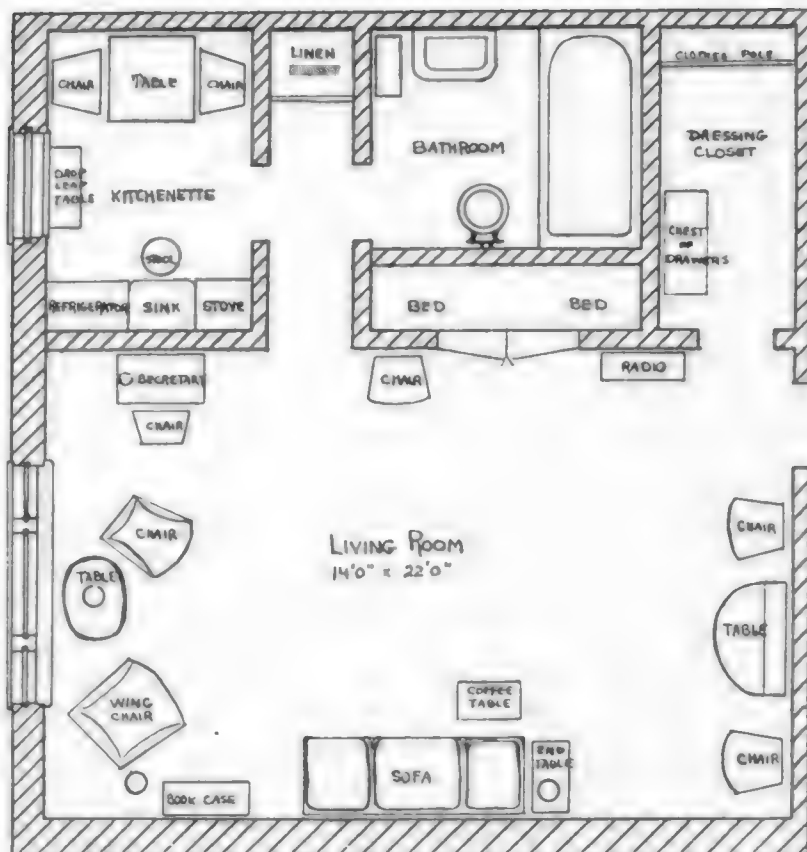
secretary, even if it's a small one. A convenient place for writing seems so necessary, and the top behind the glass doors holds many books. If there is an overflow a little low bookcase in the corner, back of the big chair, is just the thing.

The accessories come next—lamps, of course, but, oh, so carefully selected; a table at the end of the sofa, and a coffee table in front. This table should always be free, ready to hold the tea tray, the after-dinner coffee, or just the magazine and ash tray that you want after dinner. You really won't need much more except perhaps a radio or a phonograph, and an extra comfortable chair near the window. There's plenty of space for all you see on the plan.

NOW to the furnishing! Walls may come in as you want them, or you may have to take what the landlord has selected. Let's hope that either way it is a nice neutral wall, deep cream, or ivory or buff, or possibly a light green.

In a room of this kind it is best not to attempt any period effects and the bizarre and unusual are not in good taste. Walnut or mahogany furniture is probably wisest. First the secretary with simple straight lines and a nice pediment top, with no extra unnecessary curves, glass doors divided into panels, a well-fitted desk, and three or four drawers below. Next the table for dining, either a good drop-leaf or a gate-leg, or one of the combination type if it is not too long

This floor plan of a one-room kitchenette and bath apartment may give you some ideas for your own first venture in housekeeping. With almost a minimum of space and furniture, comfort and charm have been achieved.



when opened. And four chairs—why not buy three of one kind and let the chair by the secretary be quite different. The desk chair can have an upholstered seat, if you like, and yet take its place at the dining table when there are four for dinner. The little gate-leg table by the window is excellent in style as you can see from the photograph. The end table by the sofa is straight and solid, large enough to hold a lamp and yet be a small table for coffee or tea.

Now for color and texture and pattern—the sofa, the wing chair, and the curtains. Shall they be patterned or shall they be plain? If the walls are plain cream color and the rug is plain, or very nearly so, the curtains must be full of color—linen or cretonne or chintz. Those in the photograph are made of hand-blocked English linen with fascinating ships sailing a lovely blue sea. There are nice deep blue-green tones and some brown, and many bits of bright rich red, a flash of yellow and gold, on the loveliest blue background you can imagine.

AS the curtains are the dominant note, the rug must keep its place on the floor where it belongs. It is a warm woodsy brown, a happier color than taupe, don't you agree?

The sofa is next in importance, and is covered with a heavy blue material of interesting texture, a deeper blue than the background of the curtains. There are odd cushions, too, a large one of deep red at one end and a blue one at the other. Perch-

ing jauntily on top, just ready to tuck in at your back, is a little round, yellow gold one, an added spot of brilliant color.

The furniture in place, the color scheme established, the walls, woodwork and floor in the background, you are ready to place the final notes—the accessories. The lamp on the little table in the window is red with bits of bright gold making the pattern on the shade. The metal bridge lamp has a plain parchment shade bound with red, top and bottom.

In an alcove there is a thoroughly efficient kitchenette with stove, sink, refrigerator, and many cupboards above and below. There is even room for a breakfast table and two small chairs, which are much more comfortable than the old-fashioned Pullman breakfast benches which so often started the day all wrong.

This particular apartment includes a linen closet for keeping all the bridal linens neat and always accessible, and there is more storage space there, too.

The bathroom is complete to the last detail, and as colorful as you choose to make it. The two beds have their own little

closet away from the dust and dirt.

In the large closet there is room for a high chest of drawers or a chiffonier and the pole for all the clothes hangers extends across the end. There is room on the other side for shoe-racks and space above for hats.

You see your one-room home can be as colorful and comfortable and livable as though you had a whole house.



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The Party of The Month

"Averages"



By
**Edward
Longstreth**

Decorations

By
L. T. Holton



THE game of "Averages" calls for paper and pencil and the nerve of a brass monkey. It is just the thing to try when the crowd shows an inclination to begin a spite session. If they want to deal in personalities, all right. Lead them on—then spring "Averages" on them.

This is a game that has some of this-why-here-now psychology stuff in it. It will really give you some new ideas about yourself and your friends.

If there is any blatant egotist present who gets on your nerves, persuade him to be the first to try it. Otherwise call for volunteers or draw lots. Remember there is TNT and dynamite in this one.

Take two pieces of paper and on each write this list of qualities of character in a column down the left hand side:

Brains
Charm
Adaptability
Good Looks
Neatness
"It"
Sincerity
Sense of Humor
Good Mate
Good Manners

One copy of this list is for the victim to rate himself with; the other is for the crowd to use in rating the victim.

Explain that the ratings must be given by everybody with perfect frankness and sincerity, or the game will lose its real kick.

Each quality is marked on a basis of 10 for "perfect," 5 for "average," and 0 for "lacking altogether." For instance Shakespeare would get 10 for brains and Lord Chesterfield 10 for good manners—but Milord would get 0 for sincerity. You can mark to the half point. If you feel a shade

above the average for neatness, you can give yourself 5½.

The victim takes his sheet and goes out of the room where he cannot overhear the discussion about him. While he is out he marks himself on these qualities as honestly and seriously as he can.

While he is gone, the others discuss him and try to agree on a rating for each quality. Some one keeps the list and puts down the marks agreed upon. Usually it is best to put the thing to a vote in each case, calling for the opinion of each person present and striking an average of all their opinions.

Sometimes they agree easily, but in case of argument, an average must be taken. If one votes 7, another 5, another 6, obviously the average is 6. If it gets more complicated, add all the votes and divide by the number of persons voting to get the average. Write it down to the nearest ½ point.

When all ten qualities are rated, add up the rating for the total standing. Then recall the victim.

WHEN he comes in, the spokesman for the crowd first asks him for his own total mark. This is apt to be about the same as that given by the crowd. But there similarity ends.

Then the spokesman asks, "What did you give yourself on brains?"

The victim answers, "Eight," thinking he is rather modest about it.

"Well, we gave you four and a half," the spokesman says.

Do you want to be the life of the party? Would you like to be the best hostess in town? Or would you become the kind of guest that people cry for? Edward Longstreth can advise you from invitations to exits. Write him in care of SMART SET. He will help you to have a good time.

If the victim does not put on his coat and hat and go home, or take a poke at the spokesman, the game continues.

But when the victim gives himself 5 for "It" and finds that the crowd has rated him 10, all is forgiven and he is the happiest man in the world. Who cares for brains, anyway, when they can score perfect for "It"?

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Women Who Ruled Men

(Continued from page 34)

Here we come to the point that men today fail to see, to acknowledge and to provide for, the point which, above all others, La Pompadour and Du Barry understood.

One may, surely, be permitted to admire Jeanne Poisson, Marquise de Pompadour, the gay, gallant, witty, kind-hearted woman who was the first official mistress of bourgeois origin in France. She occupied a great position and almost every woman in France envied her. She had great duties to perform. Being a Frenchwoman, she could understand much which the queen—a foreign born princess—could never fathom. Within her province fell the setting of fashions, the encouragement of the arts, the patronage of French industries. Besides being the beloved of the king, she was a sort of feminine minister of affairs, and she was recognized and catered to by the greatest in the land, the queens themselves, cardinals, ambassadors, generals and foreign potentates. Even the religious and highly respectable empress, Maria Theresa, sent the Pompadour her portrait set in diamonds as a reward for her services as a stateswoman.

THIS then was what the Pompadour made of herself; this was the woman who took upon herself the heroic task of keeping amused the bored and satiated king of France, Louis the Fifteenth. And for twenty years, until she died at forty-three, she succeeded, not by mere feminine lure, but by using her brains.

All men desire to be amused and must be amused, else they become mere shells, broken in spirit, unable therefore to give a woman any happiness or love.

No man ever had this characteristic to a greater degree than Louis, and no man was ever so hard to amuse. But Jeanne Poisson, Marquise de Pompadour, amused him. She set herself to work as hard as many a man works to achieve success in his chosen profession. She arranged spectacles of infinite beauty and charm to please the jaded monarch. She varied her own costume to be a continual source of delight to him—appearing at one time in the most gorgeous raiment, at another in the simplest frock of a country maiden. She arranged hunts for him, in which she herself shone, for she was a superb horsewoman. In the little theater which she built upon her estate, she played the leading role in comedies, thereby entertaining the king and showing her own talent, for there is no question that she might have been the greatest actress in France.

The unexpected was her delight, and she had endless new games and beauties to present to her royal lover. Seeing him surfeited with Paris and with the court, she turned nature itself to her account. Finding the most beautiful spot in all beautiful France, she staged rural dances and tableaux and built exquisite chateaux for the king.

WHEN at last her health began to break under the tremendous strain and the continued opposition of the court ladies, who never ceased to intrigue against her, and when she could no longer please Louis as a sweetheart, she remained his dearest friend and most respected advisor.

She was a pretty little woman, Madame de Pompadour, but the thing that kept her ruler of France for twenty years was her knowledge of men—her knowledge of Louis and the enormous tact with which she turned this knowledge to account.

Du Barry also excelled in this particular phase of pleasing men. She knew how to amuse. While she never reached the heights of La Pompadour, nor of that patroness of

the Renaissance, Diane de Poitiers, the little milliner had the inborn qualities of an entertainer. Her gamin wit, her spontaneous impudence, her merry jokes and laughter, her easy-going good-nature, all combined to make her a most delightful and amusing companion.

After the death of Madame de Pompadour, no official favorite reigned at court. Louis could find no one to please him among all the ladies who attempted to gain that position. The Duc de Choiseul, most powerful of the French ministers, tried to win the coveted place for his beautiful sister, Duchesse de Grammont while Madame d'Esparbes, a court beauty, proved only a passing fancy.

Then, in 1768, when the Marquise had been dead for four years, Jeanne Vaubarnier, afterwards Comtesse Du Barry, came to Court on an errand and Louis saw her.

Their first interview must have been a delicious affair.

A short biography of Du Barry in Ethel Colburn Mayne's delightful book, "Enchanters of Men," contains this description of the episode.

"Jeanne accepted the affair light-heartedly—dazzled no doubt and ecstatically anticipant of diamonds, but, for anything else, as unruffled as you please. She had the wit to affect no embarrassment, and the honesty not to deceive the king about her experience. She rejected the airs of innocence which Louis was so accustomed to—that sacrificial confusion with which even the sagest women imagined they must flatter the royal lover. She was herself; she treated the king as a man, and as the king was a man, he fell in love with her at the first interview."

The king was fifty-eight years old. In his youth he had been bored by the weight of government and the dignity of the Court. Only Pompadour had not bored him, and she was dead. "What would life be without coffee? What is it, with coffee," so Miss Mayne describes his attitude toward life.

JEANNE DU BARRY saw that. Well, she would amuse him. She would make him laugh. Her effrontery was amazing. She made fun of everything and everybody. She mimicked pompous personages who for years had bored Louis stiff. If the people of Paris composed impudent songs about the new favorite, she herself sang them to the king.

She refused to be bothered with dull affairs of state, which had long bored Louis unutterably, but she sometimes flew to him in tears and begged for the life of some prisoner who had touched her ready sympathy.

In other words, she was smart enough to see that the only thing which would amuse His Majesty was something he had never had before—a little direct and undiluted contact with the people, represented by one Jeanne Du Barry.

Aside from that—again showing her natural born and highly cultivated genius for pleasing men—she followed carefully and consistently in the footsteps of La Pompadour. "Well," thought Jeanne to herself, "he got away with it for twenty years. She must have understood this bird. I can't do better than do things the way she did." Thus she became a patron of the arts, surrounded herself and Louis with the utmost luxury and gowned herself after the style of her predecessor.

Often the modern girl—who is a very amusing person as a rule—wins a man by amusing him and then forgets about it afterwards.

Men are not so difficult to amuse. The case of such a man as King Louis is simply

the extreme and being such merely proves that it can be done even in the most difficult cases if a woman uses her brains. All men have tastes which can be catered to, friends whom they enjoy, things they like to do. Above all things, they hate being forced to do things which do not amuse them.

THE first place where a woman should endeavor to be amusing is within herself for nothing kills love so quickly as boredom.

La Pompadour and Du Barry had no rights of any kind so they were compelled to be amusing. Just as it would be the height of wisdom for beautiful women to pretend to themselves that they are plain and act accordingly, so it would be well for many wives and sweethearts to pretend mentally that they must please or lose their happiness.

A woman in the position of Pompadour or Du Barry tells a man only that which raises his self-esteem. Too many wives and sweethearts find it necessary to advise, reproach, criticize. The human being doesn't live who likes criticism. In rare instances, constructive criticism may be necessary. Petty, personal criticism never is. The wise woman desires always to appear sweet, amiable, and amusing.

In the last analysis, how many hours of the day do a man and woman as a general rule spend together? Very few. These hours should be looked forward to by the woman as the crowning joy of the day. Even if she is tired, even if she is not sufficiently clever or efficient to do her work without being tagged out, joy should lend her a stimulation which will make her appear at her best.

If a woman plans for these hours, actually attempts to be a little rested and refreshed, she can nearly always do it. She can nearly always so arrange her day that she need not be worn out at the very moment when she most needs to be amusing. The wife who has leisure, in some measure, as most wives in America have today, and who does not thoughtfully plan to be at her best when her husband comes home, is simply a fool.

Perhaps all a husband wants is to be let alone to read his favorite magazines. Then he is not amused if he is dragged off to a picture show or a stupid party. Perhaps all he wants is to be listened to, as he recounts the day's happenings. Then he is not amused if his wife spends an hour relating how Mrs. Jones told Mrs. Smith that her husband had been seen out with his stenographer. Perhaps he wants to go out with the boys. Then he is not amused if he has to take his wife and her mother to see an O'Neill play.

THE clever woman sets herself to amuse her man—and in return is usually genuinely amused herself, for it is a natural delight to woman to amuse man. Also, as soon as he finds himself always happy in her company, he will begin to want to do things that please her.

The third of man's fundamental characteristics is that he always wants to be mentally and physically comfortable.

It seems almost absurd to dwell upon man's love of physical comfort and to impress upon woman the necessity for catering to it. Yet men today complain bitterly that in houses furnished by women they can never find a comfortable place to sit!

A really comfortable arm chair has kept many a man from keeping a date with another woman.

Many a young man, hesitating between which of two girls he shall call on, decides in favor of the one who knows enough to have a comfortable chair waiting and the lights arranged so that they don't shine in his eyes and is mistress of the art of making a fried egg sandwich along about midnight.

Once a man comes home in the evening

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A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is

gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

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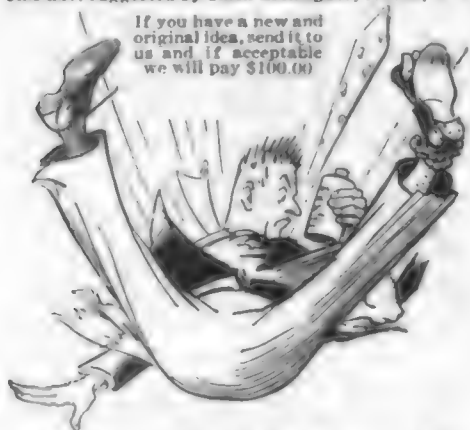
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and is thoroughly comfortable, has on his favorite smoking coat and his easy slippers, and settles down under a good reading light, it takes something pretty enticing to make him put on his shoes and collar and go forth into the cold night.

Madame de Montespan, the mistress of Louis Fourteenth, understood this fine art as few women have understood it. Her chef was the envy of all France and she knew Louis' favorite dishes and wines and never failed to supply them. Her apartments were miracles of comfort as well as of beauty. The little suppers which the king shared with her night after night were occasions to which he looked forward, not only because of her sparkling presence, but because of the delight which would be his in bodily enjoyment and comfort.

Physical comfort is elemental and essential but mental comfort is of even greater importance.

There are a thousand and one minor commandments which every woman should know in relation to making a man mentally comfortable. The girl who is entertaining a man she desires to win should regard them all.

Never interrupt a man when he is telling a story.

Never say, "Oh yes, you told me that before."

Never on any account allow a man to think he is boring you—and he may gain that impression even when he isn't unless you show your pleasure in what he is saying.

Never compare the man you are with unfavorably with another man, or praise accomplishments in another man which he doesn't possess.

Never fail to laugh at the right time or to make some comment which shows that you have enjoyed or appreciated what he has said.

NEVER try to show superior knowledge on a subject which he thinks he knows a great deal about.

Put up an argument occasionally on some point where he is sure to be right. If you never argue, he may feel you are dumb or that you consider him an inferior. But don't argue to the point where you become domineering and don't argue about anything that will humiliate him if he loses.

Never criticize his bridge game in front of other people.

Never question his word.

Never speak disparagingly of any other girl he admires. No matter how pure your motive, he will only think you are jealous.

Never try to impress him with any of your good qualities by telling him about them. If you have them he will see them for himself.

Never try to register your popularity by telling him about the attentions of other men. There are other ways of calling this to his notice. If you talk about it, the chances are he won't believe you.

Never give yourself airs by bragging about the good books you read or the good music you love, unless you are sure he shares your taste and knowledge. He may admire your mentality, but he will not love you for your superiority.

Never let him see too plainly that you are doing something to please him. Suggest it delicately. Otherwise you will embarrass him.

These are a b c principles which every girl should know and practice—minor ones, of course. The big one is a happy manner and disposition, a sweetness and kindness of speech and demeanor.

No woman in history possessed these to a greater extent than Gabrielle d'Estrees, the beloved of Henry of Navarre. No romance of history shows a more tender and beautiful love between two people than this between the sweet Gabrielle and the warrior king.

During the days when Henry was fighting

desperately to hold even his own little kingdom of Navarre, when he had scarcely a second shirt to his back, when the struggle for a foothold in France seemed to be going against him, she gave him unfailing gaiety and good humor, tact and tenderness.

How great was the reward of La Belle Gabrielle for her sweetness, her tact, her unfailing serenity of disposition. But for her untimely death, Henry would have made her queen of France in fact, as she had been in everything else for years. As she had shared his ill fortune with such gay spirits, in return he carried her to great heights when he became King of France.

But even more than this, she had the complete and beautiful love of a great man for years. His letters to her reveal a love which any woman must be happy to have inspired in such a man as Henry of Navarre.

"My beautiful Love. My True Heart. My Darling Love," he writes. "Two hours after the arrival of this messenger, you will see a cavalier who loves you very much; they call him the King of France and of Navarre, an honorable title certainly, but very troublesome—that of your subject is much more delightful; the three together are good with any sauce and I am resolved to give them up to no one."

They first met in 1590. In 1596 he determined to divorce Marguerite de Valois and marry Gabrielle, then his official mistress-en-titre. When he entered Paris as victor in 1594, after the long siege, she was carried behind the White Plume of Navarre in a litter covered with jewels—"my sweet Gabrielle, never scolding nor nagging."

In 1599, just a few days before their marriage, for which he had fought his counselors and advisors so valiantly, she died. When the news was brought to Henry, "he fell, as if struck by a thunderbolt."

The secret of Gabrielle's great power lay in the fact that she loved Henry as he was—fickle, high-tempered, wild, but brave and adoring. She never tried to change him. Thus she made him happy.

ON the other hand we have the heart-rending figure of Louise de La Valliere, the first mistress of Louis the Fourteenth. Here, truly, is pathos. For La Valliere loved the king with all the passion of a great heart.

But Louise was intensely, devotedly religious. Her love for the king was greater than her piety. "I love him more than God—that is my great sin," she said. But she found no happiness in her love. Remorse ate into her soul, because of Louis' marriage, of her sin in loving a married man.

Soon that remorse made her sad and tearful. When Louis came to her, evening after evening—for he loved her more deeply than any other woman in his life—he found her face pale and mournful. Her eyes dimmed and red. She tried to smile, to be happy as she had been in the early days of their love. But the attempt was vain. She tried to talk, to entertain him, to respond to his love as she had done in the beginning. But her sense of shame weighed too greatly upon her.

And it wasn't long before the witty and sparkling Marquise de Montespan had displaced her. Though Louis still loved Louise and begged her to remain, he admitted his passion for the woman who entertained and amused him with her wit, who made him comfortable physically and mentally. And Louise de La Valliere, unable to bear the pain of sharing his love, entered a Carmelite Convent, where in haircloth shirt and upon hard stones she expiated her sins of the flesh.

Man wants to be loved.

He must be amused.

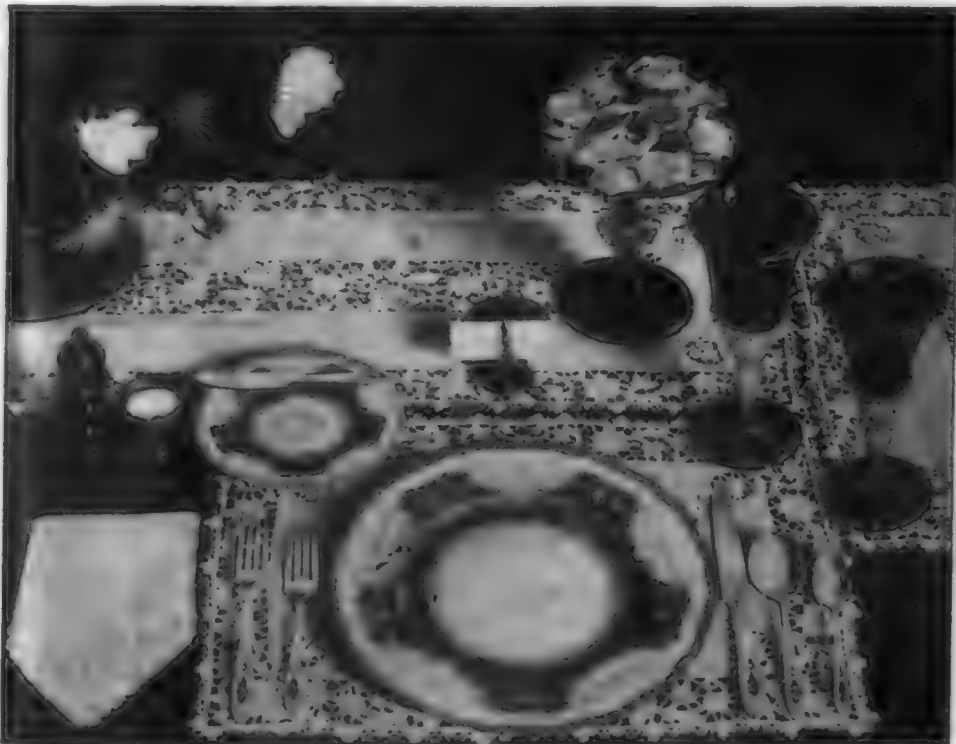
And no woman will long hold a man's love nor will she readily win it, unless she makes him comfortable, mentally and physically.

These three things the French mistresses knew and it made them rulers of France through the men who loved them.

What the Well-Dressed Table Will Wear



The table above, is set for a semiformal dinner party, with candles and flowers, with shining glass and gold-encrusted service plates and the correct flat silver. Notice the simplicity—and the completeness—of the arrangement. Notice also, the lower, less formal luncheon table, with its lacy doilies and its dark glass. The flat silver is gaily patterned—and very graceful



*Just a moment or two
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North Star

[Continued from page 82]

putting out in a boat without knowing how to manage it?" he scolded.

"Yes, I am," she admitted gripping the combing as the catboat slid along, shipping water. "But riding over sea caves and nests of pearls seemed better than wasting time in sleep."

"Heavens! How do you get that way? I've sailed for years and never thought of pearl nests and sea caves beneath."

"Because it's every-day to you," she argued. "What I'd like is a little farm and sheep to herd," he said.

"Then you don't know sheep," she told him. "Where I live the hills are covered with sheep. I think fish are subtler, more illusive. There might be romance in fish, but sheep are dreadfully meek."

"Are you by any chance a shepherdess?" "Only of school children. But if you call me a schoolma'am I'll rock the boat."

He threw back his head to laugh. Strong white teeth flashed. Wet hair twinkled. It was as if her dream person had materialized.

"No, I shan't label you anything. You don't exist, you know. I have dreamed you. I'll think of you when I'm at sea again and longing to be ashore with a flock of sheep. I long to be ashore and do things the waves won't wash away. Why, I imagine waves are sheep. Why don't you reverse the idea if fate has anchored you to teaching school? It helps tremendously. Just fix your eye on Tou Mu and wish."

"Tou Mu?" she asked humbly.

"Tou Mu is the North star, to whom little Yunnan women pray for children. You can ask for adventure if that's what you want. Imagine waves on your valleys; pretend tea-gardens and coffee plantations, and sugarcane with brown girls working in the fields, and Chinese slave girls nursing silk cocoons. Did you ever think of how all you wear and eat originates? There's romance for you. It's all a matter of imagination, of daubing your local scenery with ideas, like I pretend the cat's paws are sheep and the sea is my pasture."

"BUT why don't you try to have your sheep instead of pretending?" she asked impatiently. "I couldn't live on pretense. Doesn't there come a day when imagination runs dry?"

"It does," he said grimly. "But I'm a lazy duffer. I wanted to farm but there were too many brothers for the ranch so I went to sea. I've done pretty well, but now that I've got a ship and a little money there's no one to spend it on. All I've got is my boat over there."

"But I'm glad I found you. My name is Dick Patterson. You could reach me at any time by addressing the Golden River Company in Cebu if you need any data on tropic scenery to fill your imagination container. I'm rather interested to see if you're in earnest or just another wistful dreamer like myself."

"Dick Patterson. D.P." she mused, and thought of dream person.

"If I can help about the sheep," she offered. They were near shore and from afar out came vibrant and prolonged pulsations of sound from a ship's bell. The catboat ran straight to her mooring post and the man stood on her stern.

"Good luck," he said and laughed, a crinkling, thrumming laugh, then he plunged, beating the waves under with steady strong strokes.

Gloria sighed. Romance had swirled her silken skirts close by, adventure called, and she had no courage to follow. It was treason to Johnny to think of Dick Patterson.

"You coward," she called herself. "You shameless hussy. Out gallivanting with an

improperly clad person, an utter stranger. And it's past eight bells. Midnight!"

She went slowly home and sat in the window with her feet touching the marigolds and daisies of Aunt Mary's garden. The town was quiet. Over the sea came a single bell-stroke, followed by creaking and fluttering sounds, a leathery, squiggy sound that came only from oars creaking in row-locks. Something grated. For five minutes Gloria wondered who was abroad at that hour in a rowboat before she ruined a clump of marigolds by jumping to earth and running to the gate. There she stood with hands clutching the iron pickets and her face pressed to the cold metal which kept Spanish girls of the old régime of Monterey from disillusionment of more intimate acquaintance with serenading swains. Steps came down the road, keeping pace to the whistle about the "Arab Shod With Fire."

AND as the steps came thrillingly near, she snatched away her hands, caught them on a prickly thorn and set the rose vines shaking. She thrust a thorn-scratched and bleeding finger between her lips just as Dick Patterson's face appeared at the gate bars.

"Lovely hour to be gathering roses while ye may," he observed. "May I have one to pin behind my ear? There. I was sure you cut your hand."

He reached through the bars, caught her hand, touched the finger with his lips.

"I couldn't half think in a bathing suit," he explained. "And I couldn't leave without knowing your name in case you happened to need data. You're the very first person to disillusion me about sheep and make fish seem romantic. You don't know what qualms of longing you've laid to rest or started in other directions. I hate to seem precipitate, but if I sailed away and lost track of you, I'd be worse off than wanting to be a shepherd."

"But my name can't matter," she said. "I'm going home to Emerald Valley tomorrow. What you said is true. You've dreamed me, and I've dreamed you. Coming out of the sea as you did, I felt bold. But now you've changed from a silver flash to a merman. It's different."

"I'll change to a silver flash if you'll come sailing," he offered. "Emerald Valley. Sounds green. How does one get there?"

"Oh, don't come there," she sighed. "Let's keep dreams. I'll be teaching school. But I'll make romance of paper bags from tall trees. You've given me an idea anyway."

Clad in every-day clothes and a white sweater, he no longer seemed like the dream person, and became distant, formidable. Besides, Aunt Mary slept lightly. If she awakened and heard a strange man with Gloria at the gate, no explanation could prevent her saying one never knew how these orphans would turn out. Aunt Mary had not approved of her sisters adopting Gloria. Still, she told him her name, then snatched away her hand and left him standing at the gate. Looking back she saw a flash of white teeth as he laughed softly. Later, the Fire-shod Arab retreated to the shore.

NEXT morning Gloria was called from sleep, hurried through breakfast, hurried to the depot only to wait an endless time for the train. Uncle Captain tried to entertain her. He predicted the train would be late, the day hot and dusty. He told her to fetch Aunt Millie and Aunt Anne to Monterey where they would have a bit of sea wind and fog to chew on.

"Don't forget how to box the compass, Glory," he called as she waved farewell from the train steps.

Millicent and Anne were so glad to have

her home they heard the compass boxed to the tune of "Arab Shod With Fire" and smiled as if it were humorous. She related the news commendably, not forgetting the eggs increasing daily from Aunt Mary's chickens, the breaking of the Satsuma vase by Bimbo, and the black taffeta giving at the seams.

Johnny came that night with a box of candy and a bunch of dahlias. He sat on the front steps and tucked his handkerchief inside his collar to keep it from wilting and looked like a plump baby with a bib.

Johnny seemed more silent than usual. He did not smile when she boxed the compass, so Gloria did not attempt such silliness again. A young moon kicked up her silver heel among the stars and Gloria thought of Dick Patterson coming to a Monterey gate to kiss her finger.

"Well, Glory, I've put up a lot of new shelves and a vegetable rack," said Johnny. "And I've got a good price on turnips and carrots. I can get them locally and save freight bills. And my mother is going to visit my sister in Los Angeles. I'm keeping back, and I won't like that."

"Why don't you go with your mother and see Los Angeles?" she asked.

"But he couldn't leave the grocery," cried Aunt Anne.

"Well, you wouldn't miss me, I suppose," said Johnny to Gloria. "I was going to ask you to look over the house. It has to be papered, but if you feel that way, of course—"

"Yes," she said quietly, seizing courage by the throat, "I feel that way, Johnny. How is business, anyway?"

"Rotten," he gasped. "Three groceries in a town of this size." He paused as if to allow the depravity of such a situation to sink in. Then, "Glory, you don't mean that. You're always teasing. But it's risky getting married nowadays. Still, you've never been extravagant. I thought if you wanted to keep on teaching, my mother would stay and keep house for us, for a while."

"I wouldn't drive your mother out of her house," said Gloria chokingly. "Besides I like living home with Millie and Anne."

GLORIA'S thoughts flashed to Dick Patterson sailing strange seas and she tingled at the memory of a kiss on her palm.

"When you were in the house, your Aunts said they thought of going to Monterey to live with your Aunt Mary," insisted Johnny. "We could rent this house. And as I said if you wanted to teach—"

"No, Johnny. I don't want to go on teaching school. I'm going to make romance in pictures for store windows. I'm going to put adventure into every-day things that will coax people to buy for sheer romance. Bujuns in sarongs.

"Wahenes in sugar-cane fields. I'll wring the hearts of housewives with bare-legged and bangled romance. I'll thrill this town. I could always draw fairly well, and did you ever know a nobler vocation than making romance for jaded mothers?"

"Gloria!" cried Anne in alarm.

"Seems to me Monterey spoiled you," snorted Johnny.

It had. Johnny's talk of vegetable racks and shelves completed her spoiling. Dick Patterson, dream person, came close. She had not had courage to grasp reality that night. Somehow regret must be forgotten in work.

Gloria began that night with crayons and water-colors. Next day she manned the slat-hammock under old apple trees, stocked it with books of travel, and worked all her spare time. She returned from hammock cruises star-eyed and laden, dived into seas of paint and brought forth gems. Then she went to the shops and bartered young enthusiasm for dollars and orders for more show cards.

Johnny scorned them even as gifts.



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It was a winter night and his hand brushed light snow from the gate. Gloria was thin and restless eyed. She would have been glad had Johnny caught her in his arms and comforted her. But he would do no such thing on the street.

"You're losing your looks over those cards," he said. "Why don't you marry me and cut out this night work painting. You could go on teaching awhile."

"Johnny, I am going on teaching. I am going on until I can keep Anne and Millicent from canning pickles and jams and making lace for sale to support themselves. You can't afford to keep four of us. You say your business is rotten and you won't try to offset competition."

"Competition. Meaning your darn show cards?"

"They help. Storekeepers say so. You haven't any romance—"

"Romance isn't bread and butter," said Johnny.

"No. But it's life," she sighed.

"Your cards have about run me out of town," Johnny admitted crossly.

"You'd never have the courage to run out yourself," she snapped.

"If I can sell the store I'm going traveling," he announced, "unless you'll marry me this winter. Glory, why don't you?"

"Oh, Johnny, I hate cooking. Please go, Johnny. Have some fun before it's too late."

"Well, if you feel that way—" he sulked.

"Johnny, I know a man in Cebu; he trades between the islands. If he gave you a job—"

But Johnny had stalked down the street. He turned in at Deakens' gate and Deakens was the most prosperous grocer in town, a firm believer in Gloria's show cards and romantic pictures. Gloria felt crushed, contrite, rather like a murderer. But for Johnny, she rejoiced. Once he was away, he'd thank her for sending him forth. She went down the street, came to the depot where a telegraph key clicked and stood at the window.

"To Dick Patterson, Cebu," she began, then carefully counted ten words. "Have you a position for capable person in trade line?"

She was thinking of Johnny. Having ruined his grocery business it was only fair to find him another lucrative position. And that night she dreamed of Dick Patterson, and woke early to make more cards before school. A week later Johnny had sold his grocery to Deakens, and came to say good-bye to Gloria. And Gloria had been adding her bank account and announcing that she was through teaching school because the card business was so prosperous she needed all her time. More splendid still, she was assured of an income in work she loved.

TWO more days of school before the Christmas holidays, and Gloria did not mind because she had planned to take the Aunts to Monterey. That afternoon she went shopping and was late for supper, but her arms were full of bundles.

She waved railroad transportation for three in the faces of the astonished aunts, then ripped open paper wrappings.

"Sarongs!" she announced shaking out gay frocks. "We three bujuns will be decked like the morn. We're having a holiday on my money. We'll stay if they'll have us. I could work much better in Monterey and you'll love Uncle Captain's old adobe museum. You shall count eggs and watch Bimbo catch mice in priceless Satsuma ware. They want you to come and the rent of this house will keep you in affluence. I'm getting somewhere around two hundred and fifty on contracts next year. Oh, darlings, you never know how those orphans will turn out!"

It was bedtime before the flustered, flushed, maiden ladies subsided, before their objections were silenced, before they began to get excited over the gay-colored, new frocks.

"But can we afford to live idly?" they asked again.

"Listen, darlings, I've rented this house for you to Deakens' new manager for Johnny's grocery. That's forty a month. I've got a copyright applied for on my cards and a company to lithograph them and they'll bring in two hundred more a month without making originals. Of course, I can't be idle. But I'm tired. I want a holiday. I want to go sailing with Uncle Captain."

She could plan no further. She had made romance for others, and none for herself. She was thin and weary and her dimples were gone. She had forgotten how to box the compass and to find the North Star.

UNCLE CAPTAIN brought back the dimples. While Millicent and Anne investigated the chicken prospects and discussed wearing qualities of taffeta, and Bimbo's mousing proclivities, Uncle Captain lured Gloria to the catboat with a mysterious aura shrouding the voyage.

"Where is Tou Mu, I want to wish," she requested.

"We're headin' for it," said Uncle Captain. "Her skipper come in yesterday and come askin' fer you, an' took a yellow rose."

"Uncle Captain, I'm speaking of the North Star. Don't tease."

"Strange skippers askin' fer you," he scolded. "What would Aunt Mary say to that if I hadn't headed him off?"

"She'd say, you never know about orphans. But I thought—"

"Said you'd sent a message to Cebu an' they recabed it to Los Angeles where he was startin' an import bazaar. Are you sellin' him bujuns in sarongs, an' bare-legs, an' bangles, Glory?"

Uncle Captain chuckled over those scandalous inventions of Gloria's, shocking to the Aunts. But Gloria was numb, speechless, for the catboat headed beside a ship, and a man hung on the Jacob's Ladder, reaching to catch her hand.

"Maid of Night and the Sea," he greeted Gloria whose cheeks were burning. "I had your message and came at once on my way to Emerald Valley where the sheep are meek and unromantic, and fish seem more subtle and illusive. Your Uncle persuaded me to moor here. So I've watched and waited. While I waited I've gazed at Tou Mu up there and wished."

"Oh, I couldn't find Tou Mu to wish, until this minute," cried Gloria.

"Gloria, after I talked to you that night I quit pretending. You were like that Polar Star, shining, shining, pointing ways to real things. I came with a load of goods and trinkets to start a bazaar where romantic schoolma'ams could get romance handy. Your message was just in time, but you shan't tend store. I'll hire a man—"

"Oh, but I didn't want that job for myself," she cried. "I've got work. It was for Johnny Everett because I won't marry him and I spoiled his grocery business with my bujuns in sarongs, an' wahenes—"

It took time to explain and they went forward, eyes on the North Star which twinkled and winked over a sea scattered with star silver.

"So you see, everything turned out nicely. You gave me ideas that night," she said.

"I gave you something else," he said, "my heart, my love, my whole life. Gloria, I've stared Tou Mu down at dawns, wishing—"

"And I've tried to find it, to wish," she whispered. "I was afraid you were just a dream person, a silver flash, a merman."

"Gloria, I've only got a ship, but she's staunch—"

Her head was against his breast; his arms held her as if she was something precious, a jewel shining in its nest. He was Romance. His ship was Adventure. Johnny had a job. The Aunts were on Easy Street. Gloria lifted her arms and her face and gave him her life with her kiss.

The Intimate Diary of Peggy Joyce

[Continued from page 54]

tell the man who loves her anything important, it makes him feel too important.

Henri is a dear and quite the best of the men who keep wanting me to marry them but I do not know if he would make a good husband because I think he has a very jealous disposition and a strong will.

We will see what Earl thinks is a good salary and if it is really good I shall go to work instead of marrying.

SUNDAY. Well I have seen Earl and really his offer is quite flattering; it is a percentage with a guarantee and if the show is a success I shall make about \$10,000 per week which is more than Henri would give me, so why should I marry when I can make more myself than any man can give me?

I have told Earl I will consider the offer because it is always best to keep these theatrical managers guessing like husbands, but I have decided to accept, but I will ask more money.

MONDAY. I have signed the contract and Earl has given me 1 per cent more than he offered so it didn't do any harm asking.

It never does any harm to ask for what you want and sometimes it is good policy to ask even if you do not want a thing because it is always better to have something than not to have it.

WEDNESDAY. Earl Carroll is a very charming and a very misunderstood man. The papers and magazines are always printing stories about him and saying he is nervous and excited and irascible but he is really nothing like that at all, he is quite calm and collected and a great joker, and I never see him in a temper. Jim Carroll his brother is a nice man too.

Joe Cook is to be in the show and has the male lead; he is a marvelous comedian and Earl says that with me and Cook he is sure of a big success.

Several weeks elapse

WEDNESDAY. I have met a Baltic Baron, he is very charming indeed and we are practically engaged.

Somehow I have always thought of beef and castles when I have heard of barons, but this baron is not like that at all. His title is a very old one and he is very distinguished with lovely manners.

Several more weeks pass, with no further references to the baron, and then the show moves on to Chicago. Chicago seems to have been rather a fateful city for Peggy. It was there she first met Stanley Joyce, and it is there she meets—

SUNDAY. We have had the opening and it was marvelous, nearly as wonderful as the

opening in New York, and Earl said to me afterward, "Peggy you have knocked 'em over, we have got another run." Earl is very sweet. The New York notices of course were splendid and George Jean Nathan who never praises any one was very lovely to me. I think he is one of the greatest critics in the world.

TUESDAY. My fiancé, the Baron, has sent the loveliest friend to see me at the theater, his name is Count Gosta Moerner and he is perfectly wonderful, and looks just like the Prince of Wales.

WEDNESDAY. Count Moerner and I had dinner and he is marvelous, so big and grand.

THURSDAY. Gosta said tonight, "Peggy of course I could not betray a friend and the Baron is my friend and if he had not given me that introduction to you I might never have met you, but love is love and we cannot help it can we?"

So I said, "Gosta dear nobody can help love, it just happens and the more you fight against it the more it gets hold of you."

I think Count Moerner is grand and he is one of the best-dressed men I have ever known. However I do not think he has as

much money as some men I've known. Well, I am making more than \$10,000 per week and what is money anyway? They cannot all be millionaires. There are very few desirable millionaires.

Ten days elapse

SUNDAY. Gosta has asked me to marry him, so I said, "But Gosta dear how can I marry you when I am engaged to the Baron? I cannot marry both of you can I?"

He said, "Which of us do you love?"

"You of course," I said.

"Well then I will explain to the Baron and he will release you from your promise I am sure, he is a friend of mine," said Gosta.

TUESDAY. We have had a cable from the Baron, he says, "Count Moerner is a gentleman and my friend and if you love him I release you from your promise to me, but I am heart-broken and can never love any one else."

That is very sweet but of course he will be in love with somebody else in six weeks, all men are like that.

Well the Baron was a dear but Count Moerner is the finest gentleman and the most gorgeous lover I have ever known, he is simply perfect.

Of course his title is one of the oldest in Sweden, I have had it looked up and he is a relative of the King of Sweden.

He has a castle in Sweden or rather his family has but I do not think they have



Peggy Joyce and Count Moerner—her last husband, to date. Who will be the next?



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much besides the castle. However a castle is something after all.

One of the silly Broadway papers has got hold of the story and has printed an article saying I am to marry Moerner because I want to be a countess. Well that is a lie, I want to marry Moerner because I love him, and what good is a title to me anyway? Any girl can have a title nowadays.

The show finally closes in Chicago and Peggy is given a well-earned rest. So she goes to Atlantic City. Count Moerner follows, and—

SATURDAY. Well I am no longer Peggy Hopkins Joyce, I am Countess Moerner, and related to the King of Sweden.

We are very happy and are returning to New York very soon.

But, only six weeks afterward—

TUESDAY. When we went back to the Ritz-Carlton after being married in the Lutheran church in Atlantic City I thought I had found my ideal husband.

I made a mistake.

I have left Count Moerner today, because the least a wife can demand of her husband is some ambition. She does not want him hanging around the house all the time and not working. Of course Count Moerner was very handsome and a nice boy and really quite a good husband, for six weeks anyway, but he has never worked and I think it would be good for him if he did. Because what is the good of a talent for spending money if you have not got any money?

We have not had a quarrel, I told him I was through and he said "All right, Peggy, guess you know what you want, I will leave you for a while then and maybe we can get together again later."

Which was a relief, because I hate scenes.

Of course I shall have to divorce the man and it is a nuisance, I cannot understand why it is so easy to marry and so hard to be divorced, I should think it would be the other way around, because what is the use of locking the door after the wife has flown?

THURSDAY. I have been talking with friends and lawyers about a divorce and every one says "Why not go to Paris, there is no publicity there."

Well I had enough publicity at my last divorce, and I certainly would never get a divorce in the United States again, no matter how badly I wanted it. Abroad a divorce is considered the affair only of the husband and wife and maybe the correspondent if there is one, but in the United States a divorce is the affair of all the newspapers and readers of sensations and there is no privacy anywhere.

SATURDAY. I have hired Dudley Field Malone who is one of the most wonderful lawyers in the world and very clever in divorces and he says I can get my divorce in Paris but I can only do so if Count Moerner will agree, because while divorces are secret and quick in Paris, the French laws are quite strict.

Several weeks—about ten—elapse. Peggy is again in Paris.

THURSDAY. I am to get my divorce in a few days but it is most annoying. I was out last night pretty late and it seemed as if I had only just got to bed when there was a ring at the phone and when I answered, very sleepy, it was Mr. Malone's secretary and he said, "Countess, you have a date at court with the Judge."

"What," I said, "do you mean I have to go to see the Judge myself? I thought you did all that for me."

"Well we can do a lot but these French

judges want one look at the wife anyway."

But I was so sleepy and tired I said, "Well, if you can't manage without me I don't want a divorce, I am too tired. Why can't I see the judge tonight?"

But Mr. Malone's secretary finally convinced me that I had to get up so I did but I was mad, but of course I smiled very sweetly at the Judge.

Well, in ten minutes it was all over and now we have to wait a few weeks or maybe it is a few months, anyway the divorce will come through and I shall be free again.

I forgot to say that I went to the court room in my maid's clothes because I did not want to be recognized, there are American reporters even in Paris and sometimes they are very smart.

Well, I was not recognized at the court but just now Hank Wales telephoned and



Peggy's counterfeit love lacked warmth. In a motion picture scene with Owen Moore!

said, "Well Peggy I hear you've done it again." Hank Wales is the Chicago Tribune correspondent.

"How did you know that," I asked.

"The President of France told me," said Hank.

"Well," I said, "then you had better come up here and have a cocktail because if you are going to print anything I would rather you had it right."

So Hank came up and he says he will be marvelous to me.

There is another very clever newspaper writer here, his name is Peter Carney and he has been very helpful.

SUNDAY. I have had a cable from Pat Powers who owns the F. B. O. and he wants me to go to California and make a picture. He says I will be a knockout in the pictures.

I have met Mr. Powers and understand he is a very reliable man so I have agreed to make the picture and have made my reservations for California. We are sailing Tuesday.

Nothing now appears in the Diary for nearly three months. The next entry is written in Hollywood.

SUNDAY. Well if any one thinks a motion picture star's life is a cinch let him try it and he will find it is the hardest life in the world.

All these stories about the wild parties and lives of the stars are false because believe me when a person has to get up at six in the morning and maybe sit around in full make-up for a couple of hours until the great director arrives a person certainly does not feel much like stepping out at night.

I have met a new friend, Adela Rogers St. Johns, she is extraordinarily brilliant with a wonderful mind and very charming personality. Mrs. St. Johns wrote the picture we are doing, "The Skyrocket."

The nicest men I have met here are Joe Schenck and Irving Thalberg. I do not like some of the great stars—they are very upstage and if they were real aristocrats they would see how silly they are.

I like Charlie Chaplin, but then most everybody likes him.

There are a number of interesting men here but I have been so busy for the last three months I have had no time to be engaged or get married.

Peggy's picture finished and on its way to the exhibitors, the exuberant young lady goes again to Europe, stopping a few weeks in London and then returning to her beloved Paris.

MONDAY. They say Will Rogers is coming over. I hope he does, I like Will. I think he is one of our cleverest actors and has one of the greatest minds on the stage. Sometimes he makes jokes about me but I do not mind because I know he is a friend of mine and will never be malicious.

TUESDAY. I have met a wonderful man and am not quite sure that I have not also lost my heart. He is very handsome and a count. Of course that does not matter because I am a countess myself, and anyway I do not use my title any more.

Just before I left for Europe I called up the Charles place in the Ritz Tower and asked for a date with Reno and the woman at the telephone said,

"Who is this please?"

"This is Countess Moerner," I said.

"I am very sorry but all Reno's appointments this afternoon are taken, Countess."

"But I must have her," I said, getting mad. After all I have been going to Charles for years.

"It is impossible," she said.

"See here," I said, "This is Peggy Joyce and I want Reno this afternoon!"

"Oh, Miss Joyce," she said. "Why of course Miss Reno will take you—why did you not tell me who you were before?"

Well, I mean what use is a title if you cannot even get a date with a hair-dresser?

Well anyway this man I am nearly madly in love with is Count de Janzé and he is divorced like me, but he is a wonderful person and so charming, and I believe he loves me.

But Peggy does not marry Count de Janzé, no matter how highly she regards him. Instead she returns to New York and there meets another titled person—this time an Earl.

FRIDAY. I have met quite a wonderful boy who also has asked me to marry him. In fact he asked me five minutes after he met me, at the Ritz Tower, but of course I just laughed at him.

His name is Earl of Northesk and he is getting a divorce. David—Lord Northesk—is quite tall, a little stoop-shouldered, and has a distinguished manner, although he is very democratic and likes to "make whoopee."

Well I like David very much but he is a little young—only twenty-six. He is a Scottish nobleman and has one of the oldest titles in Scotland.

TUESDAY. David keeps asking me to marry him as soon as he gets his divorce but I will not say yes, I am not sure whether I want another husband even if he is an Earl. After all an Earl's wife is only a countess and I am a countess already.

I am sailing Saturday anyway on the Ile de France.

THURSDAY. David says he is sailing too but he could only get an inside berth with somebody else as the ship is so full, and there is no room for his valet.

He is a very nice boy but too young.

The next entry in the Diary is at the Lido, Italy.

TUESDAY. Really men are impossible. After all I am not David's fiancée yet, although he keeps telling every one we meet that we are going to marry. I have not said I would yet and I am not sure that I want to marry him anyway. He is too jealous. How can I help it if a lot of men want to talk to me and dance with me?

After a few weeks at the Lido Peggy—with David Northesk still following her devotedly, still announcing to the world that they are to be married as soon as his divorce is final—returns to New York. And there her patience wanes.

FRIDAY. Well, that's that. Just because I would not see him and dine with him last night the man goes out and gets himself into the papers. I have just telephoned him at the Warwick that I am through. I am not going to be made a public joke of by any man, earl or not.

MONDAY. Ray Goetz, who is a great producer, has read me a play called "Le Gre-luchon Delicat." It is French, but it reads very well and Ray wants me to play the chief part. There are only six people and two women in the cast and the other woman is just a maid with a few lines.

Well I would like to show what I can do with a real dramatic part. This will be the hardest thing I have ever attempted, but I am going to try it because I want to prove I am really something more than the "doll" some people have called me.

During the next two months there are no entries in the Diary. Peggy is rehearsing and then playing in "The Lady of the Orchids," which opens in Pittsburgh. The next entry is dated Detroit.

THURSDAY. Ray is one of the finest, squarest men I have ever known. We both know now that the play is bad and will be a flop. But Ray said to me last night, "Peggy, this thing's going to flop in New York. But if I take it off now and do not open in New York all the papers will say that it was your fault. Now, I know different. You have amazed us all and you are really a good actress. I am going to take it into New York just so the critics can see how good you are, and you will find that they will all love you."

Producer Goetz' prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. The play opened in New York, was unanimously condemned by the critics, who just as unanimously praised the acting of the star.

SATURDAY. Well, the play is coming off, as we expected, but at least I proved I could act.

I would like to try again with a new play. I would like Mr. Goetz to be the producer, or if not him, then Mr. Belasco or Jed Harris. I think my life's ambition would be fulfilled if I could be starred by David Belasco—the greatest director the stage has ever known.

And now, with one final entry, the Diary finishes—for a while. Will Peggy continue her entries in it? Why not? She is only thirty years old even now, after having lived several lifetimes. Who can say what names, what experiences, what shrewd comment, will be contained in the next volume of the fascinating little book she keeps under lock and key?

And the last entry to be handed to the editors is full of significant promise.

WEDNESDAY. I have really fallen in love for the second time in my life. He is a most wonderful man and I am proud to know him. I must not mention his name even in my Diary. Is happiness awaiting me at last?



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What Price Marriage

[Continued from page 25]

nearly correct as it was possible to get it.

The cost of the church itself is a minor item. In fact it is practically a nominal sum. Here are the actual charges as obtained from the sexton for a wedding in the above mentioned fashionable Fifth Avenue Church.

For opening the church	\$15
Use of canopy outside	20
Tips for traffic officers	20
Carriage announcer	4
Organist	100
	<hr/> \$359

The decorations—well that was a different matter. There are three hundred pews in this particular church. One hundred and fifty of them are in the center. That is seventy-five and seventy-five double. There was a sheaf of flowers at each end, making one hundred and fifty sheaves. The other half of the pews were divided along each wall, with only one end decorated making one hundred and fifty more sheaves. The fruit trees on the stairs leading to the altar had been manufactured by the florist to give the desired effect. Each piece of fruit had been tied to the tree by hand, a tedious and complicated process.

The florist's bill for church decorations—look at it and gasp.

300 clusters of spring flowers at \$15	\$4,500
4 fruit trees at \$250 each	\$1,000
	<hr/> \$5,500

Florist's bill for club decorations:

4,000 dozen roses at \$3 a dozen	\$12,000
Famous Jazz Orchestra at Club	\$1,000

Yes, that is the exact price charged by this king of jazz for five hours' playing at a private function. Verily, each toot a dollar, each tune a good many dollars!

So exclusive is the club at which Miss de Vere's wedding reception was held that only members can enter its portals. Those on the outside must forever remain in the capacity of lookers in. No information could be gathered as to the cost of the food served—but one can guess it by a comparison with the prices of fashionable Park Avenue places, where money and not membership is the open sesame.

If a fashionable Park Avenue restaurant charges ten dollars a plate, then twenty dollars per plate would not seem too wide the mark for exclusive service at a club. Let's let it go at that.

Three hundred dinners at \$20 per plate	\$6,000
-----------------------------------------	---------

And the champagne. The bootleggers price is \$20 a bottle or \$200 a case. And a bottle to each wedding guest is a conservative estimate.

25 cases of champagne at \$200 per case	\$5,000
Other wines and liquors	2,000
	<hr/> \$7,000
Tips for service—at least—	\$500

Boxes of specially made wedding cake for each guest to put under the pillow and dream upon—

300 boxes of wedding cake at \$1.00	\$300
200 extra boxes to be mailed to friends	200
	<hr/> \$500

That covers the expenditure of the wedding proper. Let's find the total.

Cost of church	\$ 359
Decorations for church	5,500
Decorations at Club	12,000
Jazz Orchestra	1,000
Dinner	6,000
Beverages	7,000
Tips	500
Wedding Cake	500
	<hr/> \$32,859

Thirty-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine dollars. A fortune, indeed, but a mere drop in the bucket compared to the more personal expenses of the bride.

To her maid of honor, her chum since childhood, the bride gave a platinum bracelet set with diamonds and emeralds. Her gifts to her bridesmaids were gold and platinum striped mesh bags with jewel encrusted mountings. A visit to the jeweler brought the following figures.

One diamond bracelet	\$ 2,500
6 mesh bags at \$1,250 each	7,500
	<hr/> \$10,000

One might also add to the jeweler's bill two extra and very important items. The bride's gift to the bridegroom, and the wedding invitations and announcements. The bride's gift to the bridegroom consisted of two of the finest matched pearl studs.

The additional jeweler's bill, for this, read as follows:

Pearl studs	\$7,500
Invitations and Announcements	210
	<hr/> \$7,710

Through strategy the price of the bride's wedding gown and accessories was obtained from the very exclusive shop where she had bought most of her wardrobe since her debut. It was learned that there was no real lace among the heirlooms of the bride's family and so the rose point on her bridal gown was bought for her through this shop from an ancederated but impoverished family for ten thousand dollars.

Herewith is an itemized account of the cost of what the bride wore at her wedding.

The wedding gown	\$ 395
Rose-point lace	10,000
Veil	195
Lingerie	500
Slippers (made-to-order)	65
Stockings	25
	<hr/> \$11,180

The grand total:

Expenses of wedding	\$32,859
Bridal attire	11,180
Bride's gifts to attendants	10,000
Additional jeweler's bill	7,710
	<hr/> \$61,749

The gowns and hats for the wedding party are paid for by each member. The role of bridesmaid is quite an expensive proceeding in connection with a fashionable wedding. Usually a smart shop will make a special price for bridesmaids' gowns because of the number required. The cost of the bridesmaids' hats and gowns was thusly, to each maid:

Chiffon gown	\$225.00
Hat	45.00
	<hr/>
	\$270.00
Seven attendants	7
	<hr/>
	\$1,890.00

Now you have approximately the sum Genevieve de Vere's father paid for her sumptuous wedding and also the bridesmaids' chief sartorial expenditure. Now comes the final expense—the groom's part of the affair. It seems small, by comparison—but remember that the bridegroom's expenses begin with the wedding, while the bride's end there!

The bridegroom's expenses were, first of all:

Fee to minister	\$ 500
Donation to the church, which is customary	2,000
	<hr/>
	\$2,500

The wedding ring was of unusual beauty and the newest design. It was made of six platinum links exquisitely engraved and set with forty-eight, full-cut small round diamonds. Six baguet diamonds connected the links.

The bridegroom's gift to his bride was a carved, emerald and diamond necklace. An exquisite ornament and in perfect taste. It was made of a series of small links that matched the links in the wedding ring.

The bridegroom's gifts to his groomsmen were simple and inexpensive, as no bridegroom, no matter what his fortune, ever gives his attendants more than a mere souvenir of the occasion. In this instance the gifts to the groomsmen were a combination pocket knife with the signature of the owner engraved upon it. The bridegroom had collected the signatures, so that a facsimile of the handwriting could be engraved on the knife, which consisted of a blade, a corkscrew and bottle opener.

The jeweler's bill to the bridegroom was:

One wedding ring	\$ 400
One diamond and emerald necklace	18,000
7 knives at \$56	392
	<hr/>
	\$18,792

The bridegroom sent his bride her bridal bouquet made of lilies of the valley, white orchids and ferns blended with forty yards of narrow white satin ribbon to form a long, loose, graceful shower bouquet.

He sent the maid of honor a shower bouquet of Pernet roses and blue iris. The bridesmaids' bouquets were made of spring flowers, Pernet roses, and Garbia daisies.

The bridegroom's florist bill read as follows:

Bridal bouquet	\$ 90
Maid of honor bouquet	35
6 bridesmaids' bouquets at \$25	150
	<hr/>
	\$275

Bridegroom's expenses—

Church	\$ 2,500
Jeweler	18,792
Florist	275

Total	<hr/>
	\$21,567

And, of course, there was the honeymoon to come—

"Has anything been forgotten?" you ask.

Well, add the two totals together and we'll see.

Bride's expenses	\$61,749
Bridegroom's expenses	21,567

Oh, yes!

Marriage license	\$2.00
------------------	--------

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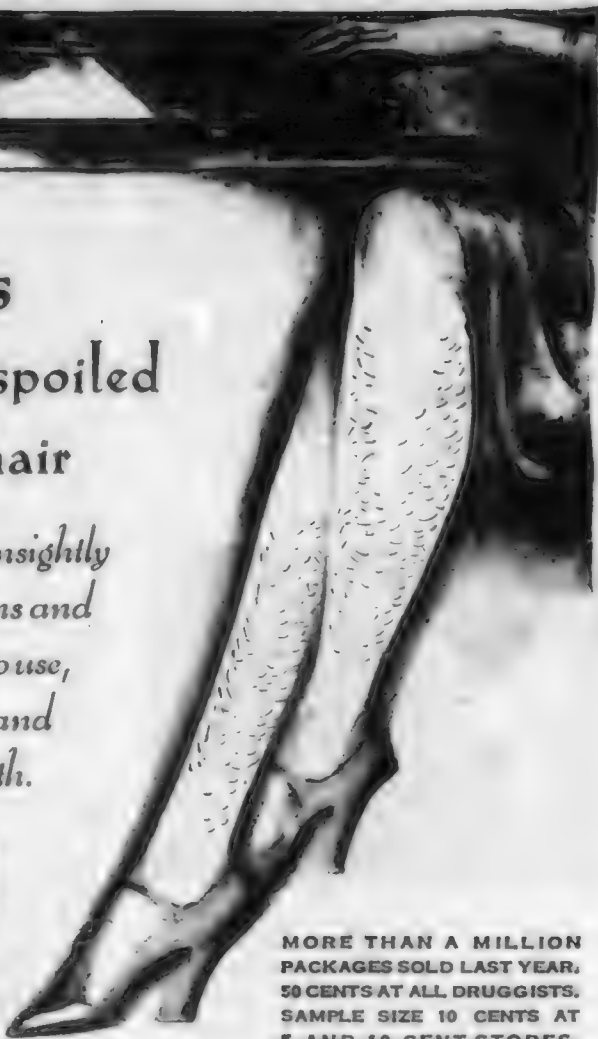
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Formality the New Note

[Continued from page 73]

the picture today. Remember particularly that if you are using heirloom lace for your bridal veil it should be left quite unadorned and draped flat across the forehead with only a diminutive orange blossom over each ear to hold the folds.

I have photographed a wedding gown for you which expresses the ideas we have stressed thus far in our shopping tour. You will find it at least one excellent answer to the perplexing bridal-dress problem. Of course, there are other gowns which will also answer our purposes.



A complete summer shoe wardrobe in two models. Choose for afternoon, this pump of kid and lizard

Courtesy of James Stoner

There are many sorts of bridal bouquets. I have carefully combed the smart florists and I find a tendency to put greater touches of color in the new bouquets. I have also discovered one shop which has very cleverly introduced a note of romance in the wedding flowers. This organization is featuring glass bridal bouquets and I should be very glad to tell you where you can get them if you are interested. Think of being able to revive your bridal bouquet on every wedding anniversary! Think of the memorable moment when you will show it to your daughter—or even give it to her on her day of days.

To be a smart bride this season you ought to have a touch of yellow in your wedding bouquet. Lilies of the valley intermingled with yellow butterfly orchid sprays and tied with very wide ivory satin ribbon, backed by a real lace handkerchief will be found both colorful and appealing.

Among the pure white bridal bouquets are those composed of gardenias and lilies of the valley mixed. Also white camellias combined with valley lilies, or white orchids and valley lilies. If you want to get away from all white but are the least bit apprehensive you might choose a combination of orange blossoms and valley lilies—the centers of the orange blossoms have just a tinge of yellow.

THE calla lily and the Easter lily are chosen by some brides who have them in sheath form.

The ivory prayer book with its shower of baby ribbon and a mixture of lilies of the valley and orange blossoms is still the choice of many brides who prefer not to break the bonds of the past.

For the maid or matron of honor and the bridesmaids, there is a distinct inclination this season toward bouquets of canary yellow, Nile green and peach.

Among the more conventional bridesmaids' bouquets are mixtures of pink roses and larkspur, pink roses with blue iris, and yellow acacia with Pernet roses and larkspur.

Before leaving the wedding ceremony we shall have to consider the attendants' clothes

problem. If the wedding is to be an elaborate one, pity the poor bridesmaids. They must be picturesque and quaint. Their costumes must be unusual and are often too ornate for subsequent use. In the gowns which I have photographed for the attendants, I have carefully avoided frocks which would not later serve for formal wear.

The 1929 bridesmaids' costumes revolve around the color theme and it is in the ingenious matching and contrasting of the same and different hues that the smartest and most colorful effects are achieved. Thus one bride, whose wedding will take place in June, has chosen for her attendants a group of taffeta gowns, each one in a different shade of green and each one accompanied by a matching cape and a picture hat. Both gown and hat are developed in taffeta while the cape is made of georgette crepe. Another smart bride selected a deep bois de rose as the color for the matron of honor and the same bois de rose in a much lighter shade for her bridesmaids.

The pastel shades, notably pink and blue, will be found to contribute the most charming effect in the costumes of the wedding attendants this June. They are reminiscent of the gentler days of the mauve era, and that is decidedly the atmosphere to strive for in the modern ceremony.

Photographed in this issue is a frock of pale pink, starched chiffon whose huge appliqued bow motif is developed in two light shades of blue taffeta. The hat worn with it is made of natural leghorn and achieves identity with the costume through a blue velvet ribbon trimming. With the bridesmaids wearing this costume the matron of honor might wear a model of peach tinted ecclesiastical lace made over a foundation of crepe satin in the precise shade of peach.

Comes now the balance of the honeymoon wardrobe—the going-away dress, the traveling ensemble, the sports suit and the highly important formal togs. You don't have to be a bride to accompany us on this expedition through the smart shops. With the ceremony over, the bride becomes one of us, as far as her summer wardrobe is concerned, and the clothes that she will pick out can be worn just as effectively and attractively by a debutante, a young matron or a sub-debutante.

AS WE glance at the new models of the better dressmakers we shall find that by far the smartest silhouette for formal wear is the line which is molded almost to the knees, at which point a sudden flare is introduced. The bodice should be decidedly fitted and the hipline, which has always been close-fitting in recent years, now fits a little more snugly than ever before. I consider the flounce the most effective method for achieving the flare, which should occur in the vicinity of the knees. You will find that the length of the smart evening gown varies a lot (but in all cases it is decidedly longer than it has ever been since the war).

The new sports silhouette I find is distinctly fuller and freer than the formal contour. It is in the field of sports clothes, too, that the new sleeveless theme reaches its highest and most practical expression. The featuring of the sleeveless dress for afternoon occasions has met a rather chilly reception in many quarters. It is curious that the same women who will put their stamp of approval on short dresses and close-fitting contours inevitably hold up their hands in horror whenever the frock without sleeves is offered. Most of the protest against this style comes from matrons who, for anatomical reasons, are unable to wear a sleeveless gown to advantage. For the youth

of the country it is a smart, effective and entirely artistic style and it should be a part of the wardrobe of every young woman who expects to march in the ranks of the fashionables.

We shall notice a startlingly large number of pajama ensembles before we have finished our June tour of the shops. They are going to be distinctly smart this summer for informal dinners or afternoon teas—in fact every one of you, whether bride or not, ought to include this costume in your present wardrobe. The photographed model is an extremely effective one which may be adapted to every informal, semiformal and so-called *intime* occasion of the summer months. There are, in addition, pajama ensembles for beach wear—these are the promenade type often developed in cotton and of course less elaborate than those worn for the afternoon tea or the informal dinner.

Now let us turn our thoughts to the only girl who dares share the June spotlight with the bride. She is the fair young graduate, high school or college, and the shops are showing nearly as many frocks for her as for her older sister.

IN THE colleges, of course, the cap and gown is the order of the day, and the only dress to be considered is the one which will be worn for the class-day dance and the subsequent round of festivities.

A high school graduation dress is photographed in this issue. It is a long-sleeved frock developed in white flat crepe. Its bodice is only semimolded and the addition of a gently flaring skirt presents an effect as demure as your mother might have worn two decades ago, yet smart enough to be chic today.

If you prefer something a little more elaborate you will find another photographed model more appropriate to your taste. This is developed in white chiffon and incorporates such feminizing details as a cape collar, the famous back-dipping treatment and the scalloped edge. This second model is, of course, more sophisticated than the first, al-



The ideal shoe for sports, low-heeled and comfortably buckled, of two-toned kid in beige and brown

Courtesy of James Stoner

though it still preserves the effect of restrained elegance which is so essential to dress this summer.

Thus endeth our shopping tour for this month. If you are interested in any of the models photographed, I shall be very happy to tell you the price and to give you any other details.

The really significant feature of all these costumes is that they express the present mood of fashion. They are just as important as types as they are as individual costumes and you will find that they express the chic keynotes of the most advanced summer styles.

You Can't Mix Love and Business

[Continued from page 77]

Almost any man will point out triumphantly to his friends and to you that women always feel that windows have to be closed or opened to suit them. As a matter of fact, it is a woman who is dressed sensibly for our modern heated interiors, and men who are dressed foolishly. Men with their collars, uncomfortable ties and their heavy coats do not belong in steam-heated apartments, but apparently no American man can change his clothes as long as the Prince of Wales has to dress warmly in cold English rooms.

IF ANY man tells you, or any woman for that matter, that you should not wear short sleeves in offices during the summer time, laugh scornfully. Tell them something I said in a book I wrote several years ago—that if a girl at a fashionable beach, who does nothing, can be comfortable in sleeveless dresses, then you who work hard in offices should not be muffled and uncomfortable in long sleeves. The whole harsh, unpleasant business thing is something that belongs to the past. In the old days everybody wrote letters that began, "Yours of the 1st inst. received and noted"—a preposterous thing invented especially for business because people had some idea that business was something unconnected with living. People don't write that kind of letters any more. They write naturally and say, "I got your letter and I think you are right," or wrong—or whatever they want to say. Just so with business clothes and business manners. What is suitable anywhere else is suitable in a business office.

You will be helped a lot if you will stop worrying about bosses "getting fresh" with the girls in their offices. To women who have worked for some years such worries come to be a standing joke. If a girl tells frequently how advances have been made to her, a quiet smile will pass among the other girls. They know without words that this is a case of either a girl who flirts freely, and resents the results of her flirtations, or it is a case of a woman so poor in lovers that she has to make up day dreams for herself.

Young girls, who have read much poor fiction, have really gruesome ideas about the relationship between men and women in offices. Just today a girl told me that once when she had been working for nine years for a good and particularly sedate employer, a new telephone operator came into the office—very young and suffering from emotional indigestion from cheap fiction. After a day or two the little girl said, wide eyed and half eager for scandal, "Does the boss ever take you out for dinner?" The implication was that if the boss did such a thing it would have been a thoroughly improper arrangement. Now this happened to be a boss who would not even have gone out with his stenographers for strictly business reasons, and the girl who told me this thought it was a funny story. The poor little telephone operator thought that the relations between a man and a woman in business could not be merely friendly or impersonal.

IT IS really all a part of the same tradition that considers a woman as a *lady* and not as a human being. In places like New York, and in the North generally, the obsession about being a *lady* has more or less disappeared, but in the South it is still very strong, and, to be frank with you, very annoying to a woman like myself, who is anxious to see women equal to men. It is a mistake to think that a woman who considers herself first a *lady* is superior to a man. She is not; she makes herself inferior

by demanding special protection. As soon as a man considers a woman first as a *lady*—rather than as a human being, he gives her a handicap and he also gives her a real chance. Remember also that under all his joshing manner the average American business man has a positively absurd respect for a woman. We don't deserve the respect that we get, but it exists just the same. The American business man cannot get it into his head that we are not better than he is in many respects.

Many years ago, when I was just a young girl beginning to work, I was horrified on a new job because my boss put his feet on the desk. He was so tall and had such awfully long legs that it seemed the whole office was filled by his long legs, and his two large feet on the desk. Fortunately, under my prudence, I had a good deal of sense. He was one of the kindest of men and one of the most impersonal with whom I have worked. His feet on the desk meant nothing to him, and therefore meant nothing to me. If you or I go to work in an office or in a factory we are going to compete with men and be their equals if possible; therefore women can't be offended by things which would not offend the men in the office. In other words, those feet on the desk would not be expected to annoy any other man, therefore why should they annoy a woman except as a matter of taste, and in matters of taste you have to stand a great deal in this ugly, changing world that is much worse than anything men do in offices.

AS A woman you have one weapon that you sometimes use, no doubt, and that is tears. In our present day women frequently cry more easily than men, but that has not always been true. There have been times in history when men cried as easily as women. Among the ancient Greeks the men cried as freely; the Romans and heroes of Homer wept when they were defeated in a fight. Even in modern times supposedly strong warriors, like General Grant, used to cry.

Nevertheless in modern times it is considered weak for a man to cry, not for a woman to do so. We all do what is considered natural, so all women cry once in a while, but don't cry any more than you can help. If once in five years you break down and weep before your boss it will work, but don't do it any oftener, or it won't have any effect.

If you have to cry, it would not be a bad idea to do it at home after you go to bed at night. Crying in bed at night will sometimes prevent illness and often keeps a woman looking young. In other words, crying in bed means that you are sorry for yourself and it is sometimes a mighty good thing to be sorry for yourself. If you are sorry for yourself in private you are less likely to make other people sorry for you in public, but remember it won't do to make people pity you if you are going to make a good living or make money. You don't ever get a real good job or hold a good job out of pity.

Often love affairs grow out of meetings in offices. One reason why women like to work is because they meet more men and one reason why women prefer offices to factories or domestic work is that there are more men about. It is not so much fun associating altogether with women, and business connections are sometimes more interesting and vivid, but if you fall in love with your employer and you want to continue that love, try to get a job somewhere else and meet him on another basis than as employer and employee.

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Pinkie Decides

[Continued from page 45]

Mr. Combes, she could hear Pete and Linda talking, and her heart sang with possessive pride. Pete was telling Linda about a camping trip he had been on one vacation in the Berkshires and to Pinkie's amazement he quoted a line from Thoreau, not ostentatiously. Linda, Pinkie knew, was delighted.

"My daughter-in-law," old Mr. Combes was saying, "is a charming girl, but none of you young things should be trusted with decent jewelry."

"We were speaking of jewelry?" asked Pinkie archly.

"I was thinking of jewelry," said the old man. "Linda's pearls. They belonged to my grandmother, bought in France, in the days of the Empire. They should have been restrung weeks ago. Tonight, Linda broke them, just as the first guests arrived, and she tumbled them into the drawer of the library table, as though they were so much paste."

"Nothing ever happens to jewelry," said Pinkie, "if you're careless enough with it."

The old man laughed. "Perhaps you're right. At any rate, it happened in her own house and she didn't lose a pearl."

"Too much caution," said Pinkie, "is the curse of our generation."

"I shouldn't have supposed so," said the old man.

"But, some way, I'm not feeling cautious tonight." Their eyes laughed at each other. "I personally," said Pinkie, "don't expect to wear anything better than, say garnets."

"Rubies," said Mr. Combes, "would be becoming. Have you ever seen the rubies that belonged to young Porter Winston's grandmother?"

"No," said Pinkie.

Then she and Pete turned to each other and, with the intimacy that exists only at a large dinner party, they were alone.

"Linda's nice," said Pinkie, who was not in the least thinking of Linda.

"Yes," said Pete, "and so's her husband and her house and her food and—"

"Her guests," said Pinkie.

They both laughed.

"You know," said Pinkie, "I never thought we'd meet again."

He looked at her. "I tried to make myself believe we wouldn't." He stopped. "But when you want a thing, even a crazy thing, you can't help thinking you're going to get it."

"I don't," said Pinkie. "I'm too humble."

"Humble?" he stared at her. "Why you? You have everything."

PINKIE'S face was grave. "You know what you said in your letter about barriers?" She stopped. "Well, I've got them. Rotten, selfish barriers of pride and ambition. You see," she met his eyes frankly, "I wasn't born to the purple either."

He flushed. "I don't believe a princess could be as lovely as you are."

"Don't." A look of pain came into Pinkie's eyes. "You don't know what you're talking about. I'm not half as decent as you are."

"Oh, Lord," he said, "you're just plain crazy. You don't know—"

At that moment Linda stood up and the

other girls followed. In the drawing-room Linda drew Pinkie aside. "I like your young man. I think he's just darling." Her eyes were bright. "But, my dear, you mustn't lose your head."

Pinkie's eyes hardened. "My dear, I think you may rely on my native snobbery."

"Oh, Pinkie," Linda looked hurt. "What makes you say things like that?"

There were voices at the door.

"I think," said Archie Combes, "since it's a hundred in the shade we'd better dance."

And so they danced. There was a player piano in the drawing-room, the notes of which were softly blurred by the Long Island dampness, making the tunes sound like music heard across a garden. Pinkie, with one of her sudden shifts of mood, was deliciously happy again. She was young. She was beautiful. She was dancing with Pete Willard in one of Long Island's most select drawing-rooms.

It was fun. Life was fun. She loved Pete, but she liked him because she knew he was bewildered by her and was keeping his head. There was no doubt about it, the lower classes had dignity. Pinkie's father had had it even in the days when he wore shirt sleeves with suspenders showing. Emily had had it too when

she cooked in the kitchen of a logger's camp. Emily had it now, for all her out-size diamonds and her double chin.

"I'm the only one that's a rotter," Pinkie thought.

But she said, "You must dance with Linda."

"There won't be time."

"Nonsense. Besides, she's frightfully gone on you." Pinkie smiled up at him maliciously.

PETE looked down at her. "I suppose that flatters you because she's backed up your judgment. You wouldn't like me so well if she hadn't liked me too."

Pinkie blushed. "If you say another cruel and truthful thing like that I shall get my father to make you marry me."

Pete drew her to him with a gentleness that made her want to cry. For a moment they were silent.

Pinkie sighed. No matter how many times she married Porter Winston she would never forget this night. Never. Then— "Do you suppose you could dig up a time table for me?"

Pinkie shook her head. "No. There are no time tables and the trains have stopped running. We are going to go on dancing forever, here, on Linda's carpet. And Linda is going to go on envying me because I found you and she only found Archie and the family pearls and a million dollars."

Pete laughed too. "You're a vixen on the top of a rock. There's a poem in German about you, only that girl had long yellow hair and yours is like a startled sunset."

"You can't ever go," said Pinkie, "now I've found you."

The music stopped and they stood side by side, still held together as though their arms had not released each other. People passed them laughing, chatting, looking at them with the detached curiosity of the well-bred.

"They must keep time tables some place," he said. He looked at his watch, a nickel



plated one without a chain. "If I hoof it to the station I think I can catch the twelve thirty-five. I think that stops here."

With a sudden gesture Pinkie started towards the door.

"In the drawer of the library table," said Pinkie. "I saw Linda put one there yesterday. Or was it an age ago, before I was born?"

In the drawing-room the music had started again.

"Pinkie," called a man's voice. It was Archie.

"Coming," she answered.

"IT'S about my dance," said Archie, tucking her under his arm in a fatherly fashion. "Where's your Lochinvar, my girl?" Pinkie jerked her head backward. "In there, digging up a time table."

"I'm glad to see," said Archie gravely, "that his heart's still in his work. He told me about the cars he's got to get here by tomorrow morning." Archie looked at Pinkie. "By the way, Winny telephoned. He sprained an ankle this afternoon at polo, but he's coming tomorrow and he said to tell you he was an invalid and for you to be kind." Archie smiled. "I don't believe it was a bid for sympathy for his foot either."

"Poor Winny."

"It would be better for you, my good lass," said Archie, "if you said that with a kinder eye."

"And worse for Winny."

That was the sort of remark Pinkie knew both Linda and Archie detested. "Darling," said Pinkie, "I'll bet you arranged to get his foot busted just for my sake."

Pinkie could feel Archie stiffen. In that moment she hated both him and Linda. Was their kindly meant interest destined to make a botch of her life for her?

"Linda thinks we ought to have had an orchestra," Archie was saying, "but I think it's more fun this way. More impromptu."

"Oh, much," said Pinkie. What was he talking about anyway? Would Pete Willard go off without saying good-by to her? Of course he would. He must hate her.

But he hadn't gone. He was dancing with Linda, and Linda was smiling and a pale pink glowed under her white skin.

"Linda's pretty tonight," said Pinkie, "I mean even prettier. She knows how to dress and she's got a decent restraint about jewelry."

Archie smiled. "Not about breaking it. Those pearls gave my father a real turn. He's romantic about heirlooms."

THE music stopped and Linda and Pete joined them. Linda looked excited and very pretty. "Mr. Willard doesn't have to go yet," she stated. "I know there's a one-seventeen." She turned to Pete. "I'm sure that was an old time table you looked at. I got a new one yesterday."

"You put it in the drawer in the library table," said Pinkie. "I saw you."

"That drawer is bulging with time tables." Linda flushed. "Some day, when I have time, I'm going to clear them out. Wait a minute and I'll get the last one. I know just where I put it."

Again the music started and Pinkie and Pete stood looking at each other.

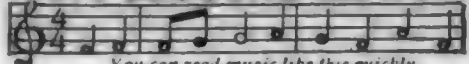
"If you were any kind of a Christian," said Pinkie, "you'd ask me to dance."

"If I were a Christian," he said, "I'd never look at you again."

But Pinkie answered nothing. She saw Archie's expression of disapproving curiosity as they passed him. Archie did not dislike Pete Willard. He was in fact attracted to him, but he thought, of course, that Pinkie was wasting time. Pinkie smiled to herself. She would marry Porter Winston, if she could land him, but this night at least belonged to her. Without curiosity she saw Linda reappear at the door and beckon to Archie and saw the two of them hurry off



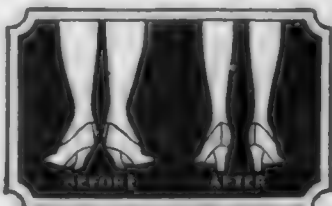
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together. It was sweet of them to bother so much about her, but they needn't. As she had said to Linda, they could count on her native snobbery to save her.

The music stopped and Pinkie found Archie waiting for her in the doorway. "Pinkie!"

Pinkie sensed at once something different in his face and that wave of apprehension that lies so little below the surface swept over her.

"Coming, sir."

"JUST a minute." He slipped his arm through hers and led her to the library and closed the door. Linda was standing by the table. Her face was white but she did not tremble. In a flash Pinkie noticed that the drawer of the table was open.

"The pearls!" Pinkie gave a little laugh, that sounded in her own ears hysterical. "Good lord, do we have to brighten even suburban dinner parties with melodrama?"

Archie's expression did not change, but Pinkie could feel him stiffen. "They're gone." He stopped. "It's probably a stupid mistake somewhere. But—"

Pinkie waited.

"You see—" began Linda. She was speaking patiently, as one would to a child.

"Yes," said Pinkie. "I see. Mr. Willard was in this room. He opened the drawer of that table." She stopped.

"Of course," Archie interrupted, "I'm not accusing anybody."

Pinkie's heart was jumping in her throat like a bellows. "No," she said, "but you're thinking, 'What does Pinkie know about this fellow? He sold her a car. He looks presentable. He behaves like a gentleman. Nevertheless, he can't be one.' Her voice was shrill. "He isn't one of the Willards of Providence."

"Stop," Archie's anger was obvious. "I tell you I'm accusing no one."

THE door opened and for a second Pete Willard stared in silence at the three motionless figures. Then he turned to Linda. "I thought if you'd found that new time table—"

There was a moment. Then Archie braced himself. "I'm awfully sorry—" He stopped. "Just before dinner Mrs. Combes broke the string of pearls she was wearing, and, as the first guests were arriving, she slipped them into the drawer here," he pointed, "and closed it."

Linda blushed. "It was a stupid thing to do. I should have taken them upstairs."

Pete Willard's expression did not change. "And they're gone now."

Linda nodded.

He smiled. "Probably no one has been in this room since but me." He stopped. This time his face did change, but he hurried on. "I was not only in this room, but I was alone and I opened the drawer of that table."

Pinkie knew at once that her own face was scarlet. "No," she said, "I was here."

Pete Willard didn't look at her. "You left." He nodded his head toward Archie.

"Mr. Combes called you. You went out and left me here alone, with the—"

"Time tables." Pinkie giggled and she knew just how that giggle would sound to Linda and Archie.

"Please be serious." Archie didn't look at Pinkie.

"Miss Canfield has nothing to do with this," said Pete. "I was here alone."

In a flash Pinkie turned on Linda and Archie. "What, after all, do you know about me either?" she demanded. "I went to school one year with Linda. That's all. I'm the upstart daughter of an upstart father—"

"Pinkie!" Linda's shocked face held them all for a second.

"It's true." Pinkie stopped. "Why not accuse me? I'm not your class either, any more than Mr. Willard."

"If you can't behave like a reasonable human being," snapped Archie, "you may leave the room."

Again Pinkie laughed and this time there was no hysteria in it. "No, I shan't leave the room. I'm having too good a time." She looked around. "I don't care who took the pearls. Maybe I did, maybe some one of the people in there—" she jerked her head towards the drawing-room, "people whose ancestors came over in the hold of the Mayflower along with yours and Linda's great-great-something-or-others. Maybe the butler. Maybe nobody. But I can be myself now."

"You're talking nonsense." Archie's white face was frozen.

"Sure. I'm talking nonsense." Pinkie laughed again. "I'm talking like what I really am. This is the way my mother yelled in the kitchen of a loggers' camp. The way my father yelled to half-breed Indians and Wops. I'm not well-bred, or restrained, but I'm enjoying myself for once in my life."

Pete Willard turned to Archie. "Don't pay any attention to the fireworks. Miss Canfield knows nothing about those pearls. I was in the room every minute she was. She's trying to throw you off and to shield me. But it's no good."

Archie's face was mottled. "I tell you, I'm accusing no one."

AGAIN the door opened and in the doorway this time stood old Mr. Combes in a dressing gown.

"Linda, my dear," he put his slender old hand into the pocket of his dressing gown, "I saw you toss your pearls into the drawer, there, and it seemed to me a careless thing." Again he smiled. "I took them out. I meant to tell you. But I, too, was stupid. I forgot it. It wasn't until I woke a few minutes ago that I remembered." He crossed the room and put the pearls in Linda's hand. "Forgive me, my dear. No string of pearls in the world is worth bothering about." He patted Pinkie on the cheek and then Linda. "When you're my age, my dears, you'll know that too."

Linda caught his hand to her cheek and a sob broke from her lips.

"Now, I must go back to bed." He smiled again. "We old ones have to get our naps in early, for we wake with the first bird in the morning."

He left the room and the four young people stared a moment at each other.

"HOW many cars have you got waiting for you?" Archie suddenly demanded.

"Four."

Archie pulled out his watch. "You've missed that train. How about the four of us driving in to New York in my car? I can leave it there. Then each one of us could drive out a car for you and we'd get 'em all here and dusted off in plenty of time for your delivery at eight this morning."

A moment they stared. Then Linda's face lighted up. She looked young again and happy. "Let's."

"I suppose Linda and I'll have to change our clothes first," said Pinkie.

"Not me," said Linda.

Archie jerked his head toward the other room. "I suppose we'll have to wait for those fools in there to go?"

"No," said Linda, "let's have a good time once. Let's," she looked at Pinkie and she smiled as she slipped her arm through hers. "Let's all be natural, too."

Pete Willard laughed, and Pinkie laughed, and Archie.

"It's a swell night," said Pinkie.

"It is so," said Pete. Then he turned to Pinkie. "See here," he said, "you can't drive any car of mine faster than twenty-five miles an hour."

Pinkie nodded and she knew at once she was never going to mind taking orders from Pete Willard.

Tomorrow's Charm

(Continued from page 69)

sort of mathematical perfection of feature. I wish that every girl could be supplied, by some fairy godmother, with a beautifully-textured skin. That's such a precious possession. If you weren't blessed with it, then you must cultivate it. Don't waste your energy worrying because you think your eyes are set too closely together. Or because you think your neck is too long, or your nose too short, or your hair too straight for beauty. But decide that your skin is going to be as clear and fine as you can make it. If you are subject to chronic skin eruptions treat this condition as you would a toothache. Go to the only person who is equipped to cure it—your doctor or a dermatologist.

YOU may discover that your pet dessert will have to be left off the menu for a while. Or that your system needs toning up by daily exercise, more fresh air, more sunshine, more glasses of water every day. Don't—please—go on strict diets unless your doctor tells you to. You may be depriving your precious bodily organization of just the elements it needs to bring the bloom back to your cheeks, the sparkle to your eyes. Keep your skin as clean as it is humanly possible to keep it. Many girls find that a pure, toilet soap and warm water is sufficient to do this. Others discover that certain creams aid in keeping the skin soft and release the pores from clogging with make-up and the day's quota of dust. The simpler you can make your daily régime the better, because then you are sure to do everything that the skin needs every day.

And, occasionally, when you're going to a very special party and want to look lovelier than you ever looked in your life before, give yourself a special treatment that will bring up the hidden glow that even the most sluggish skin possesses. You'll discover the secret that beauty-wise women everywhere have discovered—that a really beautiful skin is so rare and striking in itself that it dominates even a plain and otherwise uninteresting face. If this weren't true, the great beauty salons all over this country would go out of business. For the women who direct them know that they cannot change the bone formation of a

woman's face, but they can, given a background of health and reasonably thorough daily cleansing, give her a good skin.

Exactly the same thing holds true of hair. No matter what color it is, whether it's bobbed, just-growing-out-from-a-bob, or long, whether you wear it straight, or loosely waved, it must have the fine, lustrous quality that comes only from the right care. I wish that there were a fairy godmother around to give every girl this kind of hair. I can remember that as a child I thought it much more magical that Cinderella's drab, stringy locks turned suddenly into a marvelously dressed coiffure fit for a duchess than that she should suddenly acquire a brocaded ball dress and the elegant coach and coachmen! Because, of course, a lovely dance frock just

needs to be put on—but lovely hair, that's not so simple.

It may look charming for an hour or so, just after you've had it waved and cut, but does it look just as lovely hours later, after you've danced and dined? No hair-dresser in the world can give you lovely hair with his pair of shears or his curling iron, or his finger-waving skill or permanent-waving apparatus. Lovely hair grows from a healthy, well-nourished, clean scalp. And you'd be surprised to know how few really healthy normal scalps there are in the world!

If your hair is shampooed properly, as often as it needs it, and the scalp is given a little daily stimulation with massage, hair beauty will come. Like skin beauty it, too, depends on your own bodily health. After a serious illness the hair is often so debilitated at the scalp that it begins to fall out in handfuls. The same thing happens, in a less degree, when the body is under par. The hair loses its natural brightness, its aliveness, its springy quality that makes it respond when you're coaxing it into a new style of coiffure.

The third important thing that makes a girl beautiful regardless of her freckles or her turned-up nose or her too prominent chin is the way she carries herself. Watch the people on the street, without looking at their faces. Which ones are the ones you'd like to know? The ones who slouch along, whose shoulders slump, whose steps are choppy and jerky, whose chests are drawn in and whose heads jut forward at an ugly angle? No—these aren't the ones you'd pick. Nor would you pick the swaggerers, whose stride is exaggerated, whose whole demeanor is too aggressive for true beauty. Rather you would choose—

unless I'm very much mistaken—the figures held erect, the ones that move along with a free, smooth motion, chins held up, shoulders and backs making lovely straight lines, steps, firm and elastic.

Of course, you might find such a figure now and then belonging to a most unattractive face. But more often the figure that is carried beautifully lends some of the free, gay loveliness to the face. It's much harder to scowl and look sulky when you're walking beautifully than when you're slouching along, with muscles pulling in a downward direction, with ease and balance lost.

When the years begin to leave their little marks on skin, hair and figure—the merely pretty girl gets panicky. All her life she has taken her good looks for granted. She has cared for them perhaps, but she has not had to study herself. But age doesn't hold that fear over the head of the girl who has studied her weaknesses till she knows them by heart. She has knowledge behind her, and knowledge has power to make your beauty live tomorrow, as it does today.

Putting money in the bank systematically is no better investment than devoting a few minutes a day to the cultivation and preservation of your natural beauty. If you begin to care for it before twenty the forties will find you doubly fair.



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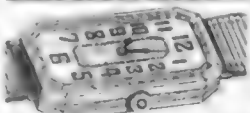
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When the Busy Woman Cooks

Entertaining for the June Bride

By Mabel Claire

Decorations by Ann Brockman

IS SOMEBODY you know about to become a June bride? It would be a queer month of June that did not teem with delightful and thrilling secrets and hum with the strains of the Wedding March. Whether you are or are not one of this year's June brides, it is quite likely you will be called upon to entertain in honor of one.

If the bride is a business woman she is quite apt to be as busy as you are and that makes it doubly difficult to fit an entertainment proper to her exalted state into your busy lives.

I would suggest a Sunday breakfast for six of the bride's closest friends as appropriate and within the possibilities of the business girl's crowded calendar. Make it just a regular old-fashioned breakfast, which by the way, is new fashioned now. The real breakfast is quite the vogue and has replaced the affair called breakfast which really resembled a luncheon.

Of course Sunday morning is the time chosen. Heaven knows the week-day breakfasts of the business girl are apt to be sketchy! If she gets enough to eat and to the office on time she is lucky.

But Sunday, what an Eden that day is with the serpent Work banished and forgotten! Breakfast may be savored and lingered over and it produces an atmosphere of friendliness that's just the thing to offer your best friend who is about to begin a new life.

MAKE the breakfast table as lovely as possible. Whatever other decorations you employ in honor of the occasion, the table should be the centerpiece.

A lavender cloth would be lovely as a background for the other decorations. If

you use that, make the centerpiece pink roses, and if possible, set them in a pewter bowl. A single rose should be laid at each plate.

Strawberries are going to be the first course and they will be on the table when the guests arrive. Place them on plates of clear, green glass, if you want to add greatly to the color scheme and use pale green goblets that match the plates.

The menus given below may be prepared successfully in the smallest kitchenette and need not take any undue preparation, time or labor from the busy hostess.

Breakfast Menu

Strawberries with Cream
Omelet
Browned Strips of Bacon
Hot Rolls Orange Marmalade
Waffles
Maple Syrup
Coffee

For breakfast you will need to shop for the following:

3 pints of strawberries, pint of cream, 12 eggs, pound of bacon, dozen rolls, parsley, maple syrup, flour, baking powder, orange marmalade, quart of milk, coffee, pound of butter.

Cook the bacon slowly, turning it often. Drain the fat from the pan as it accumulates. The bacon should be crisp and golden brown when it is finished. Lay it on soft white paper just before serving to remove every trace of fat.

Omelet

BREAK the whites of 8 eggs into a large bowl. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt and beat

until stiff. Add the yolks of the eggs and beat. Add 8 tablespoons of milk and beat. Put 2 tablespoons of butter into a large frying pan. When it is golden brown turn the omelet into it. As the omelet browns lift the edge of it, tip the pan and let the liquid on top run underneath. Do this several times. Remove the omelet from the pan on to a hot platter. Fold it over once. Decorate with strips of bacon and sprigs of parsley. If you prefer, the omelet may be baked in the oven for 15 minutes. If it is cooked on top of the stove it should be made after the first course is finished, for it should be served as soon as it is done. It will not bear standing.

If you have an electric waffle iron bake the waffles at the table after the second course is finished.

Waffles

SIFT 4 measuring cups of flour and 4 rounding teaspoons of baking powder into a large bowl. In another bowl beat the whites of 4 eggs until stiff, add the yolks of the eggs and beat. Into the egg mixture stir 3 cups of milk. Add the liquid gradually to the flour mixture stirring constantly. Beat until all is well blended. Add 4 tablespoons of melted butter. The waffle iron should be very hot before the waffles are baked.

If you would like to entertain more than six for the bride give an evening party. A buffet supper is delightful, particularly if the number of your guests exceeds the seating capacity of your dining table.

The table should be made as large as possible. The food to be served is set upon it together with the plates, napkins and silver and the guests help themselves. Small tables placed about the room offer a place for the guests to set their plates. When supper is finished the food and dishes are removed and the dessert and coffee are brought in.

There is a pleasant informality about the buffet supper that never fails to delight one's guests.

Lace runners of deep cream color were used on the table I have in mind. The centerpiece was an arrangement of rose-colored sweet peas combined with delicate baby's breath. Silver candlesticks held rose-colored candles.

Buffet Supper No. 1

Fried Chicken
Harlequin Salad Potato Chips
Deviled Eggs
Hot Buttered Rolls Currant Jelly
Celery Olives Radishes Pickles
Ice Cream Crushed Strawberries
Bride's Cake
Salted Nuts Candies
Coffee

Fried Chicken

PURCHASE tender chickens for frying. Select a large pan. Put enough water into the pan so that the water will be an inch deep. Light the gas. When the water is boiling, lay the chicken in it. Cover and cook for 20 minutes, turning occasionally. Remove the chicken and liquid from the pan. Flour the chicken, dust with salt and pepper. Brown well in three tablespoons of butter heated in the pan. Cook 20 minutes, keeping the gas flame low. The fried chicken may be served either hot or cold. Serve it on a large platter decorated with parsley.

Harlequin Salad

For the salad use crisp, chilled lettuce, thinly sliced cucumbers, sliced tomatoes, cooked string beans, cooked asparagus and cooked beets. The cooked vegetables may be of the canned variety. Cover a platter with the lettuce. Place the vegetables on it in separate piles. Serve both mayonnaise and French dressing with this so that the guests may choose whichever they prefer.

SPLIT the rolls, butter them and heat in the oven.

PUT cracked ice in the center of a large plate. Arrange the celery, olives, radishes and pickles upon it.

Another buffet supper that is very simple to prepare is the following one:

Buffet Supper No. 2

Lobster
Macaroni Salad Hot Buttered Rolls
Stuffed Celery
Olives Radishes Pickles
Frozen Pudding
Bride's Cake
Salted Nuts Candies

Macaroni Salad

BOIL 1 package of macaroni. Cool it. Mix the macaroni with 1 can of tuna fish, 1 cup of stuffed olives cut into pieces, 2 cups of diced celery, 2 cups of diced cucumbers, 2 tomatoes cut into small pieces, 1 cup of cheese cut into cubes. Mix and moisten with French dressing. For the dressing mix 1 measuring cup of olive oil with $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of vinegar. Put a piece of ice in a bowl and beat the dressing. Add 1 teaspoon of salt and 1 teaspoon of paprika. Beat until the dressing is creamy. Cover a large platter with crisp lettuce. Arrange the salad on it. Decorate it with sliced tomatoes and stuffed olives.

Stuffed Celery

WASH and dry the celery. Cut it into 3 inch lengths. Mix 1 package of Roquefort cheese with 1 tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce. Mash well and when blended, stuff the celery with it.

Editor's Note:

Perhaps you have occasion to plan a dinner for four—or for fourteen. Or even a supper party for forty! Perhaps you'd like recipes for cake or for candy, or menus for luncheons. Perhaps you just want some good straight advice on the subject of cooking. If so, a letter enclosing a stamped envelope, addressed to Mabel Claire, in care of Smart Set, will be answered promptly and we can guarantee that Miss Claire will give you the information you desire.



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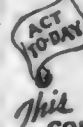
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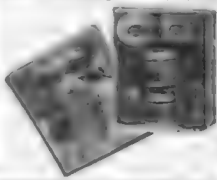
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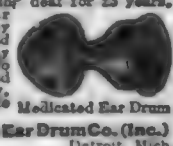
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A Good Murder

[Continued from page 61]

For Carl Henderson might have been any girl's prince. He was tall and well-dressed, and so handsome that he could have been a screen star if he had not chosen to be a lawyer. And he saw in her—a murderess!

"This is awfully tough for you—" He looked at her with eyes that appreciated her appearance. "I know the sort of bird this man Car must have been—there are too many of 'em in New York! Well, now there's one less."

He hitched his chair closer to hers. "It looks to me as if somebody must have been mighty careless to let a girl like you get into a mess like this. Girls ought to be taken care of. I suppose you think that sounds pretty old-fashioned."

She smiled weakly. "I think it sounds lovely!"

"WELL, we're going to take care of you now. Miss Harper, you mustn't have a moment's uneasiness about the outcome of your trial. We're going to get you off, and I'm here to tell you so!"

He told her the same thing again when he said good-by, and somehow the very emphasis with which he spoke gave Joan the first tremor she had had on this head. Brennan, phlegmatic and positive, had imbued her with his own confidence, and when Gorham, with his mesmeric eye upon her, had sketched the little precis of the case, which all New York knew, she had listened docilely, convinced that she was at least running no risk.

"This bird Car's been after you for a long time—see? He spotted you when you first came here from the country, has been dining you and taking you around. But he never offered to marry you, and so you always stood him off—see? You got him going at last so good he offered to divorce his wife and marry you. But you never really loved him, though you were dazzled by the life of luxury he was tempting you with. You had a boy friend back in the sticks—see? Roy we'll call him—three letters again. He came on to see you and gave you a good line, and since then you've been wavering about Car. He wrote you a stack of letters the cops are going to find—hot ones, I'll put Pratt on to write 'em—and Car got hold of one and blew up and that's where the trouble started—"

But if it were going to be as easy as all that, Joan wondered, remembering the rest of the well-learned story, why did Henderson put such fervid reassurance into his parting handshake?

Henderson's realization that a battle lay ahead of them—Joan had guessed rightly that he foresaw no walkover—was due to more knowledge than the tabloid men had of the incoming District Attorney who would conduct the case. Ogden Higgins was a keen lawyer and a woman-hater. He was out for convictions at all times, and in the case of a pretty murderess, with all the sentiment of the town on her side, he would fight rapidly, dangerously.

WHEN Joan's trial actually began, this man took the sheaf of occurrences and characterizations invented by the Pageant and gave them a little kaleidoscopic shake into patterns suddenly sinister.

Through a succession of dragging, oppressive days a number of witnesses gave evidence about Joan's entrance into the hotel with the supposed Car on the fatal night, and about the screams heard from Car's apartment, and about the appearance of the room, the corpse and the distraught girl after the door had been forced. All this was told again and again, the

story checked by this person's account and the other's, until the sequence of events was clearer to the public mind than it had been to Joan after she had passed through them. And the great day came on which she was to take the stand and tell her own story.

"We want to hear in your own words—" said Mr. Creighton encouragingly, "the history of your relations with Archibald Car."

But they were Pratt's words, put into her mouth and learned by heart weeks ago, conned over daily in the interval.

"I loved pretty things—" Joan told the world wistfully. "I wanted a good time!" That much was true enough. Then she branched into fiction. "Mr. Car said that he just wanted to be a good friend to me. He realized we couldn't be more than friends, because he was married—"

There was a good deal of that, designed to enlist sympathy for the girl. Then at last, while everybody in the court room listened breathlessly, she related for the first time the inside story of how, through no act of hers, Archibald Car had come to his death.

"The knife was a sort of curio, a Malay kris—he had a lot of weapons like that, he collected them. It hung on the wall over the divan. He'd been showing it to me a little before, and then he couldn't put it back in place without getting up, so he leaned it against the side of the couch, on the floor. I remember thinking at the time that was dangerous—somebody might get cut by it."

"After a while he began to get—affectionate. I was fond of Mr. Car; he'd been so kind to me, and I didn't mind a kiss or two. But that night—he'd been drinking, he—he frightened me! I tore myself out of his arms and ran across the room. He started to come after me. But he was pretty—tight, you know, and I think he caught his foot in the couch cover—anyway he came down sprawling—his whole weight right on the curved-up point of the knife... He made a queer sort of grunting, coughing sound—I saw the blood—I screamed and screamed—That's all I remember—"

PROBABLY nobody in the court room believed this—the tabloid men hardly expected them to. But a plausible fable which they might decently pretend to believe, was no more than the jury's due. Joan told it well too, with artistic breaks and tears at the points indicated by Pratt.

But she had told her story that day in response to Mr. Creighton's gentle urging, and when the trial was resumed it would be Higgins who would take the witness. It was Saturday, and on the Sunday Carl Henderson came, less to consult with Joan than to encourage her.

"You do think I'm going to get off?" she asked him tremulously.

"You poor little thing!" He caught her cold hand in his firm warm one. "You just trust me! Why, do you think I'd let you get into any serious trouble? And, leaving me out, do you think New York would? The public's strong for you, Joan. It's your personality that does it—you're such a little innocent-looking, confiding child!"

"But don't they think anything of killing a man? Don't you?"

"Oh, gee!" His mouth contracted as he called up, evidently, a horrible picture. "All that is so ugly, so unlike you! What's the use my talking about what I'd give to turn you back into the innocent girl you once were! We're fighting for your life now. When this trial's through, when we've got you off as we will get you off, then there are a lot of things I shall want to say to you. Joan—little Joan—"

She stared at him, her heart beating fast.

This was more than a defense counsel's bought partisanship, surely! For a minute she thought that his next move must be to take her in his arms. When instead he jerked his chair a yard away and opened his brief case, she realized how hungrily she had been hoping that it would be.

Had he checked himself because he couldn't bear to kiss—a murderess? What an ugly word it was, and the thing how much uglier! If she could only tell him that it wasn't true of her. But the paper she had signed forbade her to do that. He had surmised worse things behind, had said, "The innocent girl you were once—" And she couldn't tell him that her whole life was as blameless as it had been colorless up to the moment when she sold herself to the Daily Pageant!

PRATT, wall-eyed with panic, burst into the office where Brennan and Gorham sat together, late on Monday afternoon. "That Car case is getting away from us!" he panted. "It's all good for the paper," Brennan soothed him with a complacent smirk. "Did you see my circulation figures? Sure was a darb, that idea! Can't print the Pageants fast enough—they're eating 'em!"

It was true enough. The case, with its appealing central figure, had not failed to stir the public, but none of the other tabloids were able to obtain such spicy details, to get hold of so many pictures of the principals, as the Daily Pageant. If you were interested in the Harper-Car trial—and who wasn't?—you simply had to add the newest tabloid to the papers you habitually read.

"Blast the circulation!" Pratt's blasphemy, which would have done him credit in some eyes, shocked Brennan painfully. "I'm telling you, the kid's not safe any more! You'd say that Higgins had a real ill-will towards her. He's making her out the rottenest kind of gold-digger, alienating public sympathy so fast you can watch it go, and listen, this is the worst—can you beat this? He's proving now that she tried to poison Car before she knifed him! He's had 'em monkeying with the fellow's stomach! He's got doctors swearing there's signs that could be slow poisoning somebody was giving him!"

Brennan was perturbed at last. "But she isn't convicted yet," he rallied. "You want to look on the bright side of things more than you do."

"The bright side," sneered the other with considerable manly feeling. "I suppose the bright side for you is, if this kid gets the chair, you're in twenty grand you won't have to pay her!"

"Well," said Brennan philosophically, "twenty grand is a lot of money!"

Joan, meanwhile, back in her cell after the gruelling day, was holding herself by main force from an outburst of hysteria. She had gone into court that morning feeling brave enough, bolstered by Henderson's encouragement and thinking more perhaps about him and the bitterness of his belief that she was guilty, than of the danger that the jury might reach the same conclusion.

THE change in the complexion of things had come very early, when, looking from the hateful sneering face of the District Attorney to Henderson's perturbed one, Joan felt terror clutch her heart. The discovery of poison in the supposed Car's stomach had an ugly look, and Higgins made the very mysteriousness of the man's antecedents a basis for allegations against Joan. A man of evident wealth known to none of the business men of the city, unlisted in Bradstreet, it was practically certain, Higgins said, that his money was ill come by and Joan his accomplice in crime. The District Attorney uttered the word blackmail more than once.

The lurid light in which Higgins had shown her, his thundered denunciations alternating with acid sprinklings of contempt, made it seem hideously certain that she must be found guilty. Trapped, lost!—And by

her own act! For, if she exposed the Pageant's conspiracy, as clearly her danger gave her every right to do, she saw that no one would believe her. She had not a scrap of paper to show in support of her contention, and the machine of the law, started so lightly, could not be stopped by her mere word. Her story would be laughed at as a crazy invention; the Pageant would repudiate her; its paid tools, who knew, would witness against her perhaps—

The next day was little better, though Mr. Creighton spoke on her side, and well, and the next was worst of all. Higgins, his case complete, called all his powers into play in his appeal for a conviction, and her own counsel's speech in rebuttal sounded to Joan's ears very weak in comparison.

The end came at last, the final moments felt to be of almost unbearable tenseness even by the spectators. The judge completed his charge, biased too it seemed against Joan, and the jury filed out.

She sat as if in a cataleptic trance, her face drained of color, her eyes staring. Henderson moved closer to her and took her cold hand. At the reporters' table Pratt fidgeted like an addict deprived too long of his drug; he looked as though he too had passed sleepless nights of late. Joan hated him—

Minutes like hours elapsed, hours like weeks. Word was brought that there was no prospect of an immediate decision, and the girl was led away, offered food she couldn't eat and given spirits of ammonia to drink. Everybody was very kind to her, she noticed—probably because they were all certain she was going to be convicted—

THE word came that the jury had found a verdict. They brought her back into court again, where every place was disputed by thrill-seeking watchers. The judge, looking old and sad and solemn, loomed over the room. The jury filed in. Joan was ordered to stand, and rose blindly to her feet.

"We find the defendant, Joan Harper, to be not guilty—"

It was like waking out of a nightmare. She gave a queer choking laugh and put her hand across her eyes. Henderson, forbidden by court rules to steady her before, sprang to her side to give her the support she no longer needed morally, but was glad of before the physical rush of the congratulating mob.

"Didn't I tell you you'd be all right?" he rejoiced in her ear.

"Well, I wouldn't have given ten cents, ten minutes ago, for my chance of getting off!" she said frankly. "That horrible Higgins almost made me believe myself that I ought to be exterminated!"

"Ah, but you couldn't see yourself," he reminded her. "Higgins was strong, he always is, but the jury had your sweet little face before their eyes all the time. You haven't to thank Mr. Creighton or me for much. It was your own attractive personality that got you off!"

He got her through the press and out of the courts building by a back way, where a car waited. She sank back against its cushions, happy and dazed, but with a question on her lips.

"I'll come tomorrow," he promised, and getting into the car took her for a brief wonderful moment in his arms and kissed her full on the mouth. Then he got out and gave the address of her retreat to the chauffeur.

Joan was driven there on clouds. He loved her, after all!

She slept till noon next day, and met him when he came, with a star in each eye. She intended, of course, to tell him everything, but he caught her roughly and began to kiss her face and throat, to kiss back the words on her lips.

"Then you do love me?" she snatched breath enough to say.

"Do I love you?"

"I ought not to let you—" Joan faltered,

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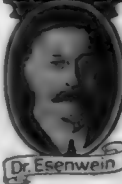
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when he released her at last. "It is noble of you to want to marry me, after everything!"

He looked up from the hand he had retained and was fondling, a curious change of expression on his face. "Who said anything about getting married? Be reasonable, little girl! I love you, I'm crazy about you,—but I have a position to consider, a career. I mean to be District Attorney one of these days, and to go on up from there. I couldn't marry you, even if I were foolish enough to be willing to myself, with the whole town knowing the sort of girl you are. Even if we faced it out about the murder charge, seeing you were acquitted, it's been broadcast that you were pretty frankly on the loose. But I'm fond of you, I'll be good to you—"

She jerked her hand free. "Oh, go away—go away!" she wailed. "I don't blame you—I've only myself to blame—but I never want to see you again!"

Henderson was a self-seeking young man and prudent, and he was infatuated with Joan, finding her supposed guilt a sauce to her appealing personality. He went at last, but he made her an ugly scene first, of recrimination and, when she was still indifferent, of insult and even an approach to violence.

He had broken her dreams, but at least he left her with no regrets for him. When he was gone she remembered that she was going to sail away to Europe in a Cunarder, and this prospect, which she had forgotten while she was in love with Henderson, took on even more than its old allurements.

The sooner she left the country, she thought, and put the whole ugly, ridiculous episode behind her, the better. Feverishly she got into her outdoor things and a pair of disguising goggles, and hurried around to the Pageant office to claim her check.

In the little private room Brennan congratulated her with a false geniality and motioned her to a seat.

"Twenty thousand bucks," said Brennan, "is a lot of money."

"A lot of money!" Joan repeated indignantly. "Why, I wouldn't go through that again for twenty millions!"

"ALL'S well that ends well, isn't it? I suppose you realized—" he was watching her warily, "that we were just kidding when we said twenty thousand. After all the Pageant has put you on the map, and you'll be getting so many offers from night clubs and revues and so forth, that you'll be able to keep the wolf from the door. Now what we thought of was twenty-five hundred in a settlement of all claims, and I've got the check for that right here."

For a minute Joan was too angry to speak. The fat white face across the desk was colored with a mist of red, as she understood that the tabloid men, after what they had smilingly lured her on to suffer, were planning to cheat her of the miserable reward. Her expression may have startled Brennan, for his voice rose threateningly.

"You better be reasonable now, sister. You aren't in a position to squeal about this, because you conspired to mislead the State, making it spend thousands of dollars on a murder that never happened. Yes, you could maybe pin the same thing on us, but it's nailed to you from the minute you open the question!"

She stared at him dumbly and he changed to an oily cajolery again.

"Let's keep this pleasant, kid. I always like to keep things pleasant. You put your end through in great shape, and we'd be glad to use you again for other freak jobs if you'll act reasonable. Tell you what I'll do, I'll go up to three thousand, seeing it's you—"

A voice rang out passionately from behind Joan, followed by the slam of the door as Pratt, who must have entered unnoticed a moment earlier, strode over to the desk.

"You'll pay Miss Harper just what you contracted to pay her—twenty thousand iron men, and not one penny less!"

"Oh, is that so!" Brennan blustered. "Who made you the boss around here? And what's it to you how much we pay, if the girl's satisfied? Are you getting a rake-off?"

"I am not, and why her getting her rights matters to me is what a swine like you can't very well understand, I guess. I got her into this thing, didn't I? I've been wanting to shoot myself ever since the racket was started and couldn't be stopped, for getting her into it—a nice girl like her, butchered to make a New York holiday! Twenty million wouldn't pay her for what she's been through— And see here, Brennan, I know the inside on this, and I know the inside on one or two other little matters about this office. And if you don't come through this minute, with a check for the full amount you owe Miss Harper, I'll quit on you right now, and go spill what I know to ears that'll be darned interested to hear it!"

SULENLY the business manager, beaten, took out his check book and shook his fountain pen. Without any further argument he wrote a check for the amount of the original agreement.

Joan, hurrying out to the street with her check clutched in her fingers, was aware that Dick Pratt was at her heels. She was glad of that, for she couldn't have thanked him properly under Brennan's spiteful pig eyes.

"You were perfectly splendid! I never could have stood up to him, alone. Thanks, an enormous lot!"

He brushed her acknowledgments aside. "Least I could do. I got you into this, didn't I?" Still he paced at her side. "I was thinking—it's just four-thirty—teatime for those that take it—and I missed lunch. Could we have a bite together? I know a quiet joint near here—"

He steered her into a corner where she could sit with her back to the room, and leaned over the table towards her wistfully.

"I'm not such a rough-neck as I seem," he told her. "You've got the wrong slant on me, I'm afraid. You have to talk that way to fellows like Brennan and Gorham, because it's all the language they understand. But I had two years at college, before my father died and I had to go to work, and—I don't mean to be a cub reporter all my life! My real interest is writing quite different sort of stuff—Oh, poems and short stories, and—well, what I'm getting at is, couldn't I see something of you, take you out once in a while, from this on?"

"But I'm going to Europe," she reminded him, "on a Cunarder!"

"Oh, sure—I forgot about that!" His face fell.

HE WASN'T a rough-neck. He had stood up for her. He was interested in her, knew all there was to know about her and still respected her. The amazing surmise entered Joan's head—could he, could Dick Pratt, tabloid reporter but aspirant towards better things, by any possible chance be—her prince? He had declared once that there was nothing royal about him, but he was a king, she felt, in comparison with Henderson.

"I shan't be sailing right away, I guess—" she changed her mind suddenly. "It's getting late in the year now, and I'd be afraid of being seasick in bad weather. I don't guess I'll sail until, maybe, next June—"

She sailed in June, but not alone, on a three-months' wedding trip. The bulk of her twenty thousand dollars the Pratts put into a delightful little house out near Rye—The nicest sort of place for a rising young author and his wife to live. Joan's new neighbors don't read tabloids, and have no sort of notion that, as Brennan put it, she once "played lead in a murder trial."

So, to quote Brennan again:

"All's well that ends well, isn't it?"

Life Isn't So Bad

[Continued from page 53]

news fragmentarily, in exclamation. "Esta, honey, you— That man has taken care of you; I knew he would."

"Tudor?"

"Man, Ma—?"

"Mr. March."

"He! He doesn't take care of anything. I've taken care of myself. What a superb hair cut, Tiny One!"

Hugs and kisses again, all smiles now. The only tears were in Robert's wide innocent male eyes.

"Ma, listen. Mr. March suggests we should all lunch together," said Esta.

"Shall we, Bobs?"

"I'd like to, Tiny," said their man. "I want to get a good idea of these two guys my only sister has been running about the world with."

"Two?" said Ma. "Ah, the secretary."

"The secretary," Bobs echoed, his eyes on Esta.

HE SAW the color flood her face, a pretty blush indeed. Ma wasn't looking. Esta brazened it out coolly. So she had done as a child—brazened anything out. She looked him straight in the eye as she had always done, clear as crystal. But in that crystal clearness he confirmed his first impressions on meeting her downstairs.

"Let me see," said Ma, seraphically smiling out of the window, "what is his name?"

"Tudor Charles," from Esta.

"Sir Tudor Charles," said Bobs, gazing at Esta. "One of these pleasant parasites for whom rich men always have some use."

"My Bobs!" cried Ma, turning her attention now from the sun which she loved to a sudden aura of impending war about her.

Esta went cold with an icy anger, the strength of which surprised her, warned her to go carefully. She managed to say in a light voice, "Even you, Bobs, can hardly sum a man up from one look."

"I know his color. And why 'even me,' Esta?"

She contrived her light voice again, "You always used to think you knew."

"And I used to say, 'Children, don't squabble,'" cried Ma.

They looked at her small slenderness on the window seat, her little gray head, and her big bright eyes on them with the old entreaty, and Bobs said gently, "I was only teasing her, just as I used to do, and just as she used to do, she reared right up."

"Tell me about California, about New York, darling," said Therese. So Esta sat with her and rushed into a description of people and places and pleasures, her mind all the while on Tudor, and on Bobs, who wasn't—she was now sure of it—so simply boyish as he could still look.

Bobs had grown up, was hard as a man is hard, and merciless as a man can be.

Kelly March could be hard like that. Tudor never was. Tudor understood so ravishingly what he so rightly called, "The art of life."

The art of life. They could live together so beautifully, gracefully, rapturously. Bobs meant to start her with that money, didn't he? He couldn't—he wasn't going to play the dictator.

All the time these perplexities ran in her head, she was managing some sort of chronicle of travel.

"You lucky one!" Ma was murmuring now and again. "Oh, Esta, aren't you glad you risked it? Say what you will, honey, that man has looked after you—Bobs, she's never really liked her boss since he took us to Ciro's—I told you—and kept us in our place— No, you haven't, Esta— The Yosemite Valley?— Go on— Oh, I'll go there myself sometime I hope— Go on, honey."

Robert sat quietly, smoking, looking from the window, seeming to notice the cars and the people passing below, seeming to be listening to Ma and Esta, but really ridden, in spite of himself, by certain visions of his own. That morning he had got up early, and walked in the Borghese Gardens with Pamela Mackinnon. There were few idlers in the Gardens at nine o'clock of that golden, promising autumn morning. It was not like the more popular hour, pre-luncheon, or late afternoon.

Pamela had looked lovely. It was strange how little he had understood her on that Queensland ranch, strange how he had misjudged her loneliness. He understood better now. She was one of those impulsive, frail women—clear-hearted as children—who, above all other women, needed love, and the protection of a man who could really protect.

"People have been too kind to me; it has spoiled me, I expect," she had said to him more than once lately. He knew it was just her brave interpretation of the fact that people hadn't been kind enough.

They had stood for a while on the terrace which gave them a magnificent view of the city, and then, going down gravely together, to the broad avenue from the Piazza del Popolo, they had sauntered on and on, almost in silence, past the Fountain of Aesculapius and the Monument of Victor Hugo, and crossed the bridge, and come to the Garden of the Lake. They had had rolls and coffee at the restaurant in the Garden, and then wandered out again under the pines. It had been pure heaven.

Bobs painstakingly switched his attention on to Esta and Ma.

Esta was talking away very satisfactorily, but her attention, like his, had wandered, was focused on herself and her own private thoughts. He knew it. And he would be prepared to bet that in her private thoughts walked that secretary fellow he had met.

A KNOCK on the door of the vestibule. Tiny Ma, consulting a diamond and platinum watch on her wrist, still patently thrilled by such a possession, looked away from Esta, saying:

"That would be Mrs. Mackinnon, Bobs. I asked her in for a cocktail at twelve-thirty."

Robert was conscious of his sister's quick, surprised look. "Mackinnon?" she was thinking. "Why, that's—" He would bet she knew! He was on his feet in an instant, and went to open the door. He didn't care who knew!

Pamela came in.

"My daughter Esta," Therese smiled.

The two girls shook hands with smiles of pleasure, but with a quick survey of each other's potentialities. And to each the thought came elusively. "I wonder what influence she has on Bobs."

And then Pamela sat beside Therese on the window seat, *en famille* as it were, already charmingly talking, and only Esta, who knew Ma so well, read the sad derisory glint flashing for a moment through the sweet courtesy of those wide, hyacinth eyes.

Robert was mixing cocktails.

He was all aquiver. You couldn't miss it. Woman-hating Bobs!

She didn't trust the cat. Half an hour later, when the vision had gone, knowing quite well, she said, that they must be longing to talk to each other, Esta contrived a secret word to Therese.

"Ma! In Heaven's name—"

"That's Mrs. Mackinnon, divorced wife and widow of the man who left Bobs his Australian property."

"How comes she to be here in Italy?"

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his curiously soft, smooth, suave motion, with Esta, "the fellow will be able to keep her in order."

He could smell the faint perfume of Esta's hair. She and that accomplished little mother of hers used the same scent. She wore the close unadorned black velvet frock that was a frock a man liked if there ever was one.

"Esta," he said, using her first name as though naturally, "you look adorable to-night."

"In my old rag!"

"Bosh, girl, you know that every man thinks there's nothing to beat the right kind of black on a girl with a skin like yours!"

"You would always be arrogant, wouldn't you?"

"Always, I expect," smiled March.

"Mr. March."

"Go on, girl."

"You have been awfully rude to me. Insulting. You haven't believed me when I—when I told Sir Tudor about my people."

"I didn't say so."

"You let me see it."

"I refuse to quarrel, Esta. You're feeling independent, aren't you?"

She insisted, out of sheer vexation with the evening:

"Why couldn't you believe me about my people. Because—well, look. See."

"Yes. I see. Fate has dealt you a really sweet hand, hasn't she?"

"I don't know what you mean?"

"Tut! tut," said March, "you're unhappy tonight for all your good spirits, aren't you?"

And then it seemed to Esta that indeed, as Tiny Ma had accused, she hated everything about him: his composure, his sureness, his brutality, and now his sympathy.

"Oh—unhappy?" she shrugged. They danced in silence; she felt his arm tighter about her, and was now miserably angry that it was not Tudor's arm.

"Don't be angry," said March in her ear, "it's making you stiff."

And now he had committed the undoubted crime of understanding too well.

Going within sight of their floorside table, Esta saw that Ma and Tudor had stopped, were sitting down talking, an innocent intensity on Ma's face that Esta had never seen there before, a softness, a beguiling weakness about Ma very foreign to one who knew her as her daughter knew her, and Tudor was talking at that softness, that beguiling weakness. They were notably immersed in their talk.

March too saw everything. He thought, "Trust him to make hay. But she wouldn't—would she?"

And he pondered over the signet ring on Esta's finger, even then lying against the collar of his coat. Mrs. Gerald wouldn't, would she? But these young, middle-aged, moneyed women did. They did take young decorative husbands, and keep these poodle-fakers on the run too.

"What a solution!" March thought ironically. "But she wouldn't. She's too wise."

The signet ring—he'd seen it for months on his male secretary's little finger.

Esta thought feverishly of Tudor. "Darling Tudor, he's pleasing her; he's going to get her sympathy for us."

BOBBS and Pamela were going by, Bobs' head bent, a rapt happiness on his face; Pamela murmuring near his ear.

Then they were all sitting at the table again, with champagne and sandwiches, Bobs staring at Tudor, with eyes that had changed from the eyes which looked at Pamela, which were now contemplative and unfriendly.

Discomfort, vague but distinct enough, crept round the table because of Bobs' frank, unfriendly look at Tudor and Esta's apprehension of it, and Tiny Ma, who, having had enough discomfort most of her life, hated it, however vaguely it loomed

on her horizon, wanted to return to her hotel.

"But you boys and girls stay," said Tiny Ma, with a bewitching affectation of age. "Put me in a taxi, and I will go alone."

But Tudor wrapped her cloak about her; Tudor took her out; Tudor did not return.

It was two in the morning before they sorted themselves out to go home. Bobs meant to be sorted out—that was plain.

"You and my sister have the car," he was beginning to Kelly March, "and Mrs. Mac-kinnon and I—"

"No," said March, "I'll look after your sister. Take your car, old fellow, and run along."

Oh, why wasn't Tudor here now? The evening, for all its glitter, had been barren.

SHE didn't know where they were driving. There was a moon silvering Rome. They passed under the shadow of St. Peter's, went down the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, came near the bridge over the Tiber—she didn't know—nor care about—their direction.

"Esta," said March from a silence beside her, "what are you doing with that ring?"

Esta would not reply. She looked out of the window, at the silvered roofs and the lamplit street. March saw her calm pale profile—not that the calm deceived him.

"Tell me, Esta. That's Charles' ring."

"It was Tudor's," she murmured with a faint smile.

"Do you think you're engaged to him?"

"I am engaged to Sir Tudor Charles."

"Oh, no, girl."

She laughed on a note of scorn. "Oh, yes."

He bit his lip hard. "Does your mother know?" he commented agreeably.

"Yes."

"You've told her?"

Esta had done with little save-face lies. "No," she flared. "You didn't need to tell her. She saw my ring."

"What does she say?"

"She hasn't had much chance to say anything so far."

"Well, what will she say?"

"She will not interfere in my private affairs!"

"One for me," said March in his soft voice.

And Esta thought, "Whenever he speaks like that, it means—it means something."

He continued blandly and implacably:

"What does your brother say?"

"It is not his business either."

"He may make it so," said March.

"We are driving a long way," Esta replied.

March smiled, and looked at her.

"Charles has nothing to marry on, I fear."

She was tensely quiet. Hadn't she been worrying over these horribly necessary problems all day?

"You are thinking," said March softly, "that you will have your income from your brother."

"If," she said, loyally, but tremulous in her heart, "Tudor allowed me to accept it."

March laughed. His laugh was soft as his voice, but to Esta it was deafening as if the whole of Rome laughed at her.

"You laugh!" she flamed. "But you don't know him. You never have. He's so proud that I don't—I don't know what to do about it all."

His voice dropped even lower.

"Do you love him?"

"I love him."

"I think you do not know your mind as well as he knows his."

"We will stop talking about it."

"Not just yet, dear," said March. And she felt his hands suddenly holding her left hand, and withdrawing from it the signet ring.

"Oh! How dare you!" she gasped. "You insult me; you insult Tudor with your

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beastly curiosity and your sneers and your interference—"

"No, no, I don't insult him."

"Give me my ring," she sobbed savagely.

"I shall give it to Charles tonight," said March, "and he can give it back to you if he wants to."

"How dare you?" she blazed, and tears ran down her face.

"I shall say it is from you," March added.

"You—you—" she was incoherent.

"Dry your eyes, girl."

"I'll see him—"

"Not tonight. He's in my apartment."

"I'll telephone through and tell him—"

"I shall take all calls."

"I want to be happy," Esta sobbed like a child, "and you're all against me. Don't you think I felt it all through dinner?"

"I am pleased to tell you that you're mistaken about him. He also does not know how to be unhappy. Dry your eyes."

"He'll call me up early tomorrow, and I shall explain to him what you've said."

He laughed. "Come. Can the heroics and the maid-in-distress stuff. So you're going to marry him?"

"I am."

"With or without money?"

"With or without. I don't care."

HE STILL held her, his right arm like a steel band, and his left gripping both hers.

"Don't you really care whether a man has money or not, Esta?" he said urgently.

"Not if I love him. But how should you understand?"

"And you're my enemy for life, are you?"

She paused a moment, and collected herself. "I'm your secretary for as short a while longer as it's possible to be."

"That, dear," said March, opening the door as the taxicab stopped in front of the Beau Site, "is quite true."

He escorted her into the lift. She did not want his escort, but she had it. He escorted her right to the door of her room, saying there a good night to which she hardly responded. And he went on with a quick step to his own apartment, and found there, as he had expected, Tudor Charles, enjoying a final whisky and soda.

"Ah, Charles, you saw Mrs. Gerald home?"

"I thought I had better, sir. You haven't needed me?"

"Not at all."

"It was hardly worth coming back to you, I thought, sir."

"Absolutely not." And March thought, "You put in a useful hour in the Palm Lounge, confiding in the attractive widow, ill bet."

Aloud he said, "A charming woman."

"Extraordinarily charming, sir."

"By the way—"

Tudor's manner was again all attentive secretary.

"Give me a whisky and soda, Charles. Thanks. I was going to say, I'm going rather hurriedly to London, starting early in the morning. Shall leave you here to do a job or two for me. Do anything you can for Mrs. Gerald, of course."

"Certainly. It will be a pleasure."

"I'm sure it will," March answered.

It was on the edge of Tudor's tongue to ask, "And Miss Gerald, sir? Does she go with you?" But for some reason he forebore. March was in one of those moods, Tudor judged, when he locked his mind.

"Oh, by the way, Miss Gerald gave me your ring,

and asked me if I would give it to you."

Calmly the young man took it. "Never loses face," March thought. "Can't ever tell what he is thinking." He took up his drink. "I noticed she was wearing it at luncheon and dinner," he said.

Tudor smiled.

"I suspected a romance," March went on drily, with a touch of mockery.

"Oh, not a bit of it, sir." The ring was again on the fourth finger of Tudor's right hand. "She—it was a bit of a rag on her people—but it didn't take. Too much love about already."

"Have another whisky and soda," said March and thought, "It will help him tell a few more."

"Shall you want me tomorrow morning, sir?" was all Tudor uttered.

"Look in on me about those one or two commissions at eight o'clock. Why?"

"Mrs. Gerald tells me she likes an early walk. We were going into the Gardens—"

"By all means. I shan't want you."

"Thanks, sir."

"Good night."

"Good night."

Tudor went off into his own room, the ring somehow fitting his little finger uneasily. Esta had sent it back? What did that mean? Bobs—the family financier—had already put his foot down on the engagement? The sacrifice was too great for her? Was that it? Did March believe his slick explanation invented on the spur of the moment? Any how, Esta had been a fool—a damned fool—to wear the ring. He had told her not to. It had sent him hot and cold all day. He was angry about it. He arranged his anger. Her family—not having the advantage of really knowing him—would think he was running after the girl on account of her money, when nothing was further from his thoughts. When nothing was further—

"Yes, I'm lucky, but I'm lonely. I need some one to care," the chic, experienced little gray-haired woman had told him, driving back to the Beau Site two hours ago. He had not seen the spark in her eyes, turned from him. "Money isn't everything," she had gone on.

They had, as March supposed, sat in the Palm Court and talked of life very largely and finely and yet intimately; they had drawn quite close. They had arranged that walk in the Gardens early next morning.

And Tudor thought vexedly, "That ring business—what did Esta mean? Silly mystery. I'll send her a note in the morning, renouncing—or shall I wait? Don't like that big Bobs brute."

AND Esta was weeping herself to sleep, from anger, chagrin, excitement, love, disappointment, and other emotions too complex for her to classify. And suddenly it was next morning; a waiter was bringing coffee and rolls, and on the heels of the waiter, came Bobs.

He was wearing his silk dressing-gown, stalking, explaining—having no Italian—to the waiter, "I am her brother. Don't you see?"

Then he tried French and finally brushed past the protesting waiter into Esta's room.

"Now, sister," said Bobs, sitting down on her bed, and staring at her in businesslike fashion, the fashion of the man of the family, "Who's this sap you've picked up with, eh?"

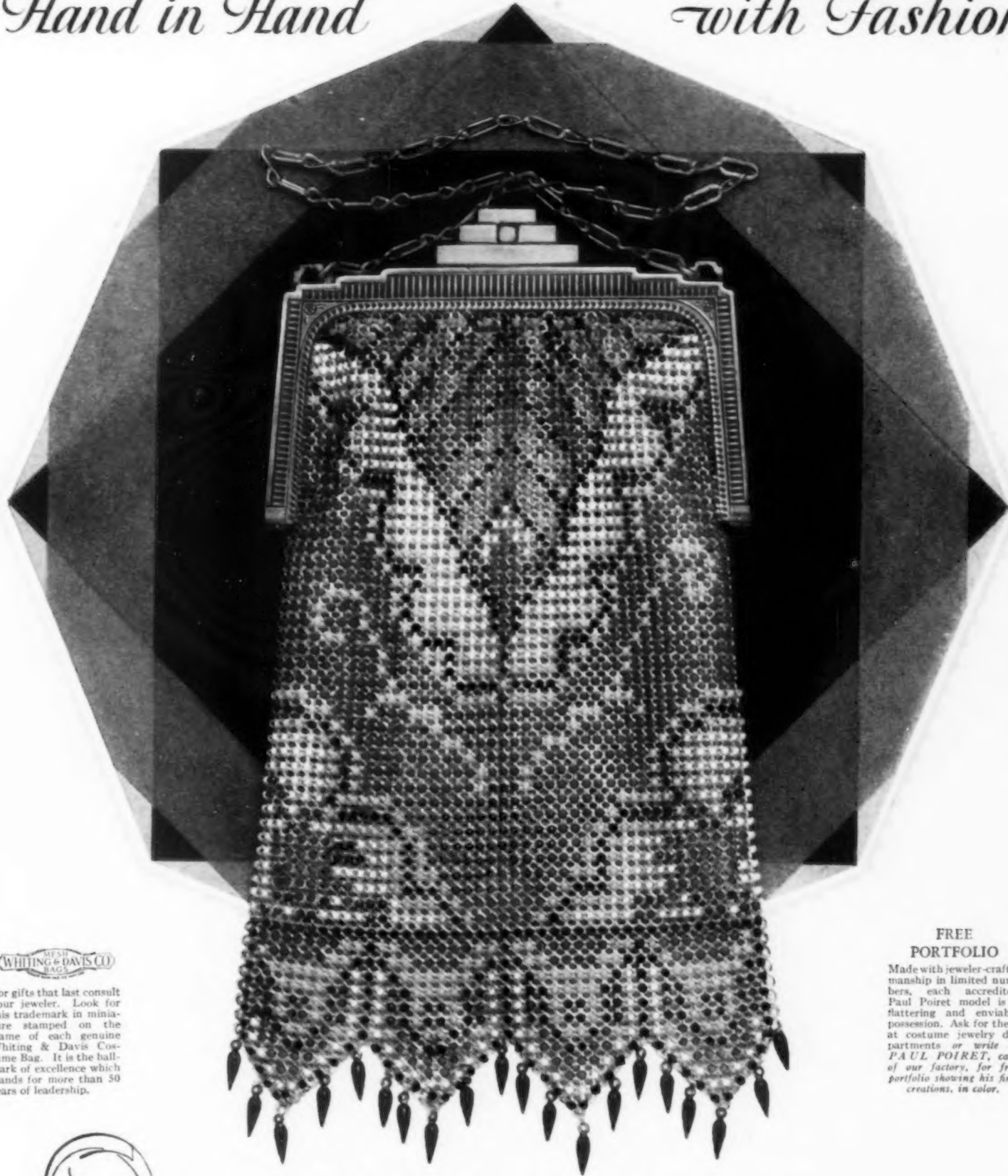
For a long, pent, nauseating moment, Esta, also, could not like this big brute Bobs.

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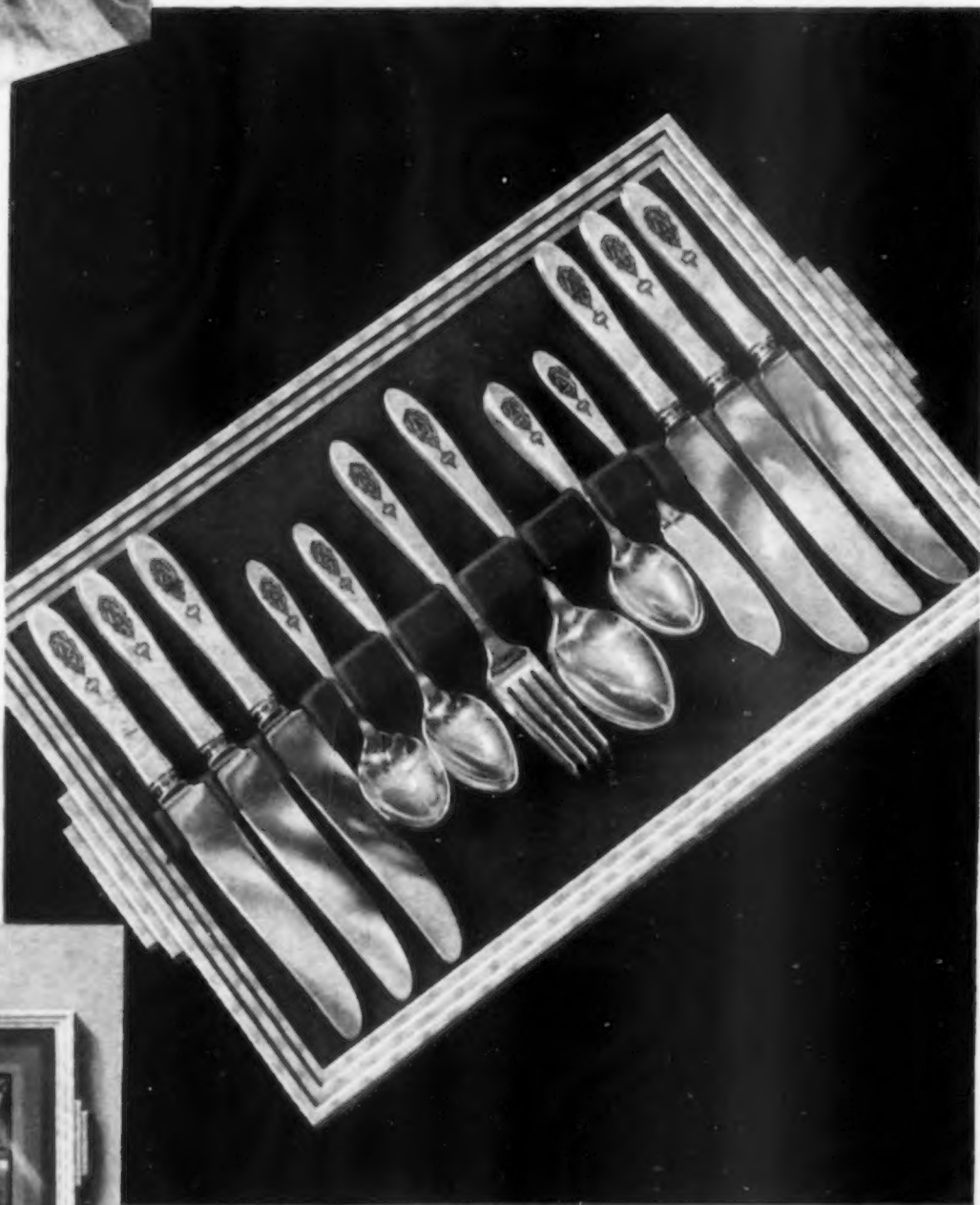
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